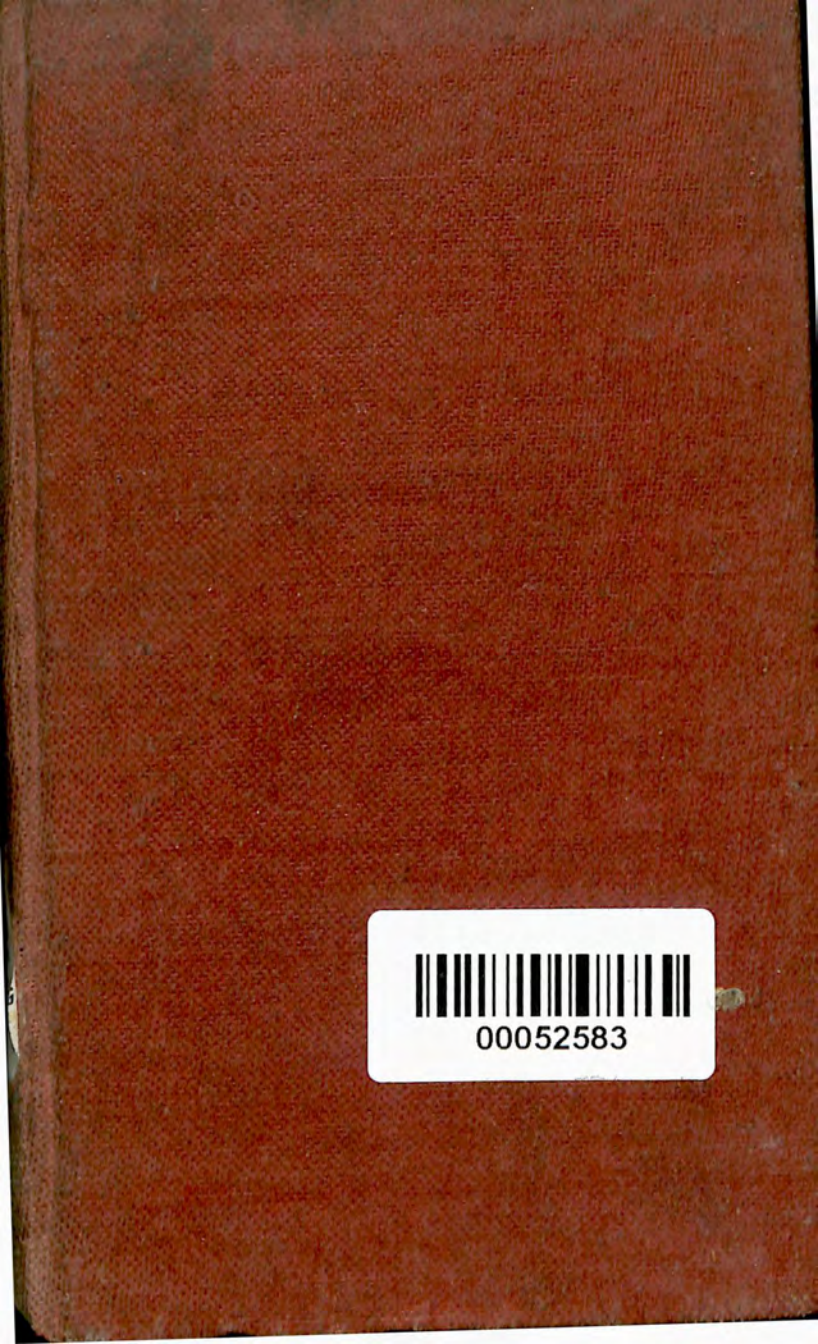
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THE WORKS OF

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.

THE WORKS OF

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

WITH NOTES AND SOME ACCOUNT OF

HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER DYCE

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LONDON
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TO

JOHN FORSTER, Esq.

AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF GOLDSMITH, ETC.

These Volumes are inscribed,

AS A SLIGHT RETURN FOR MANY KINDNESSES,

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

THE present edition of Marlowe's Works is not a reprint of that put forth by the same publisher in 1826, but exhibits a new text formed on a collation of the early copies. I had no concern in the edition of 1826, which, nevertheless, has been frequently cited as mine; and when I characterize it as abounding with the grossest errors, I cannot offend its editor, who has been long deceased.

Several years ago, an edition of Marlowe's Works was projected by Mr. J. P. Collier; but, on learning that I had commenced the present one, he abandoned his design, and kindly transferred to me some curious documents which he had intended to use himself, and which I have inserted in their proper places: nor, conscious as I am that there has been inexcusable delay in bringing out the present edition, ought I to be dissatisfied that Mr. Collier should have since

printed a considerable portion of those papers in the Prolegomena to his *Shakespeare*. I have also to return my thanks to Mr. Collier for furnishing me with all the entries concerning Marlowe's pieces which he had met with while preparing for the press his *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*.

My best acknowledgments are due to the Rev. Dr. Bandinel, Librarian of the Bodleian, Oxford, both for the information which he communicated to me by letter, and for the many courtesies which I experienced from him when I had occasion to inspect Malone's collection of English poetry, now added to the Bodleian treasures. By the ready services of the Rev. H. O. Coxe, of the same noble establishment, I have profited more than once.

To the Rev. J. C. Robertson, Vicar of Beakesbourne, who spared neither time nor trouble in aiding my inquiries about Marlowe in his native city, I feel myself greatly indebted; and to the Rev. W. S. H. Braham, Rector of St. George's, Canterbury, I am not without obligations.

Having reason to believe that Marlowe had been educated at the King's School, Canterbury, I requested the Hon. D. Finch, Auditor, to ex-

amine certain old *Treasurer's Accounts*, which, I was told, were preserved in the Cathedral, and were likely to determine the point. With this request Mr. Finch complied; and informed me that Marlowe was mentioned in those Accounts, as one of the King's Scholars who had received the usual stipend, during such and such years. But there his civilities ended. It was in vain that I continued asking him, as a particular favour, either to permit me to make the necessary extracts from those Accounts, or to allow a clerk to make them for me;—in Mr. Finch's opinion, my solicitations were unreasonable. Several months after, a gentleman, whose influence is powerful at Canterbury, was induced (through the medium of a mutual friend) to exert himself in my behalf; and, in consequence of his kind interposition, the extracts from the Accounts were at last forwarded to me, accompanied with a special notice that "ten and sixpence" must be sent, in return, to Mr. Finch.

The task of tracing Marlowe's course at Cambridge was voluntarily undertaken for me by the Rev. George Skinner, of Jesus College; and he performed it with a zeal for which I feel truly grateful.

To the Rev. John Mitford, to W. J. Thoms, Esq., and to W. H. Black, Esq., I have to offer my thanks for various and not unimportant assistance.

The first edition of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* was lent to me by the late Mr. Miller of Craigentinny.

ALEX. DYCE.

The present edition of Marlowe's *Works* was just completed, when the following lines were sent to the Editor by Mr. Collier, who found them written, in an old hand, on the title-page of a copy of *Alarvm for London, or The Siedge of Antwerpe. With the ventrous actes and valorous deeds of the lame Soldier. As it hath been playde by the right Honorable the Lord Charberlaine* [sic] *his Seruants, London, &c,* 1602, 4*to*:—

" Our famous Marloe had in this a hand,
As from his fellowes I doe vnderstand:
The printed copie doth his Muse much wrong,
But natheles manie lines ar good and strong.
Of *Paris' Massaker* such was the fate;
A perfitt coppie came to hand to late."

The report of Marlowe's " fellowes " may be true: but certainly in the *Alarum for London* (as we now possess it) no traces of his genius are discoverable.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF MARLOWE AND HIS WRITINGS.

WHEN the latest biographer of Marlowe set out with a declaration that "the time of this writer's birth cannot be ascertained,"* he rather hastily assumed the impossibility of discovering it. Christopher Marlowe, the son of John Marlowe, shoemaker,† was born at Canterbury in February 1563-4, and baptized in the Church of St. George the Martyr on the 26th of that month.‡

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* *Lives of English Dramatists*, i. 49. (Lardner's *Cyclop.*)

† "Marlowe a shooe makers sonne of Cant." *MS. Note*, in a very old hand, on the margin of a copy of Beard's *Theatre of God's Judgments*, 1598, which, when I saw it, belonged to the late Mr. B. H. Bright.—"His [Marlowe's] father was a shoemaker in Canterburie." *MS. Note* in a copy of *Hero and Leander*, ed. 1629, now in the possession of Mr. J. P. Collier.—See also the last stanza but four of the ballad called *The Atheist's Tragedie*, vol. iii. Appendix iv.

‡ 1563-4, "The 26th day of ffebruary was christened Christofer the sonne of John Marlow." *Register* of *St. George the Martyr, Canterbury.*—The following entries are found in the same Register; which, though very old, is only a transcript; and the scribe was unable to decypher the Christian names in the fourth, seventh, and eighth entries.

1548, "The 28th day of December was christened Marget the daughter of John Marlow."

1562, "The xxist of May was christened Mary the daughter of John Marlowe."

1565, "The [date illegible] day of December was christened Margarit the daughter of John Marlowe."

Our poet's history has hitherto been a blank up to the period of his graduating at Cambridge; but that deficiency is now in some sort supplied by the following particulars.

The King's School at Canterbury was founded by Henry the Eighth for a Master, an Usher, and fifty Scholars between the ages of nine and fifteen,—the Scholars having each a stipend of four pounds per annum, and retaining their Scholarships for five years. To enable some of the more deserving Scholars, on completing their education at the establishment, to proceed to one of the Universities, several benefactions were made at various times. The earliest which I find recorded is that of Archbishop Parker. In 1569 he founded two Scholarships, each of the value of £3. 6*s*. 8*d*., in Corpus Christi alias Benet College, Cam-

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1568, "The last day of October was christened [*sic*] the sonne of John Marlow."

1569, "The 20th day of August was christened John the sonne of John Marlow."

1566, "The 10th day of December was buried Simon the sonne of Thomas Marlow."

1567, "The 5th day of November was buried [*sic*] the sonne of John Marlow."

1568, "The 28th day of August was buried [*sic*] the daughter of John Marlow."

1570, "The 7th day of August was buried Thomas ye sonne of John Marlow."

1604, "John Marloe clarke of St. Maries was buried ye 2d of January."

Qy. does the last entry refer to the elder or the younger John Marlowe (see the fifth entry)? It is possible that, when our poet's father followed the business *of a shoemaker* (which according to the stanza of the ballad referred to in the preceding note, he continued to do till his death), he also held the situation of "clarke of St. Maries."

So unsettled was the orthography of the time, that our author's name (as will be seen) was written in ten different ways —Marlo, Marloe, Marlow, Marlowe, Marley, Marly, Marlye, Marlen, Marlin, Marlyn!

bridge, to maintain, during the space of two hundred years, two Scholars, natives of Kent, and educated at the King's School, who were to be called Canterbury Scholars, and to be entitled to all the advantages enjoyed by the other Scholars in the college. Archbishop Whitgift having renewed his foundation, it is now perpetual.*

That the King's School may henceforth claim the honour of having contributed to the instruction of Marlowe is proved by a document which I obtained with great difficulty,† —an extract from "the Treasurer's Accounts" containing the "Stipend. sive Salar. L^a puerorum studen. Grammatic.," for the year ending at the Feast of St. Michael, 41st Eliz. It commences with "Idem denar. per dictum Thesaur. de exit. officii sui hoc anno solut. quinquaginta pueris studen. Grammatic. pro salariis suis ad s. iiij^li pro quolibet eorum per annum," and contains four notices of the usual sum having been paid "Xrōfero Marley,"—"in primo termino hujus anni," "in secundo termino hujus anni," "in tercio termino hujus anni," and "in ultimo termino hujus anni." If I may depend upon the information which I received together with the extract just quoted, Marlowe did not continue at the King's School the full period which its statutes allowed him to remain.‡

At the proper age Marlowe was removed to Cambridge; and, as Benet was the college of which he became a member,

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* For other particulars concerning the King's School, see Hasted's *Hist. of Kent*, iv. 583 sqq.

† See Preface.

‡ "Marlowe's name," I am informed, "does not occur in the Accounts for] 1575, 1576, 1577, nor 1581: the intervening Accounts are wanting." (It could not occur in the Accounts for 1581).—The present Master of the King's School observes "that no special patronage was required for Marlowe's election as a Scholar; any boy *of good ability* may at any time get into the School."

I at first concluded that he had been elected to one of the Parker Scholarships already mentioned; but a careful examination of the records both of the University and of Benet, which has recently been made at my request, leaves, I am told, very little doubt that he did not obtain a Scholarship.* He was matriculated as Pensioner of Benet College, 17th March, 1580-1.† He took the degree of A. B. in 1583, and that of A. M. in 1587.‡

If Marlowe did not benefit by the Parker foundation, we are at a loss to know how he was enabled to meet the expenses of the University: that his father could have supplied him with the requisite sums, is altogether improbable; and we are driven to conjecture that Marlowe owed his maintenance at college either to some wealthier relative, or to some patron whose favour he had won by early indications of genius. Among the Kentish gentry there was no one more likely to have lent him a helping hand than Sir Roger Manwood,§ Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who had his principal

* The only mention of him in the Books of Corpus (Benet) Coll. is an entry of his admission in 1580; and there he is called "Marlin," without the christian name. My correspondent at Cambridge observes; "the University books enter both the christian name and the surname in all cases; the Benet Books only in the case of *Scholars*. It therefore seems *nearly* certain that Marlowe was not a *Foundation Scholar*. He may perhaps have held some bye-scholarship or exhibition." The same obliging informant has since communicated to me the remark of a gentleman belonging to Corpus, that "*Scholars* were entered with a 'pomp and circumstance' not found in the notice of 'Marlin.'"

† "17 Mar. 1580 Chrōf. Marlen Pensioner." *Cambridge Matriculation-Book.*

‡ "Xrōf. Marlyn 1583 A. B."—"Chr: Marley 1587 A. M." *Cambridge Grace-Book.*

§ Sir Roger Manwood, the son of a draper, was born at Sandwich in 1525. He applied himself to the study of the law and appears to have become early eminent in his profession. He was made a Serjeant, 23d April, 1567, a Justice of the Common

mansion at St. Stephen's near Canterbury, and was much distinguished for his munificence. Indeed, it would seem that on some occasion or other Marlowe was indebted to the bounty either of that excellent man, or of his son Peter (afterwards Sir Peter) Manwood, who was both learned himself and an encourager of the learned; for, unless the Latin verses in vol. iii. p. 308, are wrongly assigned to our poet, which there is no reason to suppose, a tribute of respect to the memory of Sir Roger Manwood was among his latest compositions.

It is plain that Marlowe was educated with a view to one of the learned professions. Most probably he was in-

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Pleas, 14th Octr. 1572; and he was both knighted and appointed Chief Baron of the Exchequer, 17th Novr. 1578. He founded and endowed a free-school at Sandwich, and was a very liberal benefactor to the parish and church of St. Stephen's alias Hackington, where (in the neighbourhood of Canterbury) he mostly resided. Sir Roger was twice married: by his first wife he had three sons and two daughters; by his second wife no issue. He died 14th Decr. 1592, and was buried in the parish-church of St. Stephen's, which contains a splendid monument to his memory. See *Hist. of Sandwich*, pp. 245-248, by Boys (who erroneously states that Sir Roger was author of the well-known treatise on Forest Laws: it was written by John Manwood).—The monument above-mentioned was erected by Sir Roger himself shortly before his decease. This fact was curiously confirmed some years ago when the monument was undergoing repairs: the person who was at work on it told the present rector of St. Stephen's that some letters and figures in the last line of the inscription (those that record the date of Sir Roger's death) were not cut by the same hand which had cut the rest.—The Register of St. Stephen's states that Sir Roger was buried 16th December.

Peter Manwood, the eldest and only surviving son of Sir Roger, was created a Knight of the Bath at the Coronation of James the First. He served several times in Parliament for Sandwich; and died in 1625. His eldest daughter became the wife of Sir Thomas Walsingham, knight, who (as will afterwards be shown) was on terms of intimacy with Marlowe. See Boys's *Hist. of Sandwich*, pp. 249, 250.

tended for the Church; nor is it unlikely that, having begun, even during his academic course, to entertain those sceptical opinions for which he was afterwards so notorious, he abandoned all thoughts of taking orders. Be that as it may, his predilection for the drama was decided; before 1587 it seems certain that he had produced *Tamburlaine the Great;* and eventually he joined the crowd of adventurers in the metropolis with a determination to rely on his genius alone for a subsistence.

At one time Marlowe unquestionably "fretted his hour upon the stage." According to Phillips, whose account is followed by Wood* and Tanner,† he "rose from an actor to be a maker of plays;"‡ and in a very curious ballad,‖ which was composed while some of his contemporaries were still alive, we are told that he performed at the Curtain in Shore-ditch;

> "He had alsoe a player beene
> Upon the Curtaine-stage,
> But brake his leg in one lewd scene
> When in his early age."

But is the assertion of Phillips, that Marlowe was *first* an actor and *afterwards* a dramatist, to be received as the exact truth? I think not; for, without taking into consideration the flagrant inaccuracies of Phillips's work, there are cir-

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* *Ath. Oxon.* ii. 7. ed. Bliss.

† *Biblioth. Brit.* p. 512.

‡ *Theat. Poet.* (*Modern Poets*), p. 24, ed. 1675.—Warton says that Marlowe was "often applauded, both by Queen Elizabeth *and King James the First*, as a judicious player" (*Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 433. ed. 4to.); yet he presently adds that Marlowe "died *rather before the year* 1593" (p. 437),—which was "rather before" King James ascended the throne of England.

‖ *The Atheist's Tragedie;* see vol. iii,—Appendix iv. The date of this ballad may be inferred from the second stanza,—

> "A truer storie nere was told,
> *As some alive can showe,*" &c.

cumstances in the history of Marlowe which seem strongly to contradict it. Nor do the words of the ballad, "When in his early age," necessarily confirm the statement of Phillips. In the stanza just cited, the ballad-monger (who found "age" an obvious rhyme to "stage") meant, I conceive, no more than this,—that Marlowe's histrionic feats took place soon after he had formed a permanent connection with the London theatres for the sake of a livelihood; and, as far as I can judge, such really was the case. We have seen that Marlowe took the degree of A. M. in 1587; and there is every reason to believe that he was then known as a successful dramatist: but if he had been also known as one who had exhibited himself on the London boards in the capacity of a regular actor (and as such the ballad-monger evidently describes him), I am by no means sure that, in those days, the University of Cambridge would have granted the degree.* On this point, however, I would not urge my opinion with any positiveness: new materials for Marlowe's biography may hereafter come to light, and prove that I am mistaken.

For the same person to unite in himself the actor and the dramatist was very common, both at that time and at a later period. Marlowe may have performed on more than one stage, though we can trace him only to the Curtain; and we may gather from the terms of the ballad ("He had alsoe a player beene .... *But* brake his leg," &c.) that, the accident which there befell him having occasioned incurable lameness, he was for ever disabled as an actor.

* Even the composing of plays for a London theatre by a member of the University was a proceeding very unlikely to meet with approbation from the Dons of Cambridge. They most probably held in supreme contempt all modern dramas which were not academic,—which were not written to be acted in a college-hall when some royal or dignified personage honoured the University with a visit.

The tragedy of *Tamburlaine the Great*, in two Parts (the Second Part, it appears, having been brought upon the stage soon after the First*), may be confidently assigned to Marlowe, though the old editions have omitted the author's name. It is his earliest drama, at least the earliest of his plays which we possess. From Nash's Epistle "To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities,"† prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*, 1587, and from Greene's Address "To the Gentlemen Readers,"‡ prefixed to his *Perimedes the Blacke-Smith*, 1588, Mr. Collier concludes, and, I think, very justly, "that Marlowe was our first poet who used blank-verse in dramatic compositions performed in public theatres, that *Tamburlaine* was the play in which the successful experiment was made, and that it was acted anterior to 1587."§ On the authority of a rather obscure passage in *The Black Book*, 1604, Malone had conjectured that *Tam-*

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* See Prologue to the Sec. Part.

† In which Nash ridicules the then recent introduction of blank-verse on the public stage, and seems to allude to Marlowe in contemptuous terms.

‡ In which Greene expressly mentions Marlowe's tragedy; "daring God out of heauen with that atheist *Tamburlan*, or blaspheming with the mad preest of the sonne."—Mr. Collier thinks that Marlowe also wrote the play in which "the Priest of the Sun" was a leading character.

§ *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 112.—Compare too the Prologue to the First Part of *Tamburlaine;*

> "From *jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits*,
> And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
> We'll lead you to the stately tent of war," &c.

It must be remembered that, before the appearance of *Tamburlaine*, writers for the regular theatres had confined themselves to the use of prose or rhyme. All the English tragedies in blank verse which preceded *Tamburlaine* were performed either at court or before private societies.—Warton incidentally observes that *Tamburlaine* was "represented before the year 1588." *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iv. 11. ed. 4to.

burlaine was written either wholly or in part by Nash:* but to that conjecture Mr. Collier,—besides adducing a line from a sonnet by Gabriel Harvey, in which Marlowe, then just deceased, is spoken of under the appellation of "Tamberlaine,"†—has opposed the explicit testimony of Henslowe's *Diary*, "Pd unto Thomas Dickers [Dekker], the 20 of Desembr 1597 . . . . . fyve shellenges for a prolog to *Marloes Tamberlen*." ‡ I may add, that the rhymer who has turned the history of Marlowe into a ballad, describes him in one place as "blaspheming *Tambolin*." §

This tragedy, which was entered in the Stationers' Books, 14th August, 1590,‖ and printed during the same year, has not come down to us in its original fulness; and probably we have no cause to lament the curtailments which it suffered from the publisher of the first edition. "I have purposely," he says, "omitted and left out some fond and fri-

* *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 357.—The passage in *The Black Book* is,—"the spindle-shank spiders . . . . . went stalking over his [Nash's] head as if they had been conning of *Tamburlaine*" (see Middleton's *Works*, v. 526, ed. Dyce); and it means, I have no doubt, that the spiders stalked with the tragic gait of an actor who is practising the part of Tamburlaine: compare the 8th line of the passage quoted from Hall's *Satires*, in p. x.

† "Weepe, Powles; thy Tamberlaine voutsafes to dye." *A New Letter of Notable Contents*, 1593, Sig. D 3.

‡ *Diary*, p. 71, ed. Shake. Soc.—As another proof that *Tamburlaine* is by Marlowe, Mr. Collier (*Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 114) adduces Heywood's Prologue to our author's *Jew of Malta*: but that Prologue is nothing to the purpose; see note, vol. i. 231 of the present edition.—Notwithstanding the strong evidence to the contrary, Mr. Hallam (*Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, ii. 169, ed. 1843) still continues to regard Nash as Marlowe's coadjutor in *Tamburlaine*.

§ See vol. iii,—Appendix iv.

‖ "A ballad entituled the storye of Tamburlayne the greate," &c. (founded, I suppose, on Marlowe's play) was entered in the Stationers' Books, 5th Nov. 1594.

volous gestures, digressing, and, in my poor opinion, far unmeet for the matter, which I thought might seem more tedious unto the wise than any way else to be regarded, though haply they have been of some vain-conceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what time they were shewed upon the stage in their graced deformities: nevertheless now to be mixtured in print with such matter of worth, it would prove a great disgrace to so honourable and stately a history."* By the words, "fond and frivolous gestures," we are to understand those of the "clown," who very frequently figured, with more or less prominence, even in the most serious dramas of the time. The introduction of such buffooneries into tragedy† is censured by Hall towards the conclusion of a passage which, as it mentions "the Turkish Tamberlaine," would seem to be partly levelled at Marlowe:‡

"One higher-pitch'd doth set his soaring thought
On crowned kings that Fortune hath low brought,
Or some vpreared high-aspiring swaine,
As it might be *the Turkish Tamberlaine.*
Then weeneth he his base drink-drowned spright
Rapt to the three-fold loft of heauen hight,
When he conceiues vpon his fained stage
The stalking steps of his greate personage,
Graced with huf-cap termes and thundring threats,
That his poore hearers' hayre quite vpright sets.
* * * * * * * * *
Now, least such frightfull showes of Fortune's fall

* Vol. i. 5.

† In Italy, at the commencement of the 18th century (and probably much later) it was not unusual to introduce "the Doctor," "Harlequin," "Pantalone," and "Coviello," into deep tragedies. "I have seen," says Addison, "a translation of *The Cid* acted at Bolonia, which would never have taken, had they not found a place in it for these buffoons." *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy, &c. in the years* 1701, 1702, 1703, p. 68, ed. 1745.

‡ Perhaps I ought to add, that Marlowe was dead when (in 1597) the satire, from which these lines are quoted, was first given to the press.

And bloudy tyrants' rage should chance apall
The dead-stroke audience, midst the silent rout
Comes leaping in a selfe-misformed lout,
And laughes, and grins, and frames his mimik face,
And iustles straight into the prince's place:
Then doth the theatre eccho all aloud
With gladsome noyse of that applauding crowd.
A goodly hoch-poch, when vile russettings
*Are match['d] with mightie kings!"**

But Hall's taste was more refined and classical than that of his age; and the success of *Tamburlaine*, in which the celebrated Alleyn represented the hero,† was adequate to the most sanguine expectations which its author could have formed. Nor did it cease to be popular when no longer a novelty: the Scythian conqueror, gorgeous in his "copper-laced coat and crimson velvet breeches,"‡ riding in a chariot drawn by harnessed monarchs,§ and threatening destruction

* Hall's *Virgid.* Lib. i. Sat. iii. ed. 1602.

† See Heywood's Prol. to *The Jew of Malta*, vol. i. 231.

‡ "Item, Tamberlynes cotte, with coper lace,"—"Item, Tamberlanes breches of crymson vellvet." Appendix to Henslowe's *Diary*, pp. 274-5, ed. Shake. Soc. We find *ibid.* p. 273, "Tamberlyne brydell" (i. e. the bridle for the captive kings.)

§ "*Enter Tamburlaine, drawn in his chariot by the Kings of Trebison and Soria, with bits in their mouths, &c.*

"*Tamb.* Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia!" &c. vol. i. 194.

This has been quoted or alluded to, generally with ridicule, by a whole host of writers. Pistol's "hollow pamper'd jades of Asia" in Shakespeare's *Henry IV. P. ii.* Act ii. sc. 4, is known to most readers: see also Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, act ii. sc. 2; Fletcher's *Women Pleased*, act iv. sc. 1; Chapman's, Jonson's, and Marston's *Eastward Ho*, act ii. Sig. B 3, ed. 1605; Brathwait's *Strappado for the Diuell*, 1615, p. 159; Taylor the water-poet's *Thiefe* and his *World runnes on Wheeles*; — *Workes*, pp. 111 [121], 239, ed. 1630; *A Brown Dosen of Drunkards*, &c. 1648, sig. A 3; the Duke of Newcastle's *Varietie, a comedy*, 1649, p. 72; — but I cannot afford room for more references. — In 1566 a similar spectacle had been exhibited at Gray's Inn: there the Dumb Show before the first

to the very powers of heaven,* was for many years a highly attractive personage to the play-goers of the metropolis.

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act of Gascoigne and Kinwelmersh's *Jocasta* introduced "a king with an imperiall crowne vpon hys head," &c. "sitting in a chariote very richly furnished, drawen in by iiii kings in their dublets and hosen, with crownes also vpon theyr heads, representing vnto vs ambition by the historie of Sesostres," &c.

* In defence of such passages Marlowe perhaps would have alleged the example of the Italian romanesque poets (who were more read in England during his time than they are at present). In Bojardo's *Orlando Innamorato*, when Marfisa finds that she cannot overcome Ranaldo,

> "Chiama iniquo Macone e doloroso,
> Cornuto e becco Trivigante appella;
> Ribaldi, a lor dicea, per qual cagione,
> Tenete il cavalier in su l'arcione?
>
> Venga un di voi, et lascisi vedere,
> Et pigli a suo piacer questa difesa,
> Ch'io farò sua persona rimanere
> Quà giù riversa e nel prato distesa.
> Voi non volete mia forza temere
> Perchè là su non posso esser ascesa;
> Ma, s'io prendo il cammino, io ve n'avviso,
> Tutti v'uccido, ed ardo il Paradiso."
>
> *Lib.* i. C. xviii. st. 9, ed. Pan.

In the same poem Agramante declares to his council that he is resolved to subdue, not only Carlo Mano, but the whole world; and, he concludes,

> "Poi che battuto avrò tutta la terra,
> Ancor nel Paradiso io vo' far guerra."
>
> *Lib.* ii. C. i. st. 64.

In *Le Prime Imprese del Conte Orlando* by Dolce, when Agolante hears that his son Almonte is slain,

> "egli ha sua stella
> Accusa, e la biastema parimente;
> Et è da l' ira stimolato tanto
> Che di strugger il ciel si dona vanto."
>
> C. xvii, p. 134, ed. 1579.

Numerous entries concerning the performance of both Parts of this tragedy occur in Henslowe's *Diary*, the earliest dated 28th August, 1594, the latest 13th Nov. 1595.* Taylor, the water-poet, makes Tom Coryat inform the Great Mogul, that Tamburlaine "perhaps is not altogether so famous in his own country of Tartaria as in England;"† and notices

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There are touches of this kind even in Ariosto;

> "Dal sagace Spagnuol, che con la guida
> Di duo del sangue d'Avalo ardiria
> Farsi nel cielo e ne lo 'nferno via."
> *Orl. Fur.* C. XXXIII. st. 51.

The same sort of extravagance is occasionally found in English dramatists later than Marlowe. For instance, in Heywood's *Four Prentices of London* (acted about 1599, and certainly intended for a serious play) the Soldan exclaims,

> "Should Ioue himselfe in thunder answere I [i. e. ay],
> When we say no, wee'd pull him from the skie."
> Sig. F 2, ed. 1615.

Yet this early production of Heywood contains some fine things; e. g.,

> "In Sion towres hangs his victorious flagge,
> Blowing defiance this way; and it showes
> *Like a red meteor in the troubled aire,*
> Or like a blazing comet that fore-tels
> The fall of princes." Sig. G.

The line marked in Italics has been cited neither by the editors of Milton nor by those of Gray as parallel to the following passages;

> "Th' imperial *ensign*; which, full high advanc'd,
> Shone *like a meteor* streaming to the wind."
> *Par. Lost.* I. 536.

> "Loose his beard, and hoary hair
> Stream'd, *like a meteor, to the troubled air.*" *The Bard.*

* Pp. 40-60, ed. Shake. Soc.—The play called *Tambercame*, which is mentioned in the same Diary, was doubtless a distinct piece from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*.

† *Oration to the Great Mogul*, p. 85, *Workes*, ed. 1630.

of the play, which shew that it was still in some repute, might be cited from writers of a more recent period.* But before the close of the seventeenth century it had sunk into oblivion: a precocious young gentleman, a Mr. Charles Saunders, whose *Tamerlane* (after having been acted, with a Prologue by Dryden) was printed in 1681, writes thus in his Preface; "It hath been told me, there is a Cock-pit play going under the name of *The Scythian Shepherd or Tamberlain the Great*, which how good it is, any one may judge by its obscurity, being a thing, not a bookseller† in

* E. G. "Tut, leave your raging, sir; for though you should roar like Tamerlin at the Bull," &c. Cowley's *Guardian*, act iii, sc. 6, ed. 1650.

† Since those days, the old editions of Marlowe's pieces have, of course, become more and more difficult to procure. The following fragment of Memoranda, in the handwriting of (I believe) Dr. Ducarel, was obligingly forwarded to me by Mr. Bolton Corney, and may prove not uninteresting to some readers. "One fine summer's day, in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty four, going into an old book-shop kept by an old woman and her daughter, on the north side of Middle-Row, Holbourn, to look for any ancient books; not being there long, looking round the shop, before Dodd the comedian came in, to search, as he told me, for any one of Kit Marlow's plays. I asked the old woman if she had any more books besides those in the shop. She said 'she had; but they were in an inner room without any window-light; and that the last person that had been there was the noted book-worm Dr. Rawlinson,'—who then had been sleeping with his fathers some few years.

"Mr. Dodd ask'd if it was agreeable for him to accompany me. We had two candles lighted, and going into this dark recess, saw a great number of books laying on the ground, which took us some hours looking over. He brought out a book or two; but was not lucky enough to find Kit Marlow there. And, after turning over, for three or four hours, many dirty books, I only found worth buying," &c. Though Dodd failed in Middle-Row, he must have found "dark recesses" in other localities where a search after early dramas was not made in vain; for his collection of plays (sold by auction after his decease) was very curious and valuable.

London, or scarce the players themselves who acted it formerly, cow'd call to remembrance."

With very little discrimination of character, with much extravagance of incident, with no pathos where pathos was to be expected, and with a profusion of inflated language, *Tamburlaine* is nevertheless a very impressive drama, and undoubtedly superior to all the English tragedies which preceded it; — superior to them in the effectiveness with which the events are brought out, in the poetic feeling which animates the whole, and in the nerve and variety of the versification. Marlowe was yet to shew that he could impart truthfulness to his scenes; but not a few passages might be gleaned from *Tamburlaine*, as grand in thought, as splendid in imagery, and as happy in expression, as any which his later works contain.

A memorandum that Marlowe "translated Coluthus's *Rape of Helen* into English rhyme in the year 1587," is cited from Coxeter's MSS. by Warton; who observes that "Coluthus's poem was probably brought into vogue, and suggested to Marlowe's notice, by being paraphrased in Latin verse the preceding year by Thomas Watson."* —The poet of Lycopolis so seldom rises above mediocrity, that the loss of Marlowe's version may be borne with perfect resignation.

It is to be presumed that *Tamburlaine* had not been long before the public, when Marlowe produced his *Faustus*.†

* *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 433, ed. 4to; where Warton also remarks, "I have never seen it [Marlowe's translation of Coluthus] . . . But there is entered to Jones, in 1595, 'A booke entituled *Raptus Helenæ*, Helen's Rape, by the Athenian duke Theseus'." Surely, Warton could not mean, that the book entered to Jones in 1595 was perhaps Marlowe's version of Coluthus; for Coluthus relates the rape of Helen by Paris, not by *Theseus*.

† Mr. Collier observes that "Marlowe's *Faustus*, in all probability, was written very soon after his *Tamburlaine the Great*,

We know not the date of the first edition of the prose-romance which supplied the materials for this play; but "A ballad of the life and death of Doctor Faustus the great cungerer" was licensed to be printed 28th February, 1588-9; and, as ballads were frequently founded on favourite dramas, it is most likely that the ditty just mentioned was derived from our author's play. A stanza in Rowlands's *Knave of Clubs*, not only informs us that Alleyn acted the chief part in this tragedy, but also describes his costume;

> "The gull gets on a surplis,
> With a crosse upon his brest,
> Like Allen playing Faustus,
> In that manner was he drest."*

The success of *Faustus* was complete. Henslowe has sundry entries† concerning it; none, however, earlier than 30th Sept. 1594, at which date Marlowe was dead, and the play, there is every reason to believe, had been several years on the prompter's list. Henslowe has also two important memoranda regarding the "additions" which were made to it, when, in consequence of having been repeatedly performed, it had somewhat palled upon the audience;

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as in 1588 'a *ballad* of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus' (which in the language of that time might mean either the play or a metrical composition founded upon its chief incidents) was licensed to be printed." *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 126. As we find that the play was entered in the Stationers' Books in 1601, the "ballad of Faustus" must mean the story of Faustus in verse, — perhaps, that ballad which I have inserted in vol. iii. 157. — When Mr. Collier stated that the old *romance* of Faustus was entered in the Stationers' Books in 1588 (note on Henslowe's *Diary*, p. 42), he meant, I apprehend, the old *ballad*.

* P. 22. ed. Percy Soc. (reprint of ed. 1611). — An inventory of Alleyn's theatrical apparel includes "Faustus Jerkin, his cloke." Collier's *Mem. of Alleyn*, p. 20.

† *Diary*, pp. 42—91, ed. Shake. Soc.

"Pd unto Thomas Dickers [Dekker], the 20 of Desembr 1597, for adycyons to *Fostus* twentie shellinges."

"Lent unto the companye, the 22 of novmbr 1602, to paye unto W^m^ Birde and Samwell Rowley for ther adicyones in *Docter Fostes*, the some of . . . . iiij^li^".*

Faustus was entered in the Stationers' Books 7th January 1600-1.** The earliest edition yet discovered is the quarto of 1604; which never having been examined either by Marlowe's editors or (what is more remarkable) by the excellent historian of the stage, Mr. Collier, they all remained ignorant how very materially it differs from the later editions. The next quarto, that of 1616 (reprinted in 1624 and in 1631), besides a text altered more or less from the commencement to the end, contains some characters and scenes which are entirely new: but, as the present work includes both the edition of 1604 and that of 1616, a more particular account of their variations is unnecessary here.—We have seen that "additions" were made to *Faustus* in 1597, and again in 1602, at the first of which dates Marlowe had been several years deceased; and a question arises, is the quarto of 1604 wholly from our author's pen, or is it,—as the quarto of 1616 indisputably is,—an alteration of the tragedy by other hands? Malone believed that the quarto of 1604 was "Marlowe's original play;"† but a passage in a speech of

* *Id.* pp. 71, 228.—Among the stage-properties of the Lord Admiral's men (*Id.* p. 273) we find "j dragon in *fostes*."

** I make this statement on the authority of the MS. notes by Malone in his copies of 4tos 1604 and 1631 (now in the Bodleian Library).

† MS. Note in his copy of 4to 1604.—In his copy of 4to 1631 he has written; "The reason why Rowley and Bird's additions did not appear in the edition of 1604, was, that they were retained for the use of the theatre." (Malone, it would seem, was not then aware that Dekker had made additions to *Faustus* in 1597.)—Mr. Collier says, "We may conclude that the additions last made [to *Faustus* by Bird and Rowley] were very considerable; and with them probably the piece was

the Horse-courser proves him to have been mistaken. The words are these; "Mass, Doctor Lopus was never such a doctor:"* now, Marlowe died in 1593; and the said Doctor Lopez did not start into notoriety till the following year, during which he suffered death at Tyburn for his treasonable practices.† I at first entertained no doubt that the (somewhat mutilated and corrupted) quarto of 1604 presented *Faustus* with those comparatively unimportant "additions" for which Dekker was paid twenty shillings in 1597; and that the quarto of 1616 exhibited that alteration of the play which was made by the combined ingenuity of Bird and Rowley in 1602. But I have recently felt less confident on this subject, having found that the anonymous comedy *The Taming of a Shrew*, which was entered in the Stationers' Books and printed in 1594, contains a seeming imitation of a line in *Faustus*,—a line which occurs only in the quarto of 1616 (reprinted in 1624 and 1631), and which belongs to a scene that, as the merest novice in criticism will at once perceive, was not the composition of Marlowe. If the line in question‡ was really imitated by the author of *The Taming of a Shrew*, we must conclude that, earlier than 1597, *Faustus* had received "additions" concerning which the an-

printed in 1604." *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* III. 126: but when Mr. Collier made this remark, he was unacquainted with the quarto of 1604, as is proved by his quoting, throughout his valuable work, the text of the later *Faustus*.

* Vol. ii. 64.

† He was executed in June 1594: see Stowe's *Annales*, p. 768, ed. 1615.

‡ It is,—

"Or *hew'd* this flesh and bones as *small as sand*."
Vol. II. 135.

The probable imitation of it is,—

"And *hew'd* thee *smaller than the Libian sandes*."

The resemblance between these two lines might have been considered as purely accidental, did not the *Taming of a Shrew* contain several passages almost transcribed from *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus*: see much more on this subject towards the conclusion of the present essay.

nals of the stage are silent; nor must we attempt to assign to their respective writers those two rifacimenti of the tragedy which are preserved in the quartos of 1604 and 1616. — A fifth quarto of *Faustus* was printed in 1663, *With New Additions, as it is now Acted. With several New Scenes, together with the Actors Names* [i. e. the names of the Dram. Pers.]," the new matter* occupying much less space than the title-page would lead us to imagine, and evidently supplied by some poetaster of the lowest grade.— The repeated alterations and editions of this tragedy seem to justify the assertion of Phillips, that " of all that Marlowe hath written to the stage, his *Dr. Faustus* hath made the greatest noise, with its devils and such like tragical sport."†

The well-known fact, that our early dramatists usually borrowed their fables from novels or " histories," to which they often servilely adhered, has been thought no derogation from their merits. Yet the latest biographer of Marlowe dismisses *Faustus* as " unworthy of his reputation," chiefly because it " closely follows a popular romance of the same name."‡ Certain it is that Marlowe has " closely followed " the prose *History of Doctor Faustus;* but it is equally certain that he was not indebted to that *History* for the poetry and the passion which he has infused into his play, for those thoughts of surpassing beauty and grandeur with which it

* Mr. Collier makes a slight mistake when he states that in 4to 1663 " a scene at Rome is transferred to Constantinople, and another interpolated from *The Rich Jew of Malta.*" *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 126. There is no scene at *Constantinople*, nor *any interpolation from the Jew of Malta;* but there is a scene at Babylon, during which the Sultan questions one of his Bashaws concerning the taking of Malta, and is informed how they had won the town by means of the Jew. —— Perhaps it is hardly worth mentioning that Marlowe's *Faustus* was " *made into a Farce, with the Humours of Harlequin and Scaramouch,*" by the celebrated actor Mountfort, who was so basely assassinated in 1692.

† *Theat. Poet.* (*Modern Poets*), p. 25, ed. 1675.

‡ *Lives of English Dramatists*, i. 58 (Lardner's *Cyclop.*).

abounds, and for that fearful display of mental agony at the close, compared to which all attempts of the kind by preceding English dramatists are "poor indeed." In the opinion of Hazlitt, "*Faustus*, though an imperfect and unequal performance, is Marlowe's greatest work."* Mr. Hallam remarks, "There is an awful melancholy about Marlowe's Mephistophiles, perhaps more impressive than the malignant mirth of that fiend in the renowned work of Goethe. But the fair form of Margaret is wanting."† In the comic scenes of *Faustus* (which are nearly all derived from the prose *History*) we have buffoonery of the worst description; and it is difficult not to believe that Marlowe is answerable for at least a portion of them, when we recollect that he had inserted similar scenes in the original copy of his *Tamburlaine*.

In what year Marlowe produced *The Jew of Malta* we are unable to determine. The words in the Prologue, "now the Guise is dead," are evidence that it was composed after 23rd Dec. 1588; and Mr. Collier thinks that it was probably written about 1589 or 1590.‡ Barabas was originally performed by Alleyn;§ and the aspect of the Jew was rendered as grotesque and hideous as possible by means of a false nose. In Rowley's *Search for Money*, 1609, a person is described as having "his visage (or vizard) like the artificiall Jewe of Maltae's nose;"‖ and a speech in the play itself, "Oh, brave, master! I worship your nose for this,"¶ is a proof that Marlowe intended his hero to be distinguished for the magnitude of that feature. It would seem, indeed, that on our early stage Jews were always furnished with an extra quantity of nose: it was thought that a race so universally hated could hardly be made to appear too ugly. The great popularity of this tragedy is evinced by Hen-

* *Lectures on Dram. Lit.* p. 53, ed. 1840.
† *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, ii. 171, ed. 1843.
‡ *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 135. § See vol. i. 229, 231.
‖ P. 19, ed. Percy Soc. ¶ Vol. i. 276.

slowe's *Diary*, where we find numerous notices concerning it, the earliest dated 26th February 1591-2, the latest 21st June 1596; and again, a notice of its revival 19th May, 1601.* Though entered in the Stationers' Books 17th May 1594,† it remained in manuscript till 1633, when, after having been acted at court and the Cock-pit with prologues and epilogues by Heywood, it was published under the auspices of the same dramatist.

The character of Barabas, upon which the interest of the tragedy entirely depends, is delineated with no ordinary power, and possesses a strong individuality. Unfortunately, however, it is a good deal overcharged; but I suspect, that in this instance at least, Marlowe violated the truth of nature, not so much from his love of exaggeration, as in consequence of having borrowed all the atrocities of the play from some now-unknown novel, whose author was willing to flatter the prejudices of his readers by attributing almost impossible wickedness to a son of Israel. "The first two acts of *The Jew of Malta*," observes Mr. Hallam, "are more vigorously conceived, both as to character and circumstance, than any other Elizabethan play, except those of Shakespeare:"‡ but the latter part is in every respect so inferior, that we rise from a perusal of the whole with a feeling akin to disappointment. If the dialogue has little poetry, it has often

* Pp. 21—74, 187, ed. Shake. Soc. We also find (*Id.* p. 274) in an inventory of the stage-properties of the Lord Admiral's men, "j cauderm for the Jewe," i. e. the caldron into which Barabas falls.

† On the preceding day was entered "a ballad" on the same subject, derived, we may presume, from the tragedy. — Sir John Harington has the following couplet in an epigram written perhaps as early as 1592;

"Was ever *Jew of Malta* or of Millain
Then [Than] this most damned Jew more Jewish villain?"
Of a devout usurer—Epigrams, B. iii. *Ep.* 16, ed. folio.

‡ *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, ii. 170, ed. 1843.

great force of expression.—That Shakespeare was well acquainted with this tragedy cannot be doubted; but that he caught from it more than a few trifling hints for *The Merchant of Venice* will be allowed by no one who has carefully compared the character of Barabas with that of Shylock.*—An alteration of *The Jew of Malta* was produced at Drury-lane Theatre in 1818, when Kean was in the zenith of his fame, and, owing to his exertions in Barabas, it was very favourably received.

Warton incidentally mentions that Marlowe's *Edward the Second* was "written in the year 1590;"† and, for all we know, he may have made the assertion on sufficient grounds, though he has neglected to specify them. Mr. Collier, who regards it (and, no doubt, rightly) as one of our author's latest pieces, has not attempted to fix its date. It was entered in the Stationers' Books 6th July 1593, and first printed in 1598.

From that heaviness, which prevails more or less in all "chronicle histories" anterior to those of Shakespeare, this tragedy is not wholly free; its crowded incidents do not always follow each other without confusion; and it has few of those "raptures," for which Marlowe is eulogized by one of his contemporaries.‡ But, taken as a whole, it is the most perfect of his plays; there is no overdoing of character, no turgidity of language. On the two scenes which give the chief interest to this drama Lamb remarks; "the reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty in Edward furnished hints which Shakespeare scarce improved in his Richard the Second; and the death-scene of Marlowe's king moves pity and terror beyond any scene ancient or modern with which I am ac-

* See a considerable number of what have been called the "parallel passages" of these two plays in the Appendix to Waldron's edition, and very ingenious continuation, of Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, p. 209.

† *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 438, ed. 4to.

‡ See the lines by Drayton afterwards quoted.

quainted."* The excellence of both scenes is indisputable; but a more fastidious critic than Lamb might perhaps justly object to such an exhibition of physical suffering as the latter scene affords.

The Massacre at Paris was, we are sure, composed after August 2nd, 1589, when Henry the Third, with whose death it terminates, expired in consequence of the wound he had received from Jaques Clément the preceding day.† On the following entry in Henslowe's *Diary*,—"Rd at the tragedey of the guyes [Guise] 30 [January, 1593‡] . . . . . iij^{li} . . . . iiij^{li},"—Mr. Collier observes, "In all probability Marlowe's *Massacre at Paris*. This entry is valuable, supposing it to apply to Marlowe's tragedy, because it ascertains the day it was first acted, Henslowe having placed *ne* [i. e. new] in the margin. It was perhaps Marlowe's last play, as he was killed about six months afterwards." Henslowe has several later entries concerning the performance of the same piece (which he also designates *The Massacre*); but probably, when he notices "the Guise" under the year 1598,§ he refers to a revival of the tragedy with additions

* *Spec. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 28, ed. 1808.

† "*The Jew of Malta* contains, in its original prologue, spoken by Machiavel, an allusion to *The Massacre at Paris*, which had preceded it." *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 135. But when Mr. Collier made this remark, he had not yet seen Henslowe's MSS.: and as to the words in question, "now the Guise is dead,"—they only shew that *The Jew of Malta* was written after the death of the Duke of Guise.

‡ It is quite manifest, both from what precedes and what follows in the *Diary*, that Henslowe (who was an egregious blunderer) ought to have written here "1592," i. e. 1592-3 (see *Diary*, p. 30, ed. Shake. Soc.); and with that date the entry has been given by Malone, *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, iii. 299, as well as by Mr. Collier, *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 132.

§ "Lent W^{m} Birde, alias Borne, the 27 of novembr [1598], to bye a payer of sylke stockens, to playe the Gwisse in }xxx^{s}."

"Lent unto W^{m} Borne, the 19 of novembr, 1598, upon a longe

and alterations. — It appears that in the play as originally written, the character of Guise was supported by Alleyn.* —*The Massacre at Paris* was printed without date (perhaps about 1595 or 1596), either from a copy taken down, during representation, by some unskilful and ignorant short-hand-writer, or from a very imperfect transcript which had belonged to one of the theatres.

It would be rash to decide on the merits of a play which we possess only with a text both mutilated† and abounding in corruptions; I strongly suspect, however, that *The Massacre at Paris*, even in its pristine state, was the very worst of Marlowe's dramas.

We must now turn from his works to the personal history of Marlowe. — It is not to be doubted that by this time he had become acquainted with most of those who, like himself, were dramatists by profession; and there can be little doubt too that beyond their circle (which, of course, included the actors) he had formed few intimacies. Though the demand for theatrical novelties was then incessant, plays were scarcely recognized as literature, and the dramatists were regarded as men who held a rather low rank in society: the authors of pieces which had delighted thousands were generally looked down upon by the grave substantial citizens, and seldom presumed to approach the mansions of the aristocracy but as clients in humble attendance on the bounty of their patrons. Unfortunately, the discredit which attached to dramatic writing as an occupation was greatly increased by the habits of those who pursued

taney clocke of clothe, the some of xij^{s}, w^{ch} he sayd yt was to Imbrader his hatte for the Gwisse }xij^{s}. " pp. 110, 113.

At a later date Webster wrote a drama (now lost) which was called *The Guise*, and which is more likely to have been an original work than one founded upon Marlowe's tragedy.

* In an inventory of theatrical apparel belonging to Alleyn is "hose" [i. e. breeches] . . . "for the Guises." Collier's *Mem. of Alleyn*, p. 21.

† See note vol. ii. 336.

it: a few excepted, they were improvident, unprincipled, and dissolute, — now rioting in taverns and "ordinaries" on the profits of a successful play, and now lurking in the haunts of poverty* till the completion of another drama had enabled them to resume their revels.—At a somewhat later period, indeed, a decided improvement appears to have taken place in the morals of our dramatic writers: and it is by no means improbable that the high respectability of character which was maintained by Shakespeare and Jonson may have operated very beneficially, in the way of example, on the play-wrights around them. — But among those of superior station there was at least one person with whom Marlowe lived on terms of intimacy: the publisher of his posthumous fragment, *Hero and Leander*, was induced to dedicate it "to the worshipful Sir Thomas Walsingham,† knight," because he had "bestowed upon the author many kind favours, entertaining the parts of reckoning and worth which he found in him with good countenance and *liberal affection*."‡ Nor is this the only proof extant that Sir Thomas Walsingham cultivated a familiarity with the dramatists of his day; for to him, as to his "long-loved and honourable *friend*," Chapman has inscribed by a sonnet the comedy of *Al Fooles*, 1605.§

* The author of *The Atheist's Tragedie* has not failed to notice such vicissitudes of fortune in Marlowe's case;

"A poet was he of repute,
And wrote full many a playe,
Now strutting in a silken sute,
Then begging by the way."

See vol. iii,—Appendix iv.

† Sir Thomas Walsingham, knight, of Chesilhurst in Kent. He married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Peter Manwood, knight of the Bath (see note, p. v.), and died in 1630, aged 69. See Thorpe's *Registrum Roffense*, p. 933, and Hasted's *Hist. of Kent*, i. 99.

‡ See vol. iii. 3.

§ This poetical dedication is found, I believe, in only a single copy of the play.

Among the play-wrights of the time, Robert Greene was far from the meanest in the estimation of his contemporaries. The ill-will which he appears to have borne to Marlowe* when the latter first rose into public favour, had most probably passed away long before the period at which we are now arrived; and we may conclude that they eventually kept up a friendly intercourse with each other, undisturbed by any expression of uneasiness on the part of Greene at Marlowe's acknowledged preeminence.—The wretched Greene, reduced to utter beggary, and abandoned by the companions of his festive hours, expired at the house of a poor shoemaker near Dowgate on the 3rd of September 1592;† and soon after his decease, his *Groatsworth of Wit bought with a million of Repentance* was given to the public by Henry Chettle, one of the minor dramatic and miscellaneous writers of the day. The following "Address," which occurs towards the conclusion of that tract, has been frequently reprinted: but it is a document which must not be omitted in any biography of Marlowe:—

"To those Gentlemen his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making playes, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisedome to preuent his extremities.

"If wofull experience may mooue you, gentlemen, to beware, or vnheard-of wretchednes intreat you to take heed, I doubt not but you will look backe with sorrow on your time past, and endeuour with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not (for with thee will I first beginne), thou famous gracer of tragedians [i. e. Marlowe], that Green, who hath said with thee, like the foole in his heart, 'There is no God,' should now giue glorie vnto his greatnesse; for penetrating is his power, his hand lyes heauy

* See p. viii, note third.

† For various other particulars, see the *Account of Greene*, &c. p. lxxii sqq., prefixed to his *Dram. Works*, ed. Dyce.

vpon me, he hath spoken vnto me with a voyce of thunder, and I haue felt* he is a God that can punish enemies. Why should thy excellent wit, his gift, be so blinded that thou shouldest giue no glory to the giuer? Is it pestilent Machiuilian policie that thou hast studied? O peevish† follie! what are his rules but meere confused mockeries, able to extirpate in small time the generation of mankinde? for if *sic volo, sic iubeo,* holde in those that are able to commaund, and if it be lawfull *fas et nefas,* to doo any thing that is beneficiall, onely tyrants should possesse the earth, and they striuing to exceed in tiranny, should ech to other be a slaughterman, till, the mightyest outliuing all, one stroke were left for Death, that in one age mans life should end. The brocher‡ of this dyabolicall atheisme is dead, and in his life had neuer the felicitie he aymed at, but, as he beganne in craft, liued in feare, and ended in dispaire. *Quam inscrutabilia sunt Dei judicia!* This murderer of many brethren had his conscience seared like Cayne; this betrayer of him that gaue his life for him inherited the portion of Judas; this apostata perished as ill as Julian: and wilt thou, my friend, be his disciple? Looke vnto mee, by him persuaded to that libertie, and thou shalt finde it an infernall bondage. I know the least of my demerits merit this miserable death; but wilfull striuing against knowne truth exceedeth all the terrors of my soule. Deferre not (with mee) till this last point of extremitie; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.

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* *felt*] Old. ed. "left."

† *peevish*] Old ed. "punish" (the compositor's eye having perhaps caught that word from the preceding sentence).

‡ *brocher*] Old ed. "Brother."—"Probably Francis Kett, A. M., of Winmondham in Norfolk, who was bred at Benet College in Cambridge, and was chosen fellow 1573. In February 1589 he was burnt at Norwich for holding detestable opinions against Christ." MS. Note by Malone.

" With thee I ioyne young Iuuenall [i. e. Lodge], that byting satyrist, that lastly* with mee together writ a comedie. Sweet boy, might I aduise thee, be aduised, and get not many enemies by bitter words: inueigh against vaine men, for thou canst doo it, no man better, no man so well; thou hast a libertie to reproue all and name none; for one being spoken to, all are offended,—none beeing blamed, no man is iniuried. Stop shallow water still running, it will rage; tread on a worme, and it will turne; then blame not schollers who are vexed with sharpe and bitter lines, if they reprooue thy too much liberty of reproofe.

" And thou [i. e. Peele] no lesse deseruing then the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferiour, driuen (as myselfe) to extreame shifts, a little haue I to say to thee; and, were it not an idolatrous oath, I would sweare by sweet S. George thou art vnworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so meane a stay. Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery yee bee not warned; for vnto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleaue; those puppits, I meane, that speake from our mouths, those anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange, that I to whome they all haue bin beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all haue bin beholding, shall, were yee in that case that I am now, be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an vpstart crow† [i. e. Shakespeare] beautified with our feathers, that, with his *Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde*, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blanke-verse as the best of you, and, beeing an absolute Johannes-fac-totum, is in his owne conceyt the onely Shake-

* *lastly*] Qy. " lately "? Lodge's talent as a satirist may be seen in his *Fig for Momus*, 1595. The " comedie " which he composed in conjunction with Greene, is *A Looking Glasse for London and England* (reprinted in Greene's *Dram. Works*, ed. Dyce).

† This allusion to Shakespeare will be particularly noticed in a later part of the present memoir.

scene in a countrey. Oh, that I might intreat your rare wittes to bee imployed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and neuer more acquaynte them with your admyred inuentions! I knowe the best husband of you all will neuer prooue an vsurer, and the kindest of them all will neuer prooue a kinde nurse: yet, whilst you may, seeke you better maisters; for it is pitty men of such rare wits should bee subiect to the pleasures of such rude groomes.

"In this I might insert two more that both haue writte against these buckram gentlemen: but let their owne worke serue to witnesse against theyr owne wickednesse, if they perseuer to maintaine any more such peasants. For other new commers, I leaue them to the mercie of these painted monsters, who, I doubt not, will driue the best-minded to despise them: for the rest, it skills not though they make a ieast at them.

"But now returne I again to you three, knowing my miserie is to you no newes; and let me heartilie intreate you to be warned by my harmes. Delight not, as I haue done, in irreligious oaths, for from the blasphemers house a curse shall not depart. Despise drunkennes, which wasteth the wit, and maketh* men all equall vnto beasts. Flie lust, as the deathsman of the soule, and defile not the temple of the Holy Ghost. Abhorre those epicures whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your eares; and when they soothe you with tearms of mastership, remember Robert Greene, whome they haue often so flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your liues are like so many light† tapers that are with care deliuered to all of you to maintaine: these with wind-puft wrath may be extinguished, with‡ drunkennesse put§ out, with‖ negli-

* *maketh*] Old ed. "making." † *light*] i. e. lit—lighted.
‡ *with*] Old ed. "which." § *put*] Old ed. "puts."
‖ *with*] Old ed. "which."

gence let fall; for mans time of itselfe is not so short but it is more shortened by sinne. The fire of my life* is now at the last snuffe, and the want of wherewith to sustaine it, there is no substance for life to feed on. Trust not, then, I beseech yee, left to such weake stayse; for they are as changeable in minde as in many attires. Well, my hand is tyred, and I am forst to leaue where I would beginne; for a whole booke cannot contain their wrongs, which I am forst to knit vp in some few lines of words."†

Both Marlowe and Shakespeare having taken offence at the above "Address," their complaints were noticed by Chettle, the editor of the tract, in a public statement which he prefixed to his *Kind-Harts Dreame*, &c, and which, if satisfactory to Shakespeare, was little calculated to soothe the displeasure of Marlowe. "About three moneths since," says Chettle, "died M. Robert Greene, leauing many papers in sundry booke-sellers hands; among other, his *Groatsworth of Wit*, in which a letter written to diuers play-makers is offensiuely by one or two of them taken; and because on the dead they cannot be auenged, they wilfully forge in their conceites a liuing author; and after tossing it to‡ and fro, no remedy, but it must light on me. How I haue all the time of my conuersing in printing hindred the bitter inueying against schollers, it hath been very well knowne, and how in that I dealt I can sufficiently prooue. With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them [i. e. Marlowe] I care not if I neuer be: the other [i. e. Shakespeare], whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I haue moderated the heate of liuing writers, and might haue vsde my owne discretion (especially in such a case) the author beeing

* *life*] Old ed. "light." Some words seem to have dropt out from this sentence.

† I quote from ed. 1617. ‡ *to*] Old ed. "two."

'dead, that I did not, I am as sory as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because myselfe haue seene his demeanor no lesse ciuill than he exclent in the qualitie he professes; besides, diuers of worship haue reported his vprightnes of dealing which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting that aprooues his art. For the first, whose learning I reuerence, and, at the perusing of Greenes booke, stroke out what then in conscience I thought he in some displeasure writ, or, had it beene true, yet to publish it was intollerable, him I would wish to vse me no worse than I deserue. I had onely in the copy this share; it was ill written, as sometime Greenes hand was none of the best; licensd it must be, ere it could bee printed, which could neuer be if it might not be read: to be breife, I writ it ouer, and, as neare as I could, followed the copy, onely in that letter I put something out, but in the whole booke not a worde in; for I protest it was all Greenes, not mine, nor Maister Nashes, as some vniustly haue affirmed."*

That it should have been attributed to Nash seems strange enough: but we have his own testimony, in addition to Chettle's, that such was the case. "Other newes," he says, "I am aduertised of, that a scald triuiall lying pamphlet, cald *Greens Groats-worth of Wit*, is giuen out to be of my doing. God neuer haue care of my soule, but vtterly renounce me, if the least word or sillible in it proceeded from my pen, or if I were any way priuie to the writing or printing

* "To the Gentlemen Readers," before *Kind-Harts Dreame*, &c. n. d. [1592].—Mr. Collier remarks, "We have some doubts of the authenticity of the 'Groatsworth of Wit' as a work by Greene." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. cxxxi. I cannot think these doubts well founded. The only important part of the tract, the Address to the play-wrights, has an earnestness which is scarcely consistent with forgery; and Chettle, though an indigent, appears to have been a respectable man. Besides, the *Groatsworth of Wit*, from beginning to end, closely resembles in style the other prose-works of Greene.

of it."* — "Possibly," observes Mr. Collier, "one of the 'lying' portions of it, in the opinion of Nash, was that in which an attack was made upon Shakespeare,"†—a remark which somewhat surprises me. Nothing can be plainer than that Greene wrote the passage in question with a perfect knowledge that those whom he addressed, viz. Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, were no less jealous of the "Shake-scene" than himself, and that they would relish the sneering allusion to one who had given evidence of possessing a dramatic power which in its full developement might reduce the whole band of earlier play-wrights to comparative insignificance. There is, therefore, no likelihood that Nash, the companion of Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, — and he too a writer for the stage,—would have beheld the bright dawn of Shakespeare's genius with feelings more liberal than theirs. But, however he may have felt towards Shakespeare, I cannot doubt that when he mentioned the *Groatsworth of Wit* in the terms above cited, he was thinking only of the probable consequences of such a publication to himself: he was vexed and irritated because its disclosures concerning men with whom he was well known to have associated, — the dead Greene,‡ and the still-living Marlowe, — had a strong tendency to injure his own character; and he boldly pronounced it to be a "lying pamphlet," in the hope of shaking its credit with the world.

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* "A priuate Epistle to the Printer," prefixed to the sec. ed. of *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Diuell*, 1592 (I quote from ed. 1595).

† Introd. to Nash's *Pierce Penniless's Supp.* &c. p. xvii, ed. Shake. Soc.

‡ After Greene's death, Nash was anxious to persuade the public that no great intimacy had subsisted between them; but he was obliged to allow that he had been Greene's companion "at that fatall banquet of Rhenish wine and pickled hearing," of which Greene surfeited and died: see Nash's *Strange Newes*, &c, 1592, Sigs. E 4, H, L 4.

That Greene's exhortation, "to be warned by *his* harms" had no effect on Marlowe, is but too certain. Greene had not been a year in the grave, when Marlowe perished by a violent death in the very prime of manhood. This catastrophe occurred at Deptford; where in the burial-register of the parish-church of St. Nicholas may still be read the entry, "Christopher Marlow, slaine by ffrancis Archer, the 1 of June, 1593."*—In Beard's *Theatre of God's Judgements*, 1597, we have the following account. "Not inferior to any of the former in atheisme and impietie, and equal to al in maner of punishment, was one of our own nation, of fresh and late memorie, called Marlin [*in the margin* Marlow], by profession a scholler, brought vp from his youth in the Vniuersitie of Cambridge, but by practise a play-maker and a poet of scurrilitie, who by giuing too large a swing to his owne wit, and suffering his lust to haue the full reines, fell (not without just desert) to that outrage and extremitie, that hee denied God and his sonne Christ, and not onely in word blasphemed the Trinitie, but also (as it is credibly reported) wrote bookes against it, affirming our Sauiour to be but a deceiuer, and Moses to be but a coniurer and seducer of the people, and the holy Bible to bee but vaine and idle stories, and all religion but a deuice of policie. But see what a hooke the Lord put in the nostrils of this barking dogge! So it fell out, that as he purposed to stab one whom he ought a grudge vnto, with his dagger, the other party perceiuing so auoyded the stroke, that withall catching hold of his wrest, hee stabbed his owne dagger into his owne head, in such sort that, notwithstanding all the meanes of surgerie that could bee wrought, hee shortly after died thereof; the manner of his death being so terrible (for hee euen cursed and blasphemed to his last gaspe, and together with his breath an

* This entry (which I have myself examined) was first given to the public by a writer in a periodical work called *The British Stage* (No. for January 1821).

oath flew out of his mouth), that it was not only a manifest signe of Gods judgement, but also an horrible and fearefull terror to all that beheld him. But herein did the justice of God most notably appeare, in that hee compelled his owne hand, which had written those blasphemies, to bee the instrument to punish him, and that in his braine which had deuised the same."* — Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, &c, 1598, after referring to the passage of Beard just quoted, goes on to say, "As the poet Lycophron was shot to death by a certain riual of his, so Christopher Marlow was stabd to death by a bawdy seruingman, a riuall of his in his lewde loue."†—The story is told somewhat differently by Vaughan in *The Golden Groue*, &c, 1600: "Not inferiour to these was one Christopher Marlow, by profession a play-maker, who, as it is reported, about 14 yeres agoe, wrote a booke against the Trinitie. But see the effects of Gods justice! It so hapned that at Detford, a litle village about three miles distant from London, as he meant to stab with his ponyard one named Ingram [Archer?], that had inuited him thither to a feast and was then playing at tables, hee [Archer?] quickly perceyuing it, so auoyded the thrust, that withall drawing out his dagger for his defence, hee stabd this Marlow into the eye, in such sort that, his braynes comming out at the daggers point, hee shortly after dyed. Thus did God, the true executioner of diuine iustice, worke the ende of impious atheists."‡—The author of *The Returne from Pernassus*, an academic drama which, though acted before the death of Queen Elizabeth, was not printed till 1606, has these striking lines concerning our poet;

"Marlowe was happy in his buskin['d] Muse,—
Alas, vnhappy in his life and end!
Pitty it is, that wit so ill should dwell,
Wit lent from heauen, but vices sent from hell.
Our theater hath lost, Pluto hath got,
A tragick penman for a driery plot."§—

* P. 149, ed. 1631. † Fol. 286.
‡ Sig. C 4, ed. 1608. § Sig. B 2.

In *The Thunderbolt of God's wrath against hard-hearted and stiffe-necked sinners*, &c, 1618, Rudierde closely adheres to the narrative of Beard, mixing up with it, however, the erroneous statement that Marlowe was killed "in a streete in London."*—Wood, it is evident, derived his information wholly from Beard and Meres, when, not without a touch of his own quaintness, he related the circumstances of our author's death.†—To the above authorities, I subjoin the MS. Notes of an unknown writer in a copy of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, ed. 1629.‡ "Feb. 10, 1640. Mr. [here two words in cipher] that Marloe was an atheist, and wrot a booke against [here two words in cipher], how that it was all one mans making, and would haue printed it, but it would not be suffred to be printed. Hee was a rare scholar, and made excellent verses in Latine. Hee died aged about 30."—"Marloe was an acquaintance of Mr. [here a name in cipher] of Douer, whom hee made become an atheist; so that he was faine to make a recantation vppon this text, 'The foole hath said in his heart there is no God.'"—"This [here the name, as before, in cipher] learned all Marloe by heart."—"Marloe was stabd with a dagger, and dyed swearing."

In addition to the various charges of impiety brought against Marlowe in the preceding passages, the reader will

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* P. 29.

† See *Ath. Oxon*, ii. 7, ed. Bliss.—Compare too the ballad called *The Atheist's Tragedie*, vol. iii, Appendix iv. of the present edition.—A couplet in Marston's *Satires*, 1598, has been supposed, without much reason, to point at Marlowe's death;

> "'Tis loose-leg'd Lais, that same common drab,
> For whom good Tubrio tooke the mortall stab."
>
> *Sat.* ii. p. 145, ed. 1764.

Mr. Collier thinks that in the Epistle to the Reader, prefixed to the Second Part of T. B.'s translation of *The French Academie*, there is an allusion to Marlowe; vide *Poet. Decam.*, ii. 271, sqq. I do not think so.

‡ In the possession of Mr. J. P. Collier.

find in Appendix i. to the present work that "Note" of his "damnable opinions" which, just before the poet's death, was given in, as grounds for a judicial process, by a person named Bame, and which Ritson exultingly drew forth from the Harleian MSS.* in answer to Warton's assertion that Marlowe had no systematic disbelief of religion, and that the Puritans had construed his slight scepticism into absolute atheism.†

How far the poet's freethinking was really carried, I do not pretend to determine. I certainly feel that probability is outraged in several of the statements of Bame, who appears to have had a quarrel with Marlowe, and who, it must not be forgotten, was afterwards hanged at Tyburn; and I can readily believe that the Puritans would not stick at misrepresentation in speaking of a man whose writings had so greatly contributed to exalt the stage: but when I see that the author of *The Returne from Pernassus*, whom no one will suspect of fanaticism, has painted the character of Marlowe in the darkest colours, while at the same time he bestows a high encomium on his genius; and, above all, when I remember that, before either Bame or the Puritans had come forward as his accusers, the dying Greene‡ had borne unequivocal testimony against him to the very same effect,—it is not easy for me to resist the conviction that Marlowe's impiety was more confirmed and daring than Warton and others have been willing to allow.

It was only to be expected that among the surviving friends of Marlowe there would be some who would mention him§

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* It is among the papers of Lord Keeper Puckering.

† Vide Warton's *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 437, ed. 4to. and Ritson's *Observations* on that work, p. 40.

‡ Be it remembered too that the more offensive part of what Greene had written concerning Marlowe, was omitted by Chettle when he revised the *Groat's-worth of Wit:* see p. xxxi.

§ Hartley Coleridge, treating of old dramas founded on deeply

in terms altogether different from those employed by the writers last quoted; and accordingly we find that in the Prologue to *The Honour of the Garter*, which was published very shortly after Marlowe's death, he is apostrophised by Peele in the language of enthusiastic admiration;

> "Unhappy in thine end,
> Marley, the Muses' darling for thy verse,
> Fit to write passions for the souls below,
> If any wretched souls in passion speak."*

When Nash republished his *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem* in 1594, he prefixed to it an Epistle in which he renews his attack on Gabriel Harvey, and "vindicates," among others, "poor deceased Kit Marlowe:" this I state on the authority of Mr. Collier,† the only copy of that edition which I have seen being imperfect and wanting the passage about Marlowe.—The same writer, in his final and best attack on Gabriel Harvey, *Haue with you to Saffron-walden*, &c, 1596, has recorded a "saying" of Marlowe concerning Richard Harvey, the younger brother of Gabriel; "Kit Marloe was wont to say, that he was an asse, good for nothing but to preach of the Iron Age."‡ The reader, I presume, will not think so highly of this bon-mot as Nash appears to have done: but it at least contains the truth; for Richard Harvey has fairly "written himself down an ass" in his *Astrological Discourse*, which, to the infinite dismay of many persons as

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tragic incidents in English domestic life which had recently occurred, observes; "It is a wonder that the assassination of Marlowe was never dramatized." Introd. to the *Works* of Massinger and Ford, p. xiii. Surely, it is no wonder that the dramatists of those days did not endeavour to give additional publicity to the sad and disgraceful fate of one who had been the most eminent among them.

* Peele's *Works*, ii. 222, ed. Dyce, 1829.

† Introd. to Nash's *Pierce Penniless's Suppl.* &c, p. xxix, ed. Shake. Soc.

‡ Sig. N 3.

silly as the author, announced that a very fatal conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter was to happen on the 28th of April, 1583.—In a MS. poem called *The Newe Metamorphosis, or a Feaste of Fancie*, &c, by J. M. 1600, (unknown to me, except through the medium of a recent work,)* our poet is spoken of as "*kynde* Kit Marloe," — an epithet which, however impious his tenets, or however loose his morals, he may have fully merited.—And here let me observe with respect to "Kit," that it is not to be considered as a fond and familiar appellation bestowed on Marlowe in consequence of any endearing qualities which he may have possessed; for Heywood, after declaring that

> "Our moderne poets to that passe are driuen,
> Those names are curtal'd which they first had giuen;
> And, as we wisht to haue their memories drown'd,
> We scarcely can afford them halfe their sound,"

adduces fourteen instances of this abbreviation of the Christian name, among which is the following;

> "Marlo, renown'd for his rare art and wit,
> Could ne're attaine beyond the name of Kit,
> Although his *Hero and Leander* did
> Merit addition rather."†

Neither painting nor engraving has preserved the features of Marlowe; nor does any passage in the writings of his contemporaries enable us to form the slightest idea of his personal appearance.—I now resume the enumeration of his works.

Bishop Tanner, speaking of the tragedy of *Dido*, says, "Hanc perfecit et edidit Tho. Nash, Lond. 1594, 4to."; and he presently adds, "Petowius in præfatione ad secundam partem *Herois et Leandri* multa in Marlovii commendationem adfert; hoc etiam facit Tho. Nash in *Carmine ele-*

* Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 190.
† *The Hierarchie of the blessed Angells*, 1635, p. 206.

giaco tragœdiæ Didonis præfixo in obitum Christoph. Marlovii, ubi quatuor ejus tragœdiarum mentionem facit, nec non et alterius *De Duce Guisio.*"* Warton, too, observes, "His [Marlowe's] tragedy of *Dido Queen of Carthage* was completed and published by his friend Thomas Nashe in 1594;" subjoining in a note, "Nashe in his *Elegy* prefixed to Marlowe's *Dido*, mentions five of his plays."† As the *Elegy* by Nash is not in any of the few copies of *Dido* which are at present known, it would seem to be lost irretrievably; but that it once existed is unquestionable. Malone, who applied to Warton for farther particulars on this subject has left the following MS. note in his copy of the play.‡ "He [Warton] informed me by letter that a copy of this play was in Osborne's Catalogue in the year 1754; that he then saw it in his shop (together with several of Mr. Oldys's books that Osborne had purchased), and that the elegy in question, 'on Marlowe's untimely death,' was inserted immediately after the title-page; that it mentioned a play of Marlowe's entitled *The Duke of Guise*,§ and four others, but whether particularly by *name* he could not recollect. Unluckily he did not purchase this rare piece, and it is now God knows where."‖ Mr. Collier, who seems to be unacquainted with what Tanner and Warton have stated concerning *Dido*, regards it as a drama undoubtedly written by Marlowe and Nash in conjunction; and moreover is of opinion that their respective shares may be easily distinguished, those of Nash being more monotonous in versification and less poetical than

* *Biblioth. Brit.* p. 512.

† *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 435, ed. 4to.

‡ Now in the Bodleian Library.

§ i. e. *The Massacre at Paris.*

‖ Yet it would almost seem that Malone had as little faith in honest Tom Warton's veracity as Ritson himself had; for presently, after citing Tanner, he writes; "I suspect Mr. Warton had no other authority than this for saying that this play was left imperfect by Marlowe, and completed and published by Nash."

those of Marlowe.* For my own part, since I find Tanner's statement so circumstantially confirmed by Warton, I consider myself bound to believe, till some positive evidence be produced to the contrary, that *Dido* was completed for the stage by Nash after the decease of Marlowe. As to any marked difference of versification which would enable us to determine exactly what parts of the play are by Marlowe and what by Nash,†—I must confess that it is not quite so perceptible to me as to Mr. Collier; nor do I think that we are warranted in assigning to the latter poet all the less brilliant passages, since we know that Marlowe, though often soaring to a height which Nash could not have reached, yet frequently sinks to the level of a very ordinary writer. In short, I cannot but suspect that Nash's contributions to *Dido* were comparatively small.—The date of its original representation has not been ascertained: it was acted by the Children of the Chapel;‡ and (as already noticed) was first printed in 1594.

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* See *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 225.—At p. 138 Mr. Collier remarks that "Marlowe and Nash were not acquainted with each other in 1587," but at p. 221 that Dido was "apparently written previous to 1590."

† Mr. Collier particularly gives to Nash the description of the fall of Troy,—a description which I should rather say is Marlowe's, its splendid extravagance being above the powers of Nash.

‡ It is doubtful, as Mr. Collier observes, whether the following entry in Henslowe's *Diary* refers to some alteration and revival of Marlowe's *Dido*, or to some new piece on the same subject (for Henslowe afterwards mentions a play called *Æneas' Revenge*);

"Layd owte for coper lace for the littell boye, for a valle [veil?] for the boye, ageanste the playe of Dido and Eneus, the 3 of Jenewary 1597 } xxix^{s}."

p. 117, ed. Shake. Soc. Among the stage-properties of the Lord Admiral's men we find "j tome of Dido," and among their stage-dresses "Dides robe." *Id.* pp. 273, 276. For Marlowe's *Dido* "a tomb" was not wanted.—In an inventory of Alleyn's thea-

Previous to the appearance of this tragedy, several dramas on the story of Dido had been attempted in England.* John Rightwise, master of St. Paul's School, London, "made the *Tragedy of Dido* out of Virgil, and acted the same with the scholars of his school, before Cardinal Wolsey, with great applause:"† it would seem to have been a Latin composition. In 1564 "a tragedie named *Dido*, in hexametre verse, without anie chorus,"‡ written by Edward Haliwell, was played before Queen Elizabeth in King's-College chapel, Cambridge: and in 1583 a Latin *Dido* was represented for the amusement of Prince Alasco in Christ-Church hall, Oxford. The author of the last-mentioned piece has hitherto been unknown: but I can now state that it was composed by Dr. William Gager, whose Latin plays were greatly admired even beyond the precincts of the university; and large

trical wardrobe is "Pryams hose in Dido" (Collier's *Mem. of Alleyn*, p. 21): qy. were the said hose [i. e. breeches] used for *the statue of Priam* in Marlowe's tragedy (see vol. ii. 379)? It is at least certain that Priam could not possibly be *a character* in any play on the story of Dido.

* Warton, *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 435, ed. 4to. notices "the interlude of Dido and Eneas at Chester," which, he says, "I have before mentioned:" but I cannot find the earlier mention of it.

† Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* i. 35, ed. Bliss. See also Tanner's *Biblioth.* p. 632, where, however, the notice of this play is taken from Wood.—Warton, *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* ii. 434, ed. 4to. states that it was written by Rightwise and in Latin; but he afterwards, iii. 84, wrongly assigns it to Edward Haliwell, and says "it may be doubted whether this drama was in English."—A mistake of Harwood concerning Rightwise's *Dido* has perplexed Mr. Hallam, *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, i. 433, ed. 1843.

‡ Nichols's *Prog. of Elizabeth*, i. 186, ed. 1823.—It "was written by Edward Haliwell, fellow of King's College, as appears from Hatcher's account of the provosts, fellows, &c. of that society. Bodl. MSS. Rawlinson, B. 274." Note by Bliss in Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, i. 35.—See also Tanner's *Biblioth.* p. 372. —Warton, *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* ii. 383, ed. 4to. supposes it to have been an English play.

fragments of it, which I have recovered from his own manuscript, may be read in an appendix to the present volumes.§ Much of Marlowe's play is necessarily derived from Virgil;* and, as those portions of the *Æneid* that relate to Dido are in a high degree truthful and passionate, the comparison which we are forced to make between them and the English tragedy is so unfavourable to the latter, that we are in some danger of estimating it below its real worth. But, though Marlowe's portrait of Dido be nearly as inferior to Virgil's as Hogarth's Sigismonda is to Correggio's, and though the other characters of the play have little force or variety, our author must yet be allowed the praise of having engrafted on the Roman fable some well-imagined circumstances, and of having given to many passages, which are wholly unborrowed, such richness of colouring and such beauty of expression as the genuine poet only can bestow.

Nash, whose name has occurred more than once in this memoir, and whose partnership in *Dido* has just been mentioned, survived the publication of that tragedy for several years. If his *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600, was not put forth by himself, his *Lenten Stuffe*, 1599, must be regarded as the piece with which he closed his literary career. In 1601 he was certainly deceased.† His talents as a writer were very considerable, and various; but his

§ Vol. iii,—Appendix ii.—The comedy *Rivales*, with which Prince Alasco had been entertained on the preceding night, was also by Gager; see Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* ii. 87, ed. Bliss. Of Gager's plays two only, I believe, have been printed,—*Ulysses Redux*, 1591, and *Meleager*, 1592. Meres mentions "Doctor Gager of Oxforde," as one of "the best for comedy amongst us," in a list of names where Shakespeare's occurs! *Palladis Tamia*, &c, 1598, fol. 283.

* Marlowe is under no obligations either to the *Didone* of Dolce (first printed in 1547) or to the *Didone* of Cinthio (first printed in 1583),—Italian tragedies of some celebrity.

† As is proved by one of the "Cenotaphia" in Fitzgeoffrey's *Affaniæ*, &c, 1601.

strength is chiefly displayed in his prose-invectives, which, whatever be their offences against good taste and perhaps against good feeling, are scarcely to be paralleled for bitterness of sarcasm and volubility of language.* Like other wits of the day, he subsisted by his pen; and sometimes he did not scruple to employ it on subjects of the vilest ribaldry.† In Dekker's tract called *A Knight's Conjuring*, &c, 1607, he is introduced, together with Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, in the Elysian fields: but I now subjoin only a portion of the passage, because I have quoted it more fully elsewhere;‡ "Whil'st Marlow, Greene, and Peele had got under the shades of a large vyne, laughing to see Nash (that was but newly come to their colledge) still haunted with the sharpe and satyricall spirit that followed him heere upon earth."

As the various editions of Marlowe's *Ovid's Elegies*,

* The lines on Nash in Drayton's *Epistle to H. Reynolds* have been frequently cited: but not so, I believe, the following epigram in Freeman's *Rubbe and a great Cast*, 1614 (Part Sec. Ep. 96);

"Nash, had Lycambes on earth liuing beene
The time thou wast, his death had bin al one;
Had he but mou'd thy tartest Muse to spleene,
Vnto the forke he had as surely gone;
For why there liued not that man, I thinke,
Vsde better or more bitter gall in inke."

† See Davies's *Wits Bedlam*, 1617, Sig. F 2, where a certain piece by Nash is mentioned as "knowne to euery trull."—But in estimating Nash's character, we must not attach any importance to the following lines, which seem to have been dictated merely by friendship for the person addressed;

To Doctor Harvey of Cambridge.

"The proverb sayes, Who fights [fight] with durty foes
Must needs be foyl'd, admit they win or lose:
Then think it doth a Doctor's credit dash,
To make himself antagonist to Nash."

Sir J. Harington's *Epigrams*, *B.* ii. *Ep.* 36, ed. folio.

‡ *Account of Peele and his Writings*, p. v. (prefixed to his *Works*); ed. 1829.

printed together with Davies's *Epigrams*, have no dates, we cannot determine in what years they were successively published. Of the three editions which I have collated (and others, I believe, exist) the volume entitled *Epigrammes and Elegies by J. D. and C. M.*,* containing only a portion of the *Amores*, and exhibiting a comparatively antiquated orthography, is undoubtedly the earliest.† A later edition which I have used, and which contains the *Elegies* complete, with their more objectionable passages rather heightened than softened down, is probably that which was burnt at Stationers' Hall by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, in June, 1599.‡ A much later edition, collated by me, is a re-impression of the one last mentioned, and appears to have been published about 1640. These three editions bear each the imprint "Middlebourgh"; but, whatever may have been the case with respect to the first two, the third is evidently the production of a London press.

* See vol. iii. 224 for the true description of that rare edition. My description of it, earlier in the same volume, p. 106, is not accurate, the copy which I first used having been wrongly done up by the binder.

† Ritson says (under "Davies") that these pieces were published "about 1596," and afterwards (under "Marlow") in "1596." *Bibl. Poet.* pp. 181, 276.

‡ We may wonder at the inconsistency of the book-inquisitors of those days, who condemned to the flames Marlowe's *Ovid's Elegies*, Marston's *Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image*, nay, even Hall's *Satires*, and yet spared Harington's *Orlando Furioso*, which equals the original in licentiousness and sometimes exceeds it in coarseness. The truth may be that "the authorities" did not choose to meddle with a translation which was not only dedicated to the Virgin Queen, but had been executed at her desire. — Though Sir John took every sort of liberty with the original, omitting, altering, &c, and though (as innumerable passages shew) he wanted an eye for its charming picturesqueness, his *Orlando Furioso* did not deserve Jonson's sweeping censure, — that it, "under all translations, was the worst." *Conversations with Drummond*, p. 3. ed. Shake. Soc.

This version of the *Amores*, taken altogether, does so little credit either to Marlowe's skill as a translator or to his scholarship, that one is almost tempted to believe it was never intended by him to meet the eye of the world, but was made, merely as a literary exercise, at an early period of life, when classical studies chiefly engaged his attention. We look in vain for the graces of Ovid. In many passages we should be utterly puzzled to attach a definite meaning to the words, if we had not the original at hand; and in many others the Latin is erroneously rendered, the mistranslations being sometimes extremely ludicrous.* I doubt if more can be said in praise of this version than that it is occasionally spirited and flowing.† Of the XVth Elegy of the First Book there are two translations,—the second, which is by B. J. (i. e. Ben Jonson) being, however, only an alteration of the first.‡

The *Epigrams*, which accompany the *Ovid's Elegies*, are

* E. g.

"Snakes leap by verse from caves of broken mountains."
("Carmine dissiliunt, abruptis faucibus, angues.")
vol. iii. 144.

"Ida, the seat of groves, did sing with corn."
("Ipse locus nemorum canebat frugibus Ide.")
vol. iii. 211.

† These couplets remind us of Pope's *Homer*;

"So the fierce troops of Thracian Rhesus fell,
And captive horses bade their lord farewell."
vol. iii. 128.

"What age of Varro's name shall not be told,
And Jason's Argo, and the fleece of gold?"
vol. iii. 140.

‡ This alteration of the preceding version was afterwards introduced into *The Poetaster*: see Jonson's *Works*, ii. 397, ed. Gifford, who insists that both these translations are by Jonson, the former being the rough sketch of the latter.

wholly* by John (afterwards, Sir John) Davies; a man so celebrated as the author of *Nosce Teipsum*, that I need not touch on his biography. Like other collections of the kind which appeared a little later, these *Epigrams* are, for the most part, satires in miniature. They possess some poignancy of ridicule and some vigour of expression, but hardly enough to justify the applauses which they once called forth; † and they chiefly recommend themselves to readers of the present day, as illustrating the manners and "humours" which prevailed towards the close of Elizabeth's reign. I have given them with the text considerably improved by means of one of the Harleian MSS. When Davies republished his poems in 1622, he did not admit a single *Epigram* into the volume; and what he thus deliberately rejected, he doubtless wished to be forgotten.

A paraphrase on the very elegant production of the Pseudo-Musæus‡ had been projected and was already partly com-

* See vol. iii. 224.

† They were probably widely circulated in manuscript before their appearance in print. See vol. III. 227, 245, for notices of them from Guilpin's *Skialetheia*, &c, 1598, (where Davies is termed "our English Martiall,") from Sir J. Harington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, and from Bastard's *Chrestoleros*, &c, 1598. See also Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, &c, 1598, fol. 284; Fitzgeoffrey's *Affaniæ*, &c, 1601, Sigs. B 3, E 4; R. Carew's *Epistle on the Excell. of the English Tongue*, p. 13 (appended to his *Survey of Cornwall*, ed. 1769); and *Jonson's Conversations with Drummond*, pp. 15, 26, 37, (where mention is made of two epigrams not in the printed collection), ed. Shake. Soc.—In Jonson's xviii th *Epigram* is the line "Davis and Weever, and the best have been" (i. e. and the best epigrammatists that have been), *Works*, VIII. 161; where Gifford gives, without any addition of his own, a note by Whalley, who says that Jonson alludes to Davies of Hereford and to Weever's *Funeral Monuments:* but the allusion is to Sir John Davies's *Epigrams* and to Weever's *Epigrams*, 1599.

‡ "Musæus station'd with his lyre
Supreme among th' Elysian quire,

posed by Marlowe, when death put an end to his labours; and as much of *Hero and Leander* as could be discovered after his decease, having been entered in the Stationers' Books 28th September, 1593,* was given to the press in 1598. — While the poem of the Greek grammarian is comprised in 341 verses, the fragment in question extends to above 800.

In this paraphrase† Marlowe has somewhat impeded the

Is, for the dwellers upon earth,
Mute as a lark ere morning's birth."
(Wordsworth's *Lines written in a blank leaf of Macpherson's Ossian.*)

Yet various learned men believed that the Greek poem on Hero and Leander was really composed by the ancient Musæus: and we therefore need not wonder when we find Marlowe, and his continuator Chapman, entertaining that belief. — The elder Scaliger had not only persuaded himself that the poem was genuine, but that it was superior to the works of Homer. The younger and the greater Scaliger, however, thought very differently; and I give the following passage from his *Epistolæ*, because it is not cited by Schrader in the Prolegomena to *Musæus*. "Parcior et castigatior [Dionysio Per., Oppiano, et Nonno] quidem Musæus, sed qui cum illorum veterum frugalitate comparatus, prodigus videatur. Neque in hoc sequimur optimi parentis nostri judicium, quem acumina illa et flores declamatorii ita cœperunt, ut non dubitavit eum Homero præferre." p. 531, ed. 1627.

* "It occurs again in the registers of the Stationers, in 1597, 1598, and 1600." [The latest entry must refer to an edition of the poem with Chapman's continuation.] Warton's *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 434, ed. 4to.

† By an oversight, Warton calls it a "translation." *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 434, ed. 4to. Though Warton was perhaps better acquainted with the Greek and Roman writers than any of our poetical antiquaries, Tyrwhitt always excepted, yet this is not the only slip of the kind which he has made. For instance, in vol. ii. 461, he mentions Grindal's "recommending such barbarous and degenerate classics as *Palingenius* [i. e. Pier Angelo Manzolli], Sedulius, and Prudentius," &c.

progress and weakened the interest of the story by introducing extraneous matter and by indulging in whimsical and frivolous details; he occasionally disregards costume; he is too fond of conceits, and too prodigal of "wise saws" and moral axioms. But he has amply redeemed these faults by the exquisite perception of the beautiful which he displays throughout a large portion of the fragment, by descriptions picturesque and vivid in the extreme, by lines which glow with all the intensity of passion, by marvellous felicities of language, and by skilful modulation of the verse. — The quotation from this poem in *As you like it** may be considered as a proof that it was admired by Shakespeare; and the words which are there applied to the author, — "dead shepherd," — sound not unlike an expression of pity for his sad and untimely end. Jonson, too, in *Every Man in his Humour*† has cited *Hero and Leander;* and he is reported to have spoken of it often in terms of the highest praise.‡

* See note, vol. iii. 12. I may add here, that Shakespeare seems to make two allusions to Marlowe's poem in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act i. sc. 1, act iii. sc. 1.

† See note, vol. iii. 13.

‡ In an address "To the Reader," signed R. C., prefixed to *The Chast and Lost Lovers*, &c, 1651, the work of William Bosworth, "a young gentleman 19 years of age," who was then deceased, is the following passage; "The strength of his fancy and the shadowing of it in words he [Bosworth] taketh from Mr. Marlow in his *Hero and Leander*, whose mighty lines Mr. Benjamin Johnson (a man sensible enough of his own abilities) was often heard to say that they [sic] were examples fitter for admiration than for parallel." But I cannot help suspecting that all R. C.'s knowledge of Jonson's admiration of "Mr. Marlow" was derived from Ben's verses on Shakespeare, where we find the very words, "Marlowe's mighty line."

Some other notices of Marlowe's poem may be thrown together here.—"Let me see, hath any bodie in Yarmouth heard of Leander and Hero, of whome diuine Musæus sung, and a diuiner Muse than him, Kit Marlow? . . . . . At that, she

The age of Elizabeth, so fertile in great poets, had also its indifferent rhymers in abundance; and one of the latter class lost no time in attempting to complete this beautiful fragment. Before the close of the year 1598 Henry Petowe put forth *The Second Part of Hero and Leander, conteyning their further fortunes;** and, though none of his contemporaries has informed us how it was received by the public, there can be little doubt that it met with the contempt and ridicule which it deserved. In a Dedicatory Epistle to Sir Henry Guilford, knight, Petowe writes as follows. "This historie of Hero and Leander, penned by that admired poet Marloe, but not finished (being preuented by sodaine death), and the same (though not abruptly, yet contrary to all menns expectation) resting, like a heade seperated from the body, with this harsh sentence, *Desunt nonnulla;* I, being inriched by a gentleman, a friend of mine, with the true Italian discourse of those louers' further fortunes, haue presumed to finish the historie, though not so well as diuers riper wits doubtles would haue done," &c. Whether Petowe really

[Hero] became a franticke Bacchanal outright, and made no more bones but sprang after him [Leander], and so resignd vp her priesthood, and left worke for Musæus and Kit Marlowe." Nash's *Lenten Stuffe*, &c, 1599, pp. 42, 45.—"[Will you read] Catullus? [take] Shakespeare, and Barlowes [Marlowe's] Fragment." R. Carew's *Epistle on the Excell. of the English Tongue*, p. 13. (appended to his *Survey of Cornwall*, ed. 1769.)—"Marlowe his excellent fragment of Hero and Leander." Bolton's *Hypercritica*,—according to a MS. copy,—*Anc. Crit. Essays* (edited by Haslewood), ii. 247.—"In his begun poem of *Hero and Leander* he [Marlowe] seems to have a resemblance of that clean and unsophisticated wit which is natural to that incomparable poet [Shakespeare]." Phillips's *Theat. Poet.* (*Modern Poets*), p. 24, ed. 1675.

* It was entered in the Stationers' Books, 14th April of that year.—As poems in those days were much read in MS., Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* was probably familiar to Petowe before it had reached the press. This observation applies, of course, to Chapman also (see afterwards).

borrowed the substance of this Continuation from a foreign original, or whether what he says about "the true Italian discourse" is to be understood as an ingenious fiction, I haue taken no pains to inquire: it is at least certain that the wretched style in which he relates the very foolish incidents is all his own.* One passage (and the best, too,) of the poem must be inserted here, because it affords a remarkable proof of the celebrity which Marlowe had acquired:—

"Quicke-sighted spirits,—this suppos'd Apollo,—
Conceit no other but th' admired Marlo;
Marlo admir'd, whose honney-flowing vaine
No English writer can as yet attaine;
Whose name in Fame's immortall treasurie
Truth shall record to endles memorie;
Marlo, late mortall, now fram'd all diuine,
What soule more happy then that soule of thine?
Liue still in heauen thy soule, thy fame on earth!
Thou dead, of Marlos Hero findes a dearth.
Weepe, aged Tellus! all on earth † complaine!
Thy chiefe-borne faire hath lost her faire ‡ againe:
Her faire in this is lost, that Marlo's want
Inforceth Hero's faire be wonderous scant.
Oh, had that king of poets breathed longer,
Then had faire beautie's fort been much more stronger!

* In an address "To the quicke-sighted Reader," Petowe declares that this production was "the first fruits of an vnripe wit, done at certaine vacant howers."—He afterwards published:—*Philochasander and Elanira the faire Lady of Britaine*, &c, 1599.—*Elizabetha quasi vivens. Eliza's Funerall*, &c, 1603, (reprinted in *The Harl. Miscel.* vol. x. ed. Park).—*Englands Cæsar. His Majesties most royall Coronation*, &c, 1603 (reprinted *ibid.*).—*The Whipping of Runawaies*, &c, 1603. And he probably was author of *The Mous-trap* (a collection of Epigrams), 1606, as it has a dedication signed *H. P.*—From what I have read of these pieces, I should say that Petowe improved as he continued to write, for they are much superior to his *Hero and Leander*: still they give him no claim to be styled a poet.

† *all on earth*] Old ed. "*all* earth *on earth.*"

‡ *faire*] i. e. beauty.

His goulden pen had clos'd her so about,
No bastard æglet's quill, the world throughout,
Had been of force to marre what he had made;
For why they were not expert in that trade.
What mortall soule with Marlo might contend,
That could 'gainst reason force him stoope or bend?
Whose siluer-charming toung mou'd such delight,
That men would shun their sleepe in still darke night
To meditate vpon his goulden lynes,
His rare conceyts, and sweete-according rimes.
But Marlo, still-admired Marlo's gon
To liue with beautie in Elyzium;
Immortall beautie, who desires to heare
His sacred poesies, sweete in euery eare:
Marlo must frame to Orpheus' melodie
Himnes all diuine to make heauen harmonie.
There euer liue the prince of poetrie,
Liue with the liuing in eternitie!" *

As the piece just quoted, however despicable in itself, possesses a sort of interest from its connection with Marlowe's fragment, and as it is of such rare occurrence that little more than its title has been cited by poetical antiquaries, some other extracts from it have been appended to the present volumes.†

But Chapman,—the well-known translator of Homer,—had also been busy with a continuation of Marlowe's "half-told tale;" and it appears to have been completed as early as Petowe's *Second Part* above described. "As Musæus, who wrote the loue of Hero and Leander, had two excellent schollers, Thamaras and Hercules, so hath he in England two excellent poets imitators of him in the same argument and subiect, Christopher Marlow and George Chapman," are the words of Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, &c. 1598.‡

* Sig. B ii.

† See vol. iii,—Appendix iii.

‡ Fol. 282. Meres, we may presume, had seen Chapman's Continuation in a manuscript copy. A little before the passage just quoted, he mentions Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, which certainly were not then in print.

At that date, however, there is little doubt that Chapman's portion of the poem had not been printed; nor does it seem to have been ever printed singly. The earliest edition of the complete work yet discovered is that of 1600;* and, strangely enough, its title-page makes no mention of Chapman, though his name is coupled with Marlowe's in the title-pages of all the subsequent impressions. In this elaborate performance (the popularity of which is attested by repeated editions) Chapman has divided Marlowe's fragment into two Sestiads,† has added four other Sestiads from his own pen, and has prefixed a rhyming Argument to each of the six.

A passage of the Third Sestiad, in which Chapman makes an apostrophe to the "free soul" of Marlowe, requires some notice here:

> "Then, ho, most strangely-intellectual fire,
> That, proper to my soul, hast power t' inspire
> Her burning faculties, and with the wings
> Of thy unsphered flame visit'st the springs
> Of spirits immortal! now (as swift as Time
> Doth follow Motion) find th' eternal clime
> Of his free soul, whose living subject stood
> Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,
> And drunk to me half this Musæan story,
> Inscribing it to deathless memory:
> Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep,
> That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep;
> Tell it how much his late desires I tender
> (If yet it know not), and to light surrender

---

* See note, p. xlvii. See too the second article in the list of editions, vol. iii. 2: according to the title-page, that edition ought also to contain Marlowe's *First Book of Lucan;* but in the Bodleian copy (the only one I have ever met with) the Lucan is wanting.

† Warton says, "I learn from Mr. Malone, that Marlowe finished only the two first Sestiads *and about one hundred lines of the third.*" *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 434, ed. 4to. But this is a mistake; see vol. iii. 38, of the present work.

My soul's dark offspring, willing it should die
To loves, to passions, and society."*

The words, "his late desires," seem capable of no other interpretation than—the late wishes of Marlowe that Chapman should continue the poem; while the words which follow, "If yet it know not," seem to imply that those wishes had not been expressed to Chapman by Marlowe himself, but had been conveyed to Chapman by others. Perhaps, therefore, we are to understand,—that on some occasion, not long before his death, Marlowe, when speaking of the poem to his friends, had mentioned Chapman as the person whom he should choose to complete it, if he himself should not live to bring it to a close. I need hardly remind the reader that, in Marlowe's case, "his late desires" cannot be referred to wishes expressed during the lingering illness of a death-bed. As to the conclusion of the passage, "and to light surrender," &c., I must confess that I am far from understanding it clearly.—Most probably there is no authority (at least, no good authority) for Warton's statement that Chapman had formed a friendship with Marlowe;† and the lines just cited would certainly lead us to suppose that their acquaintance with each other, if any, had been very slight.

Chapman offends, to a still greater degree than Marlowe, by loading the narrative with excrescences, which render it deficient in unity and due subordination of parts; and he has all Marlowe's proneness to conceits and apothegms. He disappoints us by unexpected inequalities and strange im-

* Vol. iii. 46.

† Warton states that Chapman, having gone to London in his youth, "soon commenced a friendship with Spenser, Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Daniel." *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 447, ed. 4to. According to Wood (cited by Warton, ibid. p. 448), Chapman was a man "religious and temperate, qualities rarely meeting in a poet;" and as Marlowe unhappily appears not to have possessed those "qualities," it is unlikely that any intimacy should have existed between him and Chapman.

proprieties; he loves frigid personifications; his meaning is not always transparent, his versification not always happy. But he has great depth of thought; he rises not unfrequently to the real poetic enthusiasm; his pictures have a truly graphic force of delineation; his touches of fancy are often bright and delicate; his pathos is sometimes profound. Chapman has not received justice from Warton, who mentions only slightly and disparagingly his continuation of *Hero and Leander*.* It is, on the whole, a less perfect perform-

* "At length George Chapman, the translator of Homer, completed, but with a striking inequality, Marlowe's unfinished version." *Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 434, ed. 4to. (which, indeed, is nearly what Phillips had said in the *Theat. Poet.* (*Modern Poets,*) p. 25, ed. 1675).—To this opinion we may oppose that of Chapman's contemporary, Chettle, who speaks of him as

> "Coryn, full of worth and wit,
> That finisht dead Musæus' gracious song
> With grace as great and words and verse as fit."
> *England's Mourning Garment*, n. d. Sig. D 2.

At a much later period Chapman published a version of Musæus,—*The Divine Poem of Musæus. First of all Bookes. Translated according to the originall, By Geo: Chapman*, 1616, 12mo. It is dedicated to Inigo Jones. In an address "To the Commune Reader" Chapman mentions "that partly excellent poem of Maister Marloe's."—This translation being of extraordinary rarity, I subjoin, as a specimen, the concluding lines;

> "No more the false light for the curst winde burn'd,
> That of Leander euer to be mourn'd
> Blew out the loue and soule; when Hero still
> Had watchfull eyes and a most constant will
> To guide the voyage; and the morning shin'd,
> Yet not by her light she her loue could finde.
> She stood distract with miserable woes,
> And round about the sea's broad shoulders throwes
> Her eye, to second the extinguisht light,
> And tried if any way her husband's sight,
> Erring* in any part, she could descry.

* *Erring*] i. e. wandering.

ance than Marlowe's (much shorter) portion of the tale: but if the superiority of the one poet over the other is to be decided by individual passages, there will be no small difficulty in determining to whom the palm is due.

The *Second and Fourth Books* of Virgil's *Æneid* by Lord Surrey, some of Ovid's *Epistles* by Turberville, and Gascoigne and Kinwelmersh's paraphrase and alteration of the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides under the title of *Iocasta*, were all, or nearly all,* the specimens of blank-verse translation from the ancient poets, which our language afforded, till Mar-

---

When at her turret's foote she saw him lye
Mangled with rockes and all embru'd, she tore
About her brest the curious weede she wore,
And, with a shrieke, from off her turret's height
Cast her faire body headlong, that fell right
On her dead husband, spent with him her breath,
And each won other in the worst of death."

* Of course, Grimoald's blank-verse translations from the *Alexandreis* of Gaultier are not to be taken into account.—In Steevens's list of *Ancient Translations from Classic Authors* (Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, i. 380), there occurs *Virgil's Eclogues and Georgicks, translated into blank verse by W. Webbe, Lond.* 1589. Qy. was there ever any such book? Webbe, indeed, gives translations of the *First and Second Eclogues* in his *Discourse of English Poetrie*, (p. 71, sqq. ed. Haslewood), but they are in English hexameters; and ibid. (p. 54), he says that he once turned the *Georgics* "to that same English verse which other such workes were in, though it were rudely," &c, and that his version had fallen into the hands of a person, who, he was told, either had published or intended to publish it.—Peele translated one of the *Iphigenias* of Euripides into English verse (qy. if blank-verse?); but in all probability it was never printed. I learn this fact from some Latin lines (in MS.) by Dr. Gager,—*In Iphigeniam Georgii Peeli Anglicanis versibus redditam.* The "*Effiginia* a Tragedye showen on the Innocentes daie at nighte by the Children of Powles," 1571, which is mentioned in Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, &c, p. 13, is very unlikely to have been Peele's translation; for at that date Peele, there is good reason to believe, was under twenty years of age.

lowe's *First Book* of *Lucan*, having been entered in the Stationers' Books 28th Sept. 1593, was published in 1600.

As the versification wants that variety of pause which Marlowe latterly was accustomed to observe, I should have unhesitatingly referred this attempt to an early period of his life, did not such a defect seem sufficiently accounted for by the necessity which he had imposed upon himself of "translating line for line." Nor is it unlikely, that having once had in view a complete version of the *Pharsalia*, he may have been deterred from proceeding farther than the First Book by finding that he had adopted a plan which greatly increased the difficulty of his undertaking. Though a pleasing memorial of his devotion to classical literature, this fragment can add very little to his fame, even if we should allow that it reflects the lofty and declamatory style of Lucan more faithfully than any subsequent translation.

The beautiful song, "Come live with me," &c, was originally printed, but wanting the fourth and sixth stanzas, in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, a collection of poems which the title-page falsely affirms to be wholly by Shakespeare; and it was for the first time published complete, and subscribed with the real author's name, "C. Marlowe,"* in *England's Helicon*, 1600.

Few songs have been more popular than this: we find both a Reply to and an Imitation of it† in *England's He-*

* Marlowe himself quotes (with a slight variation) a line of it in *The Jew of Malta*: see vol. i. 319.

† The first stanza of the Reply had previously appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. Sir E. Brydges has inserted *both* these pieces as Raleigh's in his ed. of that extraordinary man's *Poems*. I think it very doubtful if he wrote even the former of them; but I cannot discuss the question of their authorship here: on that subject see Percy's *Rel. of A. E. P.* i. 237, ed. 1812, Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.* pp. 254, 307, and Sir E. Brydges's Introd. to *England's Helicon*, p. xiii. — Oldys in a MS. note, under the article "Marlowe," in his copy of Langbaine's *Acc. of Engl.*

licon; snatches of it are sung by Sir Hugh Evans in *The Merry Wives of Windsor;** and Donne† and Herrick‡ have each (unsuccessfully) attempted to rival it. In 1653, when it was comparatively little known, Isaac Walton, by inserting it in *The Complete Angler*, gave it fresh celebrity. —Making no appeal to the heart, nor having any force of sentiment, it cannot be regarded as a love-song of the highest class; but it is among the very best of those sweet and fanciful strains with which genius has enriched the fabled Arcadia.

As the editor of *England's Parnassus*, 1600, appears never to have resorted to manuscript sources, we may conclude that the descriptive stanzas by Marlowe in that anthology, "I walk'd along a stream," &c, were extracted from some printed piece, of which not a single copy now remains.

Dram. Poets, says; "S[r] W. Ralegh was an encourager of his [Marlowe's] Muse; and he wrote an answer to a Pastoral Sonnet of S[r] Walters printed by Isaac Walton in his Book of Fishing." For the first of these statements I know no authority; as to the second, — "Sir Walters" is obviously a slip of the pen for "Marlowe's."

* Act iii. sc. 1.—In Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), viii. 104, may be seen the old music to which it was sung, given from a MS. by Sir J. Hawkins.—N. Breton mentions this song in *A Poste with a Packet of Mad Letters*, 1603; "At the least you shall heare the old song that you were wont to like well of, sung by the blacke browes with the cherrie-cheeke, vnder the side of the pide cow, *Come liue with me and be my loue.*" p. 59, ed. 1637.—Again, in his *Choice, Chance, and Change*, &c, 1606; "Why, how now, doe you take me for a woman, that you come vpon me with a ballad of *Come liue with me and be my loue?*" p. 3.—In Deloney's *Strange Histories*, &c, 1607, is a ballad called *The Imprisonment of Queene Elinor*, &c, "to the tune of *Come liue with me and be my loue.*"

† See Donne's *Poems*, p. 190, ed. 1633. In later eds. it is entitled *The Bait.*

‡ See *To Phillis to love and live with him*, Herrick's *Hesperides*, p. 223, ed. 1648.

Most probably it was a composition of no great length: but the stanzas in question present so fine a picture of objects seen through a poetic medium, that, in exchange for the rest, every reader of taste would willingly part with a dozen of those long and tedious productions which are precious in the estimation of antiquaries alone.

A comedy called *The Maiden's Holiday* was entered in the Stationers' Books, 8th April 1654, as the joint-work of Marlowe and Day; but it did not reach the press; and at last it met its fate from that arch-destroyer of manuscript dramas, John Warburton's cook. In matters of authorship the Stationers' Books are not always to be trusted; and that Marlowe and Day should have written in conjunction is rendered highly improbable by the fact, that we find no notice of Day as a dramatist earlier than 1599. Still, there is a possibility that Marlowe may have so far mistaken his own powers as to attempt a comedy, that he may have left it unfinished at his death, and that Day may have completed it: there is a possibility too that we possess a fragment of *The Maiden's Holiday* in that pastoral "Dialogue" attributed to "Kitt Marlowe", which was recently discovered among the Alleyn Papers, and which, mean as it is, I have not chosen to exclude from the present edition.

Lusts Dominion; or, The Lascivious Queen. A Tragedie. Written by Christofer Marloe, Gent., was issued from the shop of Kirkman in 1657; but that it could not have been the work of Marlowe has been distinctly shown by Mr. Collier;* who also conjectures with great probability, that,

* "This play, *Lust's Dominion*, though hitherto supposed to have been written by Marlow, is unquestionably not his. Some confusion is occasioned in the plot by the insertion of characters unknown to history; but the King Philip who figures in the first act is Philip ii. of Spain, who did not die (vide Watson's *Philip* ii, vol. iii. p. 332) until 1598. Marlow was killed by Archer in 1593. If this be not sufficient, or if it should be

as a Spanish Moor is its hero, it is no other than *The Spaneshe Mores Tragedie*, which was written by Dekker, Haughton, and Day, and is mentioned in Henslowe's *Diary* under "the 13 of febrearye 1599 [-1600]."*

It is now necessary to consider a remarkable passage† of Greene's Address to Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, which has been already cited from *The Groatsworth of Wit*. "There is," he says, and that he is speaking of Shakespeare no one can hesitate to believe, "an vpstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his *Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde*,

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supposed for a moment that Philip i. might be intended, there is still further and conclusive evidence to shew that Marlow could not be the author of *Lust's Dominion*. A tract was printed in London in 1599 (vide Lord Somers' Collection, ii. 505), called *A briefe and true Declaration of the Sicknesse, last words, and Death of the King of Spain, Philip Second*, from which various passages in the play were clearly borrowed. We will compare a few quotations from both relating to the death of the King.

'Dry your wet eyes, for sorrow wanteth force
T'inspire a breathing soul in a dead corse.' *Lust's Dom.*

'My friends and subjects, your sorrowes are of no force to recover my health.' *Tract.*

'when I am embalm'd,
Apparel me in a rich royal robe . . . .
Then place my bones within that brazen shrine.' *Lust's Dom.*

'Commanding that this my bodie . . . . be embalm'd; then apparelled with a royal robe, and so placed within this brazen shrine.' *Tract.*

'Have care to Isabel:
Her virtue was King Philip's looking-glass.' *Lust's Dom.*

'I pray you, have a great care and regard to your sister, because she was my looking-glasse.' *Tract.*" Note in *Dodsley's Old Plays*, ii. 311, ed. 1825.

* P. 165, ed. Shake. Soc.

† See p. xxviii.

supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blanke-verse as the best of you," &c. Hence it is evident that before September 1592 Shakespeare had re-modelled certain pieces written, either separately or conjointly, by Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, or Peele. It would seem, too, that, while accusing our great dramatist of having adorned himself with borrowed plumes, Greene more particularly alludes to the two old "histories" entitled *The First Part of the Contention of the two famous houses of York and Lancaster* and *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, on which Shakespeare is known to have founded *The Second and Third Parts of Henry the Sixth*; for the words, "his *Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde*," are parodied from a line in *The True Tragedie*,

> "Oh, tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide."
> Sig. B 2, ed. 1595.

I say that Greene seems to allude to *both* these elder dramas, because hardly a shadow of doubt can be entertained that they were written by the same poet or poets.

To *The First Part of the Contention* and to *The True Tragedie* Greene may have contributed his share; so also may Lodge, and so may Peele have done: but in both pieces there are scenes characterised by a vigour of conception and expression, to which, as their undisputed works demonstratively prove, neither Greene, nor Lodge, nor Peele could possibly have risen. Surely, therefore, we have full warrant for supposing that Marlowe* was largely concerned

* Malone, — who had at first conjectured either that Greene and Peele were the joint-authors of these two pieces, or that Greene wrote the one and Peele the other, — was afterwards "inclined to believe that Marlowe was the author of one, if not of both." *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, ii. 313. — Concerning the authorship of *The First Part of the Contention*, Mr. Collier, *Shakespeare*, v. 107, merely says, "By whom it was written we have no information;" but in the *Hist. of the English Stage*, prefixed to his *Shakespeare*, p. xlix, he states that "there is much

in the composition of *The First Part of the Contention* and of *The True Tragedie;* and the following instances of their

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reason to suppose Greene had been concerned " in it as well as in the other play. On *The True Tragedie* he has the following observations. " Although there is no ground whatever for giving it to Marlowe, there is some reason for supposing that it came from the pen of Robert Greene ..... Although Greene talks of ' an upstart crow beautified with *our* feathers,' he seems to have referred principally to his own works, and to the manner in which Shakespeare had availed himself of them. This opinion is somewhat confirmed by two lines in a tract called ' Greene's Funerals ' by R. B., 1594, where the writer is adverting to the obligations of other authors to Greene ;—

> ' Nay, more, the men that so eclips'd his fame,
> *Purloin'd his plumes*—can they deny the same ? '

Here R. B. nearly adopts Greene's words, ' *beautified with our feathers,*' and applies to him individually what Greene, perhaps to avoid the charge of egotism and vanity, had stated more generally. ..... Another fact tends to the same conclusion : it is a striking coincidence between a passage in ' The True Tragedy ' and some lines in one of Greene's acknowledged dramas, ' Alphonsus, King of Arragon ' .... In ' Alphonsus ' the hero kills Flaminius, his enemy, and thus addresses the dying man ;—

> ' Go, pack thee hence,' &c.
> *And if he ask thee who did send thee down,*
> *Alphonsus say,* who now must wear thy crown.'

In ' The True Tragedy ' Richard, while stabbing Henry VI. a second time, exclaims,

> ' If any spark of life remain in thee,
> Down, down to hell ; and say I sent thee thither.' "
> Collier's *Shakespeare,* v. 225-7.—

Mr. Hallam remarks ; " It seems probable that the old plays of the Contention of Lancaster and York, and the True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, which Shakespeare remodelled in the second and third parts of Henry VI., were in great part by Marlowe, though Greene seems to put in for some share in their composition ;" and in a note he adds ; " The bitterness he [Greene] displays must lead us to suspect that he had been

occasional close resemblance to his *Edward the Second* are confirmative of that supposition, however little such parallelisms might be thought to weigh, if they formed the only grounds for it:

" I *tell* thee, Poull, *when* thou didst *runne at tilt*
And stolst away our ladaies' hearts *in France*," &c.
First Part of the Cont. Sig. B 3, ed. 1594.

" *Tell* Isabel the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I *ran at tilt in France*," &c.
Edward the Sec. vol. ii. 282.

" Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland;
The wild Onele, my lords, is vp in armes,
With troupes *of Irish Kernes*, that, *vncontrold*,
Doth plant themselues *within the English pale*."
First Part of the Cont. Sig. E.

" *The wild Oneil, with* swarms *of Irish kerns*,
Lives *uncontroll'd within the English pale*."
Edward the Sec. vol. ii. 208.

" Sterne Fawconbridge *commands the narrow seas*."
The True Tragedie, Sig. A 6, ed. 1595.

" The haughty Dane *commands the narrow seas*."
Edward the Sec. vol. ii. 208.

" Thus yeelds *the cedar* to the axes edge,
Whose armes gaue shelter to the princlie eagle."
The True Tragedie, Sig. E 2.

" A lofty *cedar-tree*, fair flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch."
Edward the Sec. vol. ii. 201.

" What, will the *aspiring bloud of Lancaster*
Sinke into the ground? I had thought it would haue mounted."
The True Tragedie, Sig. E 6.

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one himself of those who were thus preyed upon. But the greater part of the plays in question is in the judgment, I conceive, of all competent critics, far above the powers either of Greene or Peele, and exhibits a much greater share of the spirited versification, called by Jonson the 'mighty line,' of Christopher Marlowe." *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, ii. 171, ed. 1843.

" Frown'st thou thereat, *aspiring Lancaster?*"
Edward the Sec. vol. ii. 169.

" [And], highly scorning that *the lowly earth*
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air."
Id. ibid. 257.

Besides *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie*,* some other play or plays, of which Greene was either the sole or joint author, and in which Marlowe had no concern whatever, may perhaps be comprehended in the expression, " our feathers :" but an inquiry into that point would be irrelevant here.

Two old plays are yet to be mentioned, which have been ascribed to Marlowe, and which Shakespeare remodelled,—*The Troublesome Raigne* of *King John*, in Two Parts, and *The Taming of a Shrew*. Be it observed, however, that to neither of these plays, even supposing them to have been really written by Marlowe, could we refer the above-cited allusion of Greene in 1592; for at the date Shakespeare, unless his commentators are greatly mistaken, had not produced his *King John* and his *Taming of the Shrew*.

In support of Marlowe's claim to *The Troublesome Raigne*, it has been urged:—First, that the Prologue to the earliest

* I may notice, that while Shakespeare was remodelling *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie*, he had sometimes in his recollection plays which we know for certain to be by Marlowe;

" She bears a duke's *revenues on her back.*"
Sec. Part of Henry VI, act i. sc. 3.

" He wears *a* lord's *revenue on his back.*"
Edward the Sec. vol. ii. 196.

" *These arms of mine* shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, *shall be thy sepulchre.*"
Third Part of Henry VI., act ii. sc. 5.

" What sight is this? my Lodovico slain!
These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre."
The Jew of Malta, vol. i. 289.

4to seems to solicit the favour of the audience for a piece which had been composed by the author of *Tamburlaine;*

> " You, that with friendly grace of smoothed brow
> Haue entertain'd *the Scythian Tamburlaine,*
> And giuen applause vnto an infidel,
> Vouchsafe to welcome with like curtesie
> A warlike Christian and your countryman."

Secondly, that the play has two passages coincident with lines in *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie,* — to both which dramas, as already observed, there is good reason to believe that Marlowe was a large contributor;

> " Then, good my lord, if you forgiue them all,
> Lift vp your hand in token you forgiue.
> * * * * * * * *
> King John, farewell! in token of thy faith,
> And signe thou diedst the seruant of the Lord,
> Lift vp thy hand, that we may witnesse heere
> Thou diedst the seruant of our Sauiour Christ.
> Now ioy betide thy soule!"
> *The Troublesome Raigne,* Sig. M, ed. 1622.

> " Lord Cardinal,
> If thou diest assured of heauenly blisse,
> Hold vp thy hand, and make some signe to vs.
> [*The Cardinall dies.*
> Oh, see, he dies, and makes no signe at all!
> Oh, God, forgiue his soule!"
> *First Part of the Cont.* Sig. F, ed. 1594.

> " Let England liue but true within itselfe."
> *The Troublesome Raigne,* Sig. M 2.

> " Let England be true within itselfe."
> *The True Tragedie,* Sig. D 4, ed. 1595.

But, on the other hand, there are many things throughout *The Troublesome Raigne** so materially at variance with the

* It has not been observed, that when Shakespeare opened

style of Marlowe, that, while I admit the probability of his co-operation in the play, I cannot assent to the critical *dictum** which would attribute the whole of it to him.

As to *The Taming of a Shrew*, which was both entered in the Stationers' Books and printed in 1594, — it abounds in passages that either strongly resemble or directly correspond with passages in the undoubted plays of Marlowe. These were first pointed out by an ingenious American critic, and, together with his arguments to prove that the comedy was written by Marlowe, may be seen in the second volume of Mr. Knight's Library edition of *Shakespeare*. I shall, as briefly as possible, declare my reasons for believing that Marlowe was not the author of *The Taming of a Shrew*.† — Among the less striking parallelisms just mentioned is the following one;

> "And *hewd* thee *smaller* then the Libian sandes."
> *The Taming of a Shrew*, p. 42, ed. Shake. Soc.
>
> "Or *hew'd* this flesh and bones *as small as sand*."
> *Faustus*, vol. ii. 135.

Now, if we were sure that the resemblance between these two lines was not accidental (and it seems highly probable

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the sec. scene of the first act of his *Richard the Third* with —

> "*Set down, set down* your honourable *load*,"

he remembered a line with which a scene in the Second Part of *The Troublesome Raigne* begins,—

> "*Set downe, set downe* the *loade* not worth your paine."
> Sig. K 4, ed. 1622.

* Malone once supposed it to have been written by Peele or Greene; latterly (*Shakespeare*, by Boswell, ii. 313) he assigned it to Marlowe.

† In a note, vol. i. 83, I have remarked that "there are grounds for believing *The Taming of a Shrew* to be the work of Marlowe:" but since that note was sent to press, a very careful examination of the play has convinced me that there are none at all.

that the former was suggested by the latter), we might at once conclude that the author of *The Taming of a Shrew* and Marlowe were distinct persons; for the line cited from *Faustus* belongs to a scene which is not found in the earliest quarto, and which is evidently the composition of a poet whose style was not a little dissimilar to that of Marlowe. But, leaving this particular out of the question, I find enough besides in *The Taming of a Shrew* to convince me that it was the work of some one who had closely studied Marlowe's writings, and who frequently could not resist the temptation to adopt the very words of his favourite dramatist. It is quite possible that he was not always conscious of his more trifling plagiarisms from Marlowe,—recollections of whose phraseology may have mingled imperceptibly with the current of his thoughts: but the case was certainly otherwise when he transferred to his own comedy whole passages of *Tamburlaine* or *Faustus*. In some instances the borrowed matter seems to be rather out of place: in the speech which I now subjoin it is very awkwardly introduced. When the bridegroom Ferando enters "baselie attired, and a red cap on his head," Polidor entreats him to change his apparel before going to church, and offers him the use of his own wardrobe: upon which, Ferando replies,

> "Tush, Polidor, I haue as many sutes
> Fantasticke made to fit my humor so,
> As any in Athens, and as richlie wrought
> *As was the massie robe that late adorn'd*
> *The stately legate of the Persian King,*
> And this from them haue I made choise to weare."
>
> P. 21, ed. Shake. Soc.

Surely, we should have wondered at this violent and far-fetched comparison of Ferando's "sutes" to a particular massy robe, if we had not known that the writer was, as usual, levying a contribution on Marlowe;—

> "And I sat down, cloth'd with a massy robe
> That late adorn'd the Afric potentate."
>
> *Tamburlaine*, vol. i. 164.

Throughout the play there is little vigour of thought or expression; the style, when elevated, is laboriously ornate rather than poetical; the many high-flown descriptions of female beauty (which are admired by the American critic) have only an artificial glow; and the versification is monotonous in the extreme. Yet *The Taming of a Shrew* is by no means a contemptible drama, possessing, as it certainly does, some portion of genuine comic humour; a circumstance which alone would tend to prove that it was not the production of Marlowe, to whom, we have good reason to believe, nature had denied even a moderate talent for the humorous.—I may add, that, as *The Taming of a Shrew* is printed anonymously, its author probably had no intention that his name should transpire, and therefore resorted to plagiarism with the greater boldness.

Another word on the subject of plays attributed to Marlowe. It has been conjectured that both *Locrine* and *Titus Andronicus* are by him: but, if every old tragedy of more than usual merit, whose author is either doubtful or unknown, must be fathered upon Marlowe, the catalogue of his dramas will presently be swollen to a size not easily reconcilable with the shortness of his life.

I have now brought to a close this very imperfect essay concerning one whom Drayton has characterised in the following fervid lines;

> "Neat [Next] Marlow, bathed in the Thespian springs,
> Had in him those braue translunary things
> That the first poets had; his raptures were
> All ayre and fire, which made his verses cleere;
> For that fine madnes still he did retaine,
> Which rightly should possesse a poet's braine."*

* *To Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poesie,—The Battaile of Agincourt*, &c. 1627, ed. fol.—Besides the notices of Marlowe which have been already cited from Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, &c, 1598, (see pp. xxxiv, li), the following passages occur in that work. "As the Greeke tongue is made famous and eloquent by Homer, Hesiod, Euripides, &c.; and the Latine tongue by Virgill,

Though immeasurably superior to the other dramatists of his time, he is, like them, a very unequal writer; it is in detached passages and single scenes, rather than in any of his pieces taken as a whole, that he displays the vast richness and vigour of his genius. But we can hardly doubt that if death had not so suddenly arrested his career, he would have produced tragedies of more uniform excellence; nor is it too much to suppose that he would also have given still grander manifestations of dramatic power;—indeed, for my own part, I feel a strong persuasion, that, with added years and well-directed efforts, he would have made a much nearer approach in tragedy to Shakespeare* than has yet been made by any of his countrymen.

Ouid, Horace, &c.; so the English tongue is mightily enriched, and gorgeouslie inuested in rare ornaments and resplendent-abiliments by Sir Philip Sidney, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, *Marlow*, and Chapman." fol. 280. "As these tragicke poets flourished in Greece, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, &c.; and these among the Latines, Accius, M. Attilius, Pomponius Secundus, and Seneca; so these are our best for tragedie, the Lorde Buckhurst, Doctor Leg of Cambridge, Doctor Edes of Oxforde, Maister Edward Ferris, the authour of the Mirrour for Magistrates, *Marlow*, Peele, Watson, Kid, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Decker, and Beniamin Johnson." fol. 283.—The passage in Jonson's verses *To the memory of Shakespeare*, which has been before alluded to (see p. xlviii), may not improperly be quoted here;

> "For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
> I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
> And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
> Or sporting Kyd, or *Marlowe's mighty line.*"

* Thinking, as I do, that Shakespeare is *unlike* the other dramatists of Elizabeth and James's age,—that his method of conceiving and working out character (to say nothing of his diction) is peculiarly his own,—I deny the truth of the following passage in Hazlitt's *Lectures on the Dram. Lit. of the age of Elizabeth.* "He [Shakespeare] towered above his fellows, 'in shape and gesture proudly eminent,' but he was one of a race of giants, the tallest, the strongest, the most graceful and beautiful of them: *but it was a common and a noble brood.*" p. 12, ed. 1840.

ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA.

ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA.

VOL. I.

FIRST PART OF TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

P. 17, First Note. For "Cenerus" read "*Conerus.*"

P. 72. "Awake, ye men of Memphis!" These words are put into the mouth of Judas in Fletcher's *Bonduca*, at the conclusion of act ii. (as I have noticed in the *Addenda and Corrigenda* to my ed. of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, i. xcvi); and in Fletcher's *Wit without Money*, act v. sc. 2, we find "thou man of Memphis."

P. 83, First Note. "Compare the old play of *The Taming of a Shrew* (which there are grounds for believing to be the work of Marlowe)." See, p. lxv (*Account of Marlowe and his Writings*).

SECOND PART OF TAMBURLAINE.

P. 127. For "Whose holy alcoran," &c, read "Whose holy *Alcaron*," &c.

THE JEW OF MALTA.

P. 231, Third Note. For "*Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 14," read "——————————— iii. 114."

P. 262, Second Note. *Skialetheia*, as Mr. Collier afterwards discovered, was written by E. Guilpin.

P. 270. "We turn unto the air to purge ourselves." See note, vol. ii. 416.

P. 298. "thou shalt have broth by the eye." To the note on these words add:—Compare *The Creed* of Piers Ploughman;

"Grey grete-heded quenes
With gold *by the eighen*." v. 167, ed. Wright (who has no note on the expression).

P. 336. For "When as thy life," &c, read "*Whenas* thy life," &c.

VOL. II.

FAUSTUS.

P. 7. For " Is not thy common talk found aphorisms ?" read " Is not thy common talk *sound* aphorisms ? "

P. 8. " *Che sera, sera.*" Lest it should be thought that I am wrong in not altering the old spelling here, I may quote from Panizzi's very critical edition of the *Orlando Furioso*, " La satisfazion ci *serà* pronta." C. xviii. st. 67.

P. 45. For " in one's night's space," read " in *one* night's space."

P. 49. " FAUST. Well, there's the second time." The prefix " FAUST." is superfluous here.

P. 63. For " he has a buttocks," &c, read " he has a *buttock*," &c.

P. 64. " that he would not have had me know of." The old ed. has " ———— *knowne* of"; which perhaps is right, meaning — acquainted with.

P. 75. " And none but thou shalt be my paramour." So, I believe, Marlowe wrote (the line standing so in all the later 4tos, see vol. ii. 149): but the grammar, of course, requires " And none but thou *shall* be," &c.

P. 77. For " Oh, gentlemen, hear me," &c, read " *Ah*, gentlemen," &c.

P. 78. For " Oh, my God, I would weep ! ", read " *Ah*, my God," &c.

FAUSTUS (from 4to 1616, &c).

P. 113. " hold, belly, hold." Compare Florio's *Dict.* 1611 ; " Iosa, good store, *hold-bellie-hold.*"

EDWARD THE SECOND.

P. 166. " *Tanti*, — I'll fawn first on the wind." Compare *Fuimus Troes*, 1603 ;

> " No kingly menace or censorious frowne
> Doe I regard. *Tanti* for all your power." Sig. F 3.

P. 187. " Look, where the sister of the King of France," &c. In a note on this passage in the last edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. ii, Octavius Gilchrist queries—" the *daughter* of the

king of France"? but we find afterwards in this tragedy, p. 241,

" sith th' ungentle king
Of France refuseth to give aid of arms
To this distressèd queen, *his sister*, here," &c.

(I had printed *Edward the Second* before I recollected that it formed a portion of Dodsley's *Old Plays*.)

P. 195. " Beaumont, fly," &c. I have neglected to mark the entrance of Beaumont: and indeed is it far from clear, *when* the author intended that he should enter.

P. 281.

" LIGHT. So, now must I about this gear: ne'er was there any
So finely handled," &c,

should be arranged thus;

" LIGHT. So, now
Must I about this gear: ne'er was there any
So finely handled," &c.

P. 282. " As doth this water from my tatter'd robes! "

I ought to have noticed that the reading of 4to 1622 is " *tottered* robes." The earlier 4tos have, as in my text, " tatter'd robes:" yet Reed in a note on this passage (in Dodsley's *Old Plays*) declares that " in every writer of this period the word was spelt *tottered*"! The truth is, it was sometimes spelt one way, sometimes the other.

P. 289. " SEC. LORD. Thus, madam, 'tis the king's will you shall hence." I suspect that our author wrote, " SEC. LORD. *Tush*, madam," &c.

DIDO QUEEN OF CARTHAGE.

P. 384. " in troops all march'd to Tenedos."—The following passage of Sir J. Harington's *Orlando Furioso* will hardly be thought sufficient to vindicate our author from the imputation of a blunder in geography;

" Now had they lost the sight of Holland shore,
And *marcht* with gentle gale in comely ranke," &c.
B. x. st. 16.

P. 397, Second Note. Since I printed this play, I have examined the copy of 4to 1594, which was formerly Malone's and is now in the Bodleian Library; and I find that in it the line stands plainly,—

" Hollow pyramides of siluer plate."

P. 406. " Some to the mountains, some unto the soil."
I am now rather inclined to think that " soil " is used here, very forcedly, in the sense of—water. See note, vol. iii. 344.
P. 426. " And clad her in a crystal livery."—So Sir J. Harington;

" Yet sure she doth, with damned Core and Dathan,
But feed and *clad* a synagogue of Sathan."
Epigrams,—B. x. Ep. 88 [89], ed. folio.

P. 436. " See, see, the billows heave him up to heaven.'
We should read, I have little doubt " heave *them* up to heaven." (The words *him* and *them* are very oft confounded by our early printers.)

VOL. III.

HERO AND LEANDER.

P. 11, First Note. Compare,—

" And over this was rais'd with curious sleight
A pyramid, a huge and stately towre,
Which towre an hundred cubits had in height
By measure from the top unto the *flowre*;
It seemd a worke of as great charge and weight
As Adrian made, to bost his wealth and powre," &c.
Sir J. Harington's *Orlando Furioso*, B. xxix, st. 35.

P. 60. " Beneath all these she wrought a fisherman," &c.
I forgot to observe that this description of the fisherman, as well as the picture which follows it, are borrowed (with alterations) from the First *Idyl.* of Theocritus.

OVID'S ELEGIES.

P. 141. For " Wars dusty honours," &c, read " *War's* dusty honours," &c.
——— Second Note. "' B. I.' must mean Ben Jonson."—See note, p. xlv (*Account of Marlowe and his Writings*).
P. 142. " Tityrus' tillage, Æney shall be read," &c, ought to stand,

" Tityrus, Tillage, Æney shall be read," &c.

i. e. the Bucolics, the Georgics, and the Æneid.

EPIGRAMS BY J. D.

P. 225, First Note. Among the Epigrams omitted in the MS. I ought to have mentioned the 45th.

Some of these pieces are to be found among the *Epigrams* in *Wit's Recreations*: see the reprint of that work (1817) from a collation of eds. 1640-41-54-63.

P. 261. "And so is Lepidus his printed dog."—The following epigram by Sir John Harington determines that he is the Lepidus of this passage and that his favourite dog Bungay is the "printed dog." In a compartment of the engraved title-page to Harington's *Orlando Furioso*, 1591, is a representation of Bungey (see too his Annotations on Book xli of that poem); and hence probably he is termed by Davies the "printed dog."

"Against Momus, in praise of his dog Bungey.

"Because a witty writer of this time
Doth make some mention in a pleasant rime
Of Lepidus and of his famous dog,
Thou, Momus, that dost love to scoffe and cog,
Prat'st amongst base companions, and giv'st out
That unto me herein is meant a flout.
Hate makes thee blind, Momus: I dare be sworn,
He meant to me his love, to thee his scorn.
Put on thy envious spectacles, and see
Whom doth he scorn therein, the dog or me?
The dog is grac'd, compared with great Banks,
Both beasts right famous for their pretty pranks;
Although in this I grant the dog was worse,
He only fed my pleasure, not my purse:
Yet that same dog, I may say this and boast it,
He found my purse with gold when I have [had] lost it.
Now for myself; some fooles (like thee) may judge
That at the name of Lepidus I grudge:
No, sure; so far I think it from disgrace,
I wisht it cleare to me and to my race.
Lepus or Lepos, I in both have part;
That in my name I beare, this in mine heart.
But, Momus, I perswade myself that no man
Will deigne thee such a name, English or Roman.
Ile wage a but of sack, the best in Bristo,
Who cals me Lepid, I will call him Tristo.'

Epigrams, Book iii. Ep. 21, ed. folio.

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT,

IN TWO PARTS.

Tamburlaine the Great. Who, from a Scythian Shepheard by his rare and woonderfull Conquests, became a most puissant and mightye Monarque. And (for his tyranny, and terrour in Warre) was tearmed, The Scourge of God. Deuided into two Tragicall Discourses, as they were sundrie times shewed vpon Stages in the Citie of London: By the right honorable the Lord Admyrall, his seruauntes. Now first, and newlie published. London. Printed by Richard Ihones: at the signe of the Rose and Crowne neere Holborne Bridge. 1590. 4to.

The above title-page is pasted into a copy of the *First Part of Tamburlaine* in the Library at Bridge-water House; which copy, excepting that title-page and the Address to the Readers, is the impression of 1605. I once supposed that the title-pages which bear the dates 1605 and 1606 (see below) had been added to the 4tos of the *Two Parts* of the play originally printed in 1590; but I am now convinced that both *Parts* were really reprinted, *The First Part* in 1605, and *The Second Part* in 1606, and that nothing remains of the earlier 4tos, except the title-page and the Address to the Readers, which are preserved in the Bridge-water collection.

In the Bodleian Library, Oxford, is an 8vo edition of both *Parts of Tamburlaine*, dated 1590: the title-page of *The First Part* agrees verbatim with that given above; the half-title-page of *The Second Part* is as follows;

The Second Part of The bloody Conquests of mighty Tamburlaine. With his impassionate fury, for the death of his Lady and loue faire Zenocrate: his fourme of exhortacion and discipline to his three sons, and the maner of his own death.

In the Garrick Collection, British Museum, is an 8vo edition of both *Parts* dated 1592: the title-page of *The First Part* runs thus;

Tamburlaine the Great. Who, from a Scythian Shepheard, by his rare and wonderfull Conquestes, became a most puissant and mightie Mornarch [sic]*: And (for his tyrannie, and terrour in warre) was tearmed, The Scourge of God. The first part of the two Tragicall discourses, as they were sundrie times most stately shewed vpon Stages in the Citie of London. By the right honorable the Lord Admirall, his seruauntes. Now newly published. Printed by Richard Iones, dwelling at the signe of the Rose and Crowne neere Holborne Bridge.*

The half-title-page of *The Second Part* agrees exactly with that already given. Perhaps the 8vo at Oxford and that in the British Museum (for I have not had an opportunity of comparing them) are the same impression, differing only in the title-pages.

Langbaine (*Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 344) mentions an 8vo dated 1593.

The title-pages of the latest impressions of *The Two Parts* are as follows;

Tamburlaine the Greate. Who, from the state of a Shepheard in Scythia, by his rare and wonderfull Conquests, became a most puissant and mighty Monarque. London Printed for Edward White, and are to be solde at the little North doore of Saint Paules-Church, at the signe of the Gunne, 1605. 4to.

Tamburlaine the Greate. With his impassionate furie, for the death of his Lady and Loue faire Zenocrate: his forme of exhortation and discipline to his three Sonnes, and the manner of his owne death. The second part. London Printed by E. A, for Ed. White, and are to be solde at his Shop neere the little North doore of Saint Paules Church at the Signe of the Gun. 1606. 4to.

The text of the present edition is given from the 8vo of 1592, collated with the 4tos of 1605-6.

To the Gentlemen-readers and others that take pleasure in reading histories.†*

GENTLEMEN and courteous readers whosoever: I have here published in print, for your sakes, the two tragical discourses of the Scythian shepherd Tamburlaine, that became so great a conqueror and so mighty a monarch. My hope is, that they will be now no less acceptable unto you to read after your serious affairs and studies than they have been lately delightful for many of you to see when the same were shewed in London upon stages. I have purposely omitted and left out some fond ‡ and frivolous gestures, digressing, and, in my poor opinion, far unmeet for the matter, which I thought might seem more tedious unto the wise than any way else to be regarded, though haply they have been of some vain-conceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what time they were shewed upon the stage in their

* *To the Gentlemen-readers, &c.*] From the 8vo of 1592: in the 4tos this address is worded here and there differently. I have not thought it necessary to mark the *variæ lectiones* of the worthy printer's composition.

† *histories*] i. e. dramas so called,—plays founded on history.

‡ *fond*] i. e. foolish. Concerning the omissions here alluded to, some remarks will be found in the *Account of Marlowe and his Writings*.

graced deformities: nevertheless now to be mixtured in print with such matter of worth, it would prove a great disgrace to so honourable and stately a history. Great folly were it in me to commend unto your wisdoms either the eloquence of the author that writ them or the worthiness of the matter itself. I therefore leave unto your learned censures* both the one and the other, and myself the poor printer of them unto your most courteous and favourable protection; which if you vouchsafe to accept, you shall evermore bind me to employ what travail and service I can to the advancing and pleasuring of your excellent degree.

Yours, most humble at commandment,

R[ichard] J[ones], printer.

* *censures*] i. e. judgments, opinions.

THE FIRST PART OF

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

THE PROLOGUE.

From jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine
Threatening the world with high astounding terms,
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragic glass,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MYCETES, *king of Persia.*
COSROE, *his brother.*
MEANDER, THERIDAMAS, ORTYGIUS, CENEUS, MENAPHON, *Persian lords.*
TAMBURLAINE, *a Scythian shepherd.*
TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, *his followers.*
BAJAZETH, *emperor of the Turks.*
KING OF FEZ.
KING OF MOROCCO.
KING OF ARGIER.
KING OF ARABIA.
SOLDAN OF EGYPT.
GOVERNOR OF DAMASCUS.
AGYDAS, MAGNETES, *Median lords.*
CAPOLIN, *an Egyptian.*
PHILEMUS, *Bassoes, Lords, Citizens, Moors, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

ZENOCRATE, *daughter to the Soldan of Egypt.*
ANIPPE, *her maid.*
ZABINA, *wife to Bajazeth.*
EBEA, *her maid.*
Virgins of Damascus.

THE FIRST PART OF

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter MYCETES, COSROE, MEANDER, THERIDAMAS, ORTYGIUS, CENEUS, MENAPHON, *with others.*

MYC. Brother Cosroe, I find myself agriev'd;
Yet insufficient to express the same,
For it requires a great and thundering speech:
Good brother, tell the cause unto my lords;
I know you have a better wit than I.

COS. Unhappy Persia, that in former age
Hast been the seat of mighty conquerors,
That, in their prowess and their policies,
Have triumph'd over Afric,* and the bounds
Of Europe where the sun dares scarce appear
For freezing meteors and congealèd cold,
Now to be rul'd and govern'd by a man

* *Afric*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Affrica."

At whose birth-day Cynthia with Saturn join'd,
And Jove, the Sun, and Mercury denied
To shed their* influence in his fickle brain!
Now Turks and Tartars shake their swords at thee,
Meaning to mangle all thy provinces.

Myc: Brother, I see your meaning well enough,
And through† your planets I perceive you think
I am not wise enough to be a king:
But I refer me to my noblemen,
That know my wit, and can be witnesses.
I might command you to be slain for this,—
Meander, might I not?

Mean. Not for so small a fault, my sovereign lord.

Myc. I mean it not, but yet I know I might.—
Yet live; yea, live; Mycetes wills it so.—
Meander, thou, my faithful counsellor,
Declare the cause of my conceivèd grief,
Which is, God knows, about that Tamburlaine,
That, like a fox in midst of harvest-time,
Doth prey upon my flocks of passengers;
And, as I hear, doth mean to pull my plumes:
Therefore 'tis good and meet for to be wise.

Mean. Oft have I heard your majesty complain
Of Tamburlaine, that sturdy Scythian thief,
That robs your merchants of Persepolis
Trading by land unto the Western Isles,
And in your confines with his lawless train

* *their*] Old eds. "his."

† *through*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "thorough."

Daily commits incivil* outrages,
Hoping (misled by dreaming prophecies)
To reign in Asia, and with barbarous arms
To make himself the monarch of the East;
But, ere he march in Asia, or display
His vagrant ensign in the Persian fields,
Your grace hath taken order by Theridamas,
Charg'd with a thousand horse, to apprehend
And bring him captive to your highness' throne.

MYC. Full true thou speak'st, and like thyself, my lord,
Whom I may term a Damon for thy love:
Therefore 'tis best, if so it like you all,
To send my thousand horse incontinent†
To apprehend that paltry Scythian.
How like you this, my honourable lords?
Is it not a kingly resolution?

COS. It cannot choose, because it comes from you.

MYC. Then hear thy charge, valiant Theridamas,
The chiefest‡ captain of Mycetes' host,
The hope of Persia, and the very legs
Whereon our state doth lean as on a staff,
That holds us up and foils our neighbour foes:
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
Whose foaming gall with rage and high disdain
Have sworn the death of wicked Tamburlaine.
Go frowning forth; but come thou smiling home,

* *incivil*] i. e. barbarous. So the 8vo.—The 4to "unciuill."
† *incontinent*] i. e. forthwith, immediately.
‡ *chiefest*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "chiefe."

As did Sir Paris with the Grecian dame:
Return with speed; time passeth swift away;
Our life is frail, and we may die to-day.

THER. Before the moon renew her borrow'd light,
Doubt not, my lord and gracious sovereign,
But Tamburlaine and that Tartarian rout*
Shall either perish by our warlike hands,
Or plead for mercy at your highness' feet.

MYC. Go, stout Theridamas; thy words are swords,
And with thy looks thou conquerest all thy foes.
I long to see thee back return from thence,
That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine
All loaden with the heads of killèd men,
And, from their knees even to their hoofs below,
Besmear'd with blood that makes a dainty show.

THER. Then now, my lord, I humbly take my leave.

MYC. Theridamas, farewell ten thousand times.

[*Exit Theridamas.*

Ah, Menaphon, why stay'st thou thus behind,
When other men press† forward for renown?
Go, Menaphon, go into Scythia,
And foot by foot follow Theridamas.

COS. Nay, pray you‡, let him stay; a greater [task]
Fits Menaphon than warring with a thief:
Create him pro-rex of all§ Africa,
That he may win the Babylonians' hearts,

* *rout*] i. e. crew.
† *press*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "prease."
‡ *you*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.
§ *all*] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.

Which will revolt from Persian government,
Unless they have a wiser king than you.

MYC. Unless they have a wiser king than you!
These are his words; Meander, set them down.

COS. And add this to them,—that all Asia
Lament to see the folly of their king.

MYC. Well, here I swear by this my royal seat—

COS. You may do well to kiss it, then.

MYC. Emboss'd with silk as best beseems my state,
To be reveng'd for these contemptuous words!
Oh, where is duty and allegiance now?
Fled to the Caspian or the Ocean main?
What shall I call thee? brother? no, a foe;
Monster of nature, shame unto thy stock,
That dar'st presume thy sovereign for to mock!—
Meander, come: I am abus'd, Meander.

[*Exeunt all except Cosroe and Menaphon.*

MEN. How now, my lord? what, mated* and amaz'd
To hear the king thus threaten like himself!

COS. Ah, Menaphon, I pass not† for his threats!
The plot is laid by Persian noblemen
And captains of the Median garrisons
To crown me emperor of Asia:
But this it is that doth excruciate
The very substance of my vexèd soul,
To see our neighbours, that were wont to quake
And tremble at the Persian monarch's name,

* *mated*] i. e. confounded.

† *pass not*] i. e. care not.

Now sit and laugh* our regiment† to scorn;
And that which might resolve‡ me into tears,
Men from the farthest equinoctial line
Have swarm'd in troops into the Eastern India,
Lading their ships§ with gold and precious stones,
And made their spoils from all our provinces.

MEN. This should entreat your highness to rejoice,
Since Fortune gives you opportunity
To gain the title of a conqueror
By curing of this maimèd empery.
Afric and Europe bordering on your land,
And continent to your dominions,
How easily may you, with a mighty host,
Pass‖ into Græcia, as did Cyrus once,
And cause them to withdraw their forces home,
Lest you¶ subdue the pride of Christendom!

[*Trumpet within.*

COS. But, Menaphon, what means this trumpet's sound?

MEN. Behold, my lord, Ortygius and the rest
Bringing the crown to make you emperor!

sit and laugh] Old eds. "sits *and* laughs."
regiment] i. e. rule, government.
resolve] i. e. dissolve. So the 8vo.—The 4to "dissolue."
ships] So the 4to.—The 8vo "shippe."
Pass] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Hast."
you] So the 8vo.—The 4to "they."

Re-enter ORTYGIUS *and* CENEUS,* *with others, bearing a crown.*

ORTY. Magnificent and mighty prince Cosroe,
We, in the name of other Persian states†
And commons of this mighty monarchy,
Present thee with th' imperial diadem.

CEN. The warlike soldiers and the gentlemen,
That heretofore have fill'd Persepolis
With Afric captains taken in the field,
Whose ransom made them march in coats of gold,
With costly jewels hanging at their ears,
And shining stones upon their lofty crests,
Now living idle in the wallèd towns,
Wanting both pay and martial discipline,
Begin in troops to threaten civil war,
And openly exclaim against their‡ king:
Therefore, to stay all sudden mutinies,
We will invest your highness emperor;
Whereat the soldiers will conceive more joy,
Than did the Macedonians at the spoil
Of great Darius and his wealthy host.

COS. Well, since I see the state of Persia droop
And languish in my brother's government,
I willingly receive th' imperial crown,
And vow to wear it for my country's good,
In spite of them shall malice my estate.

* *Ceneus*] Here both the old eds. "Cenerus."
† *states*] i. e. noblemen, persons of rank.
‡ *their*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the."

ORTY. And, in assurance of desir'd success,
We here do crown thee monarch of the East,
Emperor of Asia and Persia;*
Great lord of Media and Armenia;
Duke of Africa and Albania,
Mesopotamia and of Parthia,
East India and the late-discover'd isles;
Chief lord of all the wide vast Euxine Sea,
And of the ever-raging† Caspian Lake.

ALL.‡ Long live Cosroe, mighty emperor!

COS. And Jove may§ never let me longer live
Than I may seek to gratify your love,
And cause the soldiers that thus honour me
To triumph over many provinces!
By whose desires of discipline in arms
I doubt not shortly but to reign sole king,
And with the army of Theridamas
(Whither we presently will fly, my lords,)
To rest secure against my brother's force.

ORTY. We knew‖, my lord, before we brought the crown,
Intending your investion so near
The residence of your despisèd brother,

* *and Persia*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*and of Persia.*"

† *ever-raging*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "riuer *raging.*"

‡ ALL.] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.

§ *And Jove may*, &c.] i. e. And may Jove, &c. This collocation of words is sometimes found in later writers: so in the Prologue to Fletcher's *Woman's Prize*,—"Which *this may* prove!"

‖ *knew*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "knowe."

The lords* would not be too exasperate
To injury† or suppress your worthy title;
Or, if they would, there are in readiness
Ten thousand horse to carry you from hence,
In spite of all suspected enemies.

Cos. I know it well, my lord, and thank you all.

ORTY. Sound up the trumpets, then.

[*Trumpets sounded.*

ALL.‡ God save the king! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter TAMBURLAINE *leading* ZENOCRATE, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, AGYDAS, MAGNETES, *Lords, and Soldiers loaden with treasure.*

TAMB. Come, lady, let not this appal your thoughts;
The jewels and the treasure we have ta'en
Shall be reserv'd, and you in better state
Than if you were arriv'd in Syria,
Even in the circle of your father's arms,
The mighty Soldan of Ægyptia.

ZENO. Ah, shepherd, pity my distressèd plight!

* *lords*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "Lord."

† *injury*] This verb frequently occurs in our early writers. "Then haue you *iniuried* manie." Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*, sig. D 4 ed. 1591. It would seem to have fallen into disuse soon after the commencement of the 17th century: in Heywood's *Woman killed with kindness*, 1607, we find,

"You *injury* that good man, and wrong me too." Sig. F 2.

but in ed. 1617 "*injury*" is altered to "iniure."

‡ ALL] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.

(If, as thou seem'st, thou art so mean a man,)
And seek not to enrich thy followers
By lawless rapine from a silly maid,
Who, travelling* with these Median lords
To Memphis, from my uncle's country of Media,
Where, all my youth, I have been governèd,
Have pass'd the army of the mighty Turk,
Bearing his privy-signet and his hand
To safe conduct us thorough† Africa.

MAG. And, since we have arriv'd in Scythia,
Besides rich presents from the puissant Cham,
We have his highness' letters to command
Aid and assistance, if we stand in need.

TAMB. But now you see these letters and commands
Are countermanded by a greater man;
And through my provinces you must expect
Letters of conduct from my mightiness,
If you intend to keep your treasure safe.
But, since I love to live at liberty,
As easily may you get the Soldan's crown
As any prizes out of my precinct;
For they are friends that help to wean my state
Till men and kingdoms help to strengthen it,
And must maintain my life exempt from servitude.
But, tell me, madam, is your grace betroth'd?

ZENO. I am, my lord,—for so you do import.

* *Who, travelling*, &c.] The halting metre shews that there is some corruption in this and the next line.

† *thorough*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "through."

TAMB. I am a lord, for so my deeds shall prove;
And yet a shepherd by my parentage.
But, lady, this fair face and heavenly hue
Must grace his bed that conquers Asia,
And means to be a terror to the world,
Measuring the limits of his empery
By east and west, as Phœbus doth his course.—
Liè here, ye weeds, that I disdain to wear!
This complete armour and this curtle-axe
Are adjuncts more beseeming Tamburlaine.—
And, madam, whatsoever you esteem
Of this success, and loss unvaluèd,*
Both may invest you empress of the East;
And these that seem but silly country swains
May have the leading of so great an host
As with their weight shall make the mountains quake,
Even as when windy exhalations,
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.

TECH. As princely lions, when they rouse themselves,
Stretching their paws, and threatening herds of beasts,
So in his armour looketh Tamburlaine.
Methinks, I see kings kneeling at his feet,
And he with frowning brows and fiery looks
Spurning their crowns from off their captive heads.

USUM. And making thee and me, Techelles, kings,
That even to death will follow Tamburlaine.

TAMB. Nobly resolv'd, sweet friends and followers!

* *unvaluèd*] i. e. not to be valued, or estimated.

These lords, perhaps, do scorn our estimates,
And think we prattle with distemper'd spirits:
But, since they measure our deserts so mean,
That in conceit* bear empires on our spears,
Affecting thoughts coequal with the clouds,
They shall be kept our forcèd followers,
Till with their eyes they view us emperors.

ZENO. The gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will never prosper your intended drifts,
That thus oppress poor friendless passengers.
Therefore at least admit us liberty,
Even as thou hop'st to be eternizèd
By living Asia's mighty emperor.

AGYD. I hope our lady's treasure and our own
May serve for ransom to our liberties:
Return our mules and empty camels back,
That we may travel into Syria,
Where her betrothèd lord Alcidamus
Expects the arrival of her highness' person.

MAG. And wheresoever we repose ourselves,
We will report but well of Tamburlaine.

TAMB. Disdains Zenocrate to live with me?
Or you, my lords, to be my followers?
Think you I weigh this treasure more than you?
Not all the gold in India's wealthy arms
Shall buy the meanest soldier in my train.
Zenocrate, lovelier than the love of Jove,
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,†

* *conceit*] i. e. imagination.
† *Rhodope*] Old eds. "Rhodolfe."

Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills,
Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine
Than the possession of the Persian crown,
Which gracious stars have promis'd at my birth.
A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on steeds swifter than Pegasus;
Thy garments shall be made of Median silk,
Enchas'd with precious jewels of mine own,
More rich and valurous † than Zenocrate's;
With milk-white harts upon an ivory sled
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen pools‡,
And scale the icy mountains' lofty tops,
Which with thy beauty will be soon resolv'd§:
My martial prizes, with five hundred men,
Won on the fifty-headed Volga's waves,
Shall we all offer ‖ to Zenocrate,
And then myself to fair Zenocrate.

TECH. What now? in love?

TAMB. Techelles, women must be flatter'd:
But this is she with whom I am in ¶ love.

Enter a SOLDIER.

SOLD. News, news!

TAMB. How now? what's the matter?

† *valurous*] i. e. valuable.

‡ *pools*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Poles."

§ *resolv'd*] i. e. dissolved. So the 8vo.—The 4to "desolu'd."

‖ *Shall we all offer*] The 8vo "*Shall we offer*" (the word "all" having dropt out).—The 4to "*We all shall offer.*"

¶ *in*] The 8vo "it."—Omitted in the 4to.

SOLD. A thousand Persian horsemen are at hand,
Sent from the king to overcome us all.
TAMB. How now, my lords of Egypt, and Zenocrate?
Now must your jewels be restor'd again,
And I, that triumph'd† so, be overcome?
How say you, lordings? is not this your hope?
AGYD. We hope yourself will willingly restore them.
TAMB. Such hope, such fortune, have the thousand horse.
Soft ye, my lords, and sweet Zenocrate;
You must be forcèd from me ere you go.—
A thousand horsemen! we five hundred foot!
An odds too great for us to stand against.
But are they rich? and is their armour good?
SOLD. Their plumèd helms are wrought with beaten gold,
Their swords enamell'd, and about their necks
Hang‡ massy chains of gold down to the waist;
In every part exceeding brave§ and rich.
TAMB. Then shall we fight courageously with them?
Or look you I should play the orator?
TECH. No; cowards and faint-hearted runaways
Look for orations when the foe is near:
Our swords shall play the orators for us.

† *triumph'd*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "triumph."
‡ *Hang*] Old eds. "Hangs."
§ *brave*] i. e. splendid.

USUM. Come, let us meet them at the mountain-top,*
And with a sudden and an hot alarum
Drive all their horses headlong down the hill.

TECH. Come, let us march.

TAMB. Stay, Techelles; ask a parle first.

The Soldiers enter.

Open the males,† yet guard the treasure sure:
Lay out our golden wedges to the view,
That their reflections may amaze the Persians;
And look we friendly on them when they come;
But, if they offer word or violence,
We'll fight, five hundred men at arms to one,
Before we part with our possession;
And 'gainst the general we will lift our swords,
And either lance‡ his greedy thirsting throat,
Or take him prisoner, and his chain shall serve
For manacles, till he be ransom'd home.

TECH. I hear them come: shall we encounter them?

TAMB. Keep all your standings, and not stir a foot:
Myself will bide the danger of the brunt.

Enter THERIDAMAS *with others.*

THER. Where is this Scythian Tamburlaine§?

TAMB. Whom seek'st thou, Persian? I am Tamburlaine.

* *top*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "foot."

† *males*] Or *mails*—i. e. bags, budgets.

‡ *lance*] So the 4to.—Here the 8vo has "lanch;" but more than once in the *Sec. Part* of the play it gives "*lance*."

§ *Scythian Tamburlaine*] Qy. "*Scythian* shepherd *Tamburlaine*"?

THER. Tamburlaine! a Scythian shepherd so embellish'd
With nature's pride and richest furniture!
His looks do menace Heaven and dare the gods;
His fiery eyes are fix'd upon the earth,
As if he now devis'd some stratagem,
Or meant to pierce Avernus' darksome vaults*
To pull the triple-headed dog from hell.

TAMB. Noble and mild this Persian seems to be,
If outward habit judge the inward man.

TECH. His deep affections make him passionate.

TAMB. With what a majesty he rears his looks!—
In thee, thou valiant man of Persia,
I see the folly of thy† emperor.
Art thou but captain of a thousand horse,
That by charàcters graven in thy brows,
And by thy martial face and stout aspèct,
Deserv'st to have the leading of an host?
Forsake thy king, and do but join with me,
And we will triumph over all the world:
I hold the Fates bound fast in iron chains,
And with my hand turn Fortune's wheel about;
And sooner shall the sun fall from his sphere
Than Tamburlaine be slain or overcome.

* *vaults*] Here the 8vo has "vauts,"—"which," says one of the modern editors, "was common in Marlowe's time:" and so it was; but in the *Sec. Part* of this play, act ii. sc. 4, the same 8vo gives,—

"As we descend into the infernal *vaults*."

† *thy*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the."

Draw forth thy sword, thou mighty man at arms,
Intending but to raze my charmèd skin,
And Jove himself will stretch his hand from heaven
To ward the blow, and shield me safe from harm.
See, how he rains down heaps of gold in showers,
As if he meant to give my soldiers pay!
And, as a sure and grounded argument
That I shall be the monarch of the East,
He sends this Soldan's daughter rich and brave,*
To be my queen and portly emperess.
If thou wilt stay with me, renowmèd† man,
And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct,
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize,
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martial spoil
Of conquer'd kingdoms and of cities sack'd:
Both we will walk upon the lofty cliffs‡,
And Christian merchants§, that with Russian stems
Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian Sea,
Shall vail‖ to us, as lords of all the lake;

* *brave*] i. e. splendidly clad.

† *renowmèd*] i. e. renowned. So the 8vo.—The 4to "renowned."—The form "*renowmed*" (Fr. *renommé*) occurs repeatedly afterwards in this play, according to the 8vo. It is occasionally found in writers posterior to Marlowe's time. e. g.

"Of Constantines great towne *renoum'd* in vaine."
Verses to King James, prefixed to Lord Stirling's *Monarchicke Tragedies*, ed. 1607.

‡ *cliffs*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "cliftes."

§ *merchants*] i. e. merchant-men, ships of trade.

‖ *vail*] i. e. lower their flags.

Both we will reign as consuls of the earth,
And mighty kings shall be our senators.
Jove sometime maskèd in a shepherd's weed;
And by those steps that he hath scal'd the heavens
May we become immortal like the gods.
Join with me now in this my mean estate,
(I call it mean, because, being yet obscure,
The nations far remov'd admire me not,)
And when my name and honour shall be spread
As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings,
Or fair Böotes* sends his cheerful light,
Then shalt thou be competitor with me,
And sit with Tamburlaine in all his majesty.

THER. Not Hermes, prolocutor to the gods,
Could use persuasions more pathetical.

TAMB. Nor are Apollo's oracles more true
Than thou shalt find my vaunts substantial.

TECH. We are his friends; and, if the Persian king
Should offer present dukedoms to our state,
We think it loss to make exchange for that
We are assur'd of by our friend's success.

USUM. And kingdoms at the least we all expect,
Besides the honour in assurèd conquests,
Where kings shall crouch unto our conquering swords,
And hosts of soldiers stand amaz'd at us,
When with their fearful tongues they shall confess,
These are the men that all the world admires.

* *Böotes*] The 8vo "Botëes."—The 4to "Boetes."

IER. What strong enchantments 'tice my yielding soul!—
Are these resolvèd*, noble Scythians?
But shall I prove a traitor to my king?

TAMB. No; but the trusty friend of Tamburlaine.

THER. Won with thy words, and conquer'd with thy looks,
I yield myself, my men, and horse to thee,
To be partaker of thy good or ill,
As long as life maintains Theridamas.

TAMB. Theridamas, my friend, take here my hand,
Which is as much as if I swore by Heaven,
And call'd the gods to witness of my vow.
Thus shall my heart be still combin'd with thine
Until our bodies turn to elements,
And both our souls aspire celestial thrones.—
Techelles and Casane, welcome him.

TECH. Welcome, renowmèd† Persian, to us all!

USUM. Long may Theridamas remain with us!

TAMB. These are my friends, in whom I more rejoice
Than doth the king of Persia in his crown;
And, by the love of Pylades and Orestes,

* *Are these resolvèd*] If the right reading, seems to be equivalent to—Are these things certain?—The modern editors print,—

" *'tice my yielding soul*
To these resolved," &c.

† *renowmèd*] See note, p. 27. So the 8vo.—The 4to " renowned."

Whose statues* we adore in Scythia,
Thyself and them shall never part from me
Before I crown you kings† in Asia.
Make much of them, gentle Theridamas,
And they will never leave thee till the death.

THER. Nor thee nor them‡, thrice noble Tamburlaine,
Shall won§ my heart to be with gladness pierc'd,
To do you honour and security.

TAMB. A thousand thanks, worthy Theridamas.—
And now, fair madam, and my noble lords,
If you will willingly remain with me,
You shall have honours as your merits be;
Or else you shall be forc'd with slavery.

AGYD. We yield unto thee, happy Tamburlaine.

TAMB. For you, then, madam, I am out of doubt.

ZENO. I must be pleas'd perforce. Wretched Zenocrate! [*Exeunt.*

* *statues*] So the 4to.—"The first edition reads 'statutes,' but, as the Scythians worshipped Pylades and Orestes in temples, we have adopted the reading of the quarto as being most probably the correct one." *Ed.* 1826.

† *kings*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "king."

‡ *Nor thee nor them*] The modern editors silently print "*Nor they nor them.*" Compare the second line of this page.

§ *will*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter COSROE, MENAPHON, ORTYGIUS, *and* CENEUS, *with Soldiers.*

Cos. Thus far are we towards Theridamas,
And valiant Tamburlaine, the man of fame,
The man that in the forehead of his fortune
Bears figures of renown and miracle.
But tell me, that hast seen him, Menaphon,
What stature wields he, and what personage?

MEN. Of stature tall, and straightly fashionèd,
Like his desire, lift upwards and divine;
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly bear
Old Atlas' burden; 'twixt his manly pitch,*
A pearl more worth than all the world is plac'd,
Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
Are fix'd his piercing instruments of sight,
Whose fiery circles bear encompassèd
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
That guides his steps and actions to the throne,
Where honour sits invested royally;
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,

* *pitch*] "I would have you tell me what *pitch* he was of, *Velim mihi dicas quâ* staturâ *fuerit.*" Coles's *Dict.* But here "*pitch*" seems to mean the highest part of his body,—the "pearl" being, of course, his head.

Thirsting with sovereignty and* love of arms;
His lofty brows in folds do figure death,
And in their smoothness amity and life;
About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
Wrappèd in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,
On which the breath of heaven delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton majesty;
His arms and fingers long and sinewy†,
Betokening valour and excess of strength;—
In every part proportion'd like the man
Should make the world subdu'd‡ to Tamburlaine.

Cos. Well hast thou pourtray'd in thy terms of life
The face and personage of a wondrous man;
Nature doth strive with Fortune and his stars
To make him famous in accomplish'd worth;
And well his merits shew him to be made
His fortune's master and the king of men,
That could persuade, at such a sudden pinch,
With reasons of his valour and his life,
A thousand sworn and overmatching foes.
Then, when our powers in points of swords are join'd,

* *and*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "with."

† *His arms and fingers long and sinewy*] So the 8vo, except that, by a misprint, it has "snowy" for "*sinewy*."—The 4to gives the line thus,—

"*His armes long, his fingers* snowy-white." !!

(and so the line used to stand in Lamb's *Spec.* of *Dram. Poets*, till I made the necessary alteration in the recent ed. of that charming selection.)

‡ *subdu'd*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "subdue."

And clos'd in compass of the killing bullet,
Though strait the passage and the port* be made
That leads to palace of my brother's life,
Proud is† his fortune if we pierce it not;
And, when the princely Persian diadem
Shall overweigh his weary witless head,
And fall like mellow'd fruit with shakes of death,
In fair Persia noble Tamburlaine
Shall be my regent, and remain as king.

ORTY. In happy hour we have set the crown
Upon your kingly head, that seeks our honour
In joining with the man ordain'd by Heaven
To further every action to the best.

CEN. He that with shepherds and a little spoil
Durst, in disdain of wrong and tyranny,
Defend his freedom 'gainst a monarchy,
What will he do supported by a king,
Leading a troop of gentlemen and lords,
And stuff'd with treasure for his highest thoughts?

COS. And such shall wait on worthy Tamburlaine.
Our army will be forty thousand strong,
When Tamburlaine and brave Theridamas
Have met us by the river Araris;
And all conjoin'd to meet the witless king,
That now is marching near to Parthia,
And with unwilling soldiers faintly arm'd,
To seek revenge on me and Tamburlaine,

* *port*] i. e. gate. † *is*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "in."

To whom, sweet Menaphon, direct me straight.
MEN. I will, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter MYCETES, MEANDER, *with other Lords; and Soldiers.*

MYC. Come, my Meander, let us to this gear.
I tell you true, my heart is swoln with wrath
On this same thievish villain Tamburlaine,
And of * that false Cosroe, my traitorous brother.
Would it not grieve a king to be so abus'd,
And have a thousand horsemen ta'en away?
And, which is worse †, to have his diadem
Sought for by such scald knaves as love him not?
I think it would: well, then, by Heavens I swear,
Aurora shall not peep out of her doors,
But I will have Cosroe by the head,
And kill proud Tamburlaine with point of sword.
Tell you the rest, Meander: I have said.
MEAN. Then, having pass'd Armenian deserts now,
And pitch'd our tents under the Georgian hills,
Whose tops are cover'd with Tartarian thieves,
That lie in ambush, waiting for a prey,
What should we do but bid them battle straight,
And rid the world of those detested troops?
Lest, if we let them linger here a while,
They gather strength by power of fresh supplies.
This country swarms with vile outragious men

* *of*] i. e. on. † *worse*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "worst."

That live by rapine and by lawless spoil,
Fit soldiers for the* wicked Tamburlaine;
And he that could with gifts and promises
Inveigle him that led a thousand horse,
And make him false his faith unto his† king,
Will quickly win such as be‡ like himself.
Therefore cheer up your minds; prepare to fight:
He that can take or slaughter Tamburlaine,
Shall rule the province of Albania;
Who brings that traitor's head, Theridamas,
Shall have a government in Media,
Beside§ the spoil of him and all his train:
But, if Cosroe (as our spials say,
And as we know) remains with Tamburlaine,
His highness' pleasure is that he should live,
And be reclaim'd with princely lenity.

Enter a Spy.

SPY. An hundred horsemen of my company,
Scouting abroad upon these champion‖ plains,
Have view'd the army of the Scythians,
Which make¶ report it far exceeds the king's.

MEAN. Suppose they be in number infinite,
Yet being void of martial discipline,
All running headlong after greedy spoils**,

* *the*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "that."
† *his*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the."
‡ *be*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "are."
§ *Beside*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Besides."
‖ *champion*] i. e. champaign.
¶ *make*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "makes."
** *after greedy spoils*] May be right: but qy. "*greedy after spoils*"?

And more regarding gain than victory,
Like to the cruel brothers of the earth,
Sprung* of the teeth of † dragons venomous,
Their careless swords shall lance‡ their fellows' throats,
And make us triumph in their overthrow.

MYC. Was there such brethren, sweet Meander, say,
That sprung of teeth of dragons venomous?

MEAN. So poets say, my lord.

MYC. And 'tis a pretty toy to be a poet.
Well, well, Meander, thou art deeply read;
And having thee, I have a jewel sure.
Go on, my lord, and give your charge, I say;
Thy wit will make us conquerors to-day.

MEAN. Then, noble soldiers, to entrap these thieves,
That live confounded in disorder'd troops,
If wealth or riches may prevail with them,
We have our camels laden all with gold,
Which you that be but common soldiers
Shall fling in every corner of the field;
And, while the base-born Tartars take it up,
You, fighting more for honour than for gold,
Shall massacre those greedy-minded slaves;
And, when their scatter'd army is subdu'd,

* *Sprung*] Here, and in the next speech, both the old eds. "Sprong": but at p. 47, l. 9, the 4to has "*sprung*", and in the *Sec. Part* of the play, act iv. sc. 4, they both give "*sprung* from a tyrants loynes."

† *teeth of*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

‡ *lance*] Here both the old eds. "lanch;" but more than once in the *Sec. Part* of the play they have "*lance*" and "*launce*."

And you march on their slaughter'd carcasses,
Share equally the gold that bought their lives,
And live like gentlemen in Persia.
Strike up the* drum, and march courageously:
Fortune herself doth sit upon our crests.

Myc. He tells you true, my masters; so he does.—
Drums, why sound ye not, when Meander speaks?

[*Exeunt, drums sounding.*

Scene III.

Enter Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane, *and* Ortygius, *with others.*

Cos. Now, worthy Tamburlaine, have I repos'd
In thy approvèd fortunes all my hope.
What think'st thou, man, shall come of our attempts?
For, even as from assurèd oracle,
I take thy doom for satisfaction.

Tamb. And so mistake you not a whit, my lord;
For fates and oracles [of] Heaven have sworn
To royalize the deeds of Tamburlaine,
And make them blest that share in his attempts:
And doubt you not but, if you favour me,
And let my fortunes and my valour sway
To some† direction in your martial deeds,
The world will‡ strive with hosts of men at arms
To swarm unto the ensign I support.

* *the*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.
† *some*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "scorne."
‡ *will*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "shall."

The host of Xerxes, which by fame is said
To drink the mighty Parthian Arăris,
Was but a handful to that we will have:
Our quivering lances, shaking in the air,
And bullets, like Jove's dreadful thunderbolts,
Enroll'd in flames and fiery smouldering mists,
Shall threat the gods more than Cyclopian wars;
And with our sun-bright armour, as we march,
We'll chase the stars from heaven, and dim their eyes
That stand and muse at our admirèd arms.

THER. You see, my lord, what working words he hath;
But, when you see his actions top* his speech,
Your speech will stay, or so extol his worth
As I shall be commended and excus'd
For turning my poor charge to his direction:
And these his two renowmèd† friends, my lord,
Would make one thirst‡ and strive to be retain'd
In such a great degree of amity.

TECH. With duty and§ with amity we yield
Our utmost service to the fair‖ Cosroe.

COS. Which I esteem as portion of my crown.
Usumcasane and Techelles both,

* *top*] i. e. rise above, surpass.—Old eds. "stop."

† *renowmèd*] See note, p. 27. So the 8vo.—The 4to "renowned."

‡ *thirst*] The 8vo "thrust": the 4to "thrist."

§ *and*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "not."

‖ *the fair*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "thee *faire*."

When she* that rules in Rhamnus'† golden gates,
And makes a passage for all prosperous arms,
Shall make me solely emperor of Asia,
Then shall your meeds‡ and valours be advanc'd
To rooms of honour and nobility.

TAMB. Then haste, Cosroe, to be king alone,
That I with these my friends and all my men
May triumph in our long-expected fate.
The king, your brother, is now hard at hand:
Meet with the fool, and rid your royal shoulders
Of such a burden as outweighs the sands
And all the craggy rocks of Caspia.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MES. My lord, we have discover'd the enemy
Ready to charge you with a mighty army.

COS. Come, Tamburlaine; now whet thy wingèd sword,
And lift thy lofty arm into the clouds,
That it may reach the king of Persia's crown,
And set it safe on my victorious head.

TAMB. See, where it is, the keenest curtle-axe
That e'er made passage thorough Persian arms!
These are the wings shall make it fly as swift
As doth the lightning or the breath of Heaven,
And kill as sure§ as it swiftly flies.

* *she*] i. e. Nemesis.

† *Rhamnus'*] Old eds. "Rhamnis."

‡ *meeds*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "deeds."

§ *sure*] A dissyllable here. In the next line "assure" is a trisyllable.

Cos. Thy words assure me of kind success:
Go, valiant soldier, go before, and charge
The fainting army of that foolish king.

TAMB. Usumcasane and Techelles, come:
We are enow to scare the enemy,
And more than needs to make an emperor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter MYCETES *with his crown in his hand**.

MYC. Accurs'd be he that first invented war!
They knew not, ah, they knew not, simple men,
How those were† hit by pelting cannon-shot
Stand staggering‡ like a quivering aspen-leaf
Fearing the force of Boreas' boisterous blasts!
In what a lamentable case were I,
If Nature had not given me wisdom's lore!
For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,
Our crown the pin§ that thousands seek to cleave:
Therefore in policy I think it good
To hide it close; a goodly stratagem,
And far from any man that is a fool:
So shall not I be known; or, if I be,

* *with his crown in his hand*] The old eds. add "*offering to hide it;*" but *that* he does presently after.

† *those were*] i. e. those who were, who have been.

‡ *Stand staggering*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*Stand* those *staggering.*"

§ *For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,*
Our crown the pin, &c.] *Clout* means the white mark in the butts; *pin*, the peg in the centre, which fastened it.

They cannot take away my crown from me.
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter TAMBURLAINE.

TAMB. What, fearful coward, straggling from the camp,
When kings themselves are present in the field?

MYC. Thou liest.

TAMB. Base villain, dar'st thou give the* lie?

MYC. Away! I am the king; go; touch me not.
Thou break'st the law of arms, unless thou kneel,
And cry me "mercy, noble king!"

TAMB. Are you the witty king of Persia?

MYC. Ay, marry, am I: have you any suit to me?

TAMB. I would entreat you to speak but three wise words.

MYC. So I can when I see my time.

TAMB. Is this your crown?

MYC. Ay: didst thou ever see a fairer?

TAMB. You will not sell it, will you?

MYC. Such another word, and I will have thee executed.
Come, give it me.

TAMB. No; I took it prisoner.

MYC. You lie; I gave it you.

TAMB. Then 'tis mine.

MYC. No; I mean, I let you keep it.

TAMB. Well, I mean you shall have it again.

* *give the*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*giue* me *the*."

Here, take it for a while: I lend it thee,
Till I may see thee hemm'd with armèd men;
Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head:
Thou art no match for mighty Tamburlaine.
[*Exit.*

MYC. O gods, is this Tamburlaine the thief?
I marvel much he stole it not away.
[*Trumpets within sound to the battle: he runs out.*

SCENE V.

Enter COSROE, TAMBURLAINE, MENAPHON, MEANDER, ORTYGIUS, THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, *with others.*

TAMB. Hold thee, Cosroe; wear two imperial crowns;
Think thee invested now as royally,
Even by the mighty hand of Tamburlaine,
As if as many kings as could encompass thee
With greatest pomp had crown'd thee emperor.

COS. So do I, thrice-renowmèd man* at arms;
And none shall keep the crown but Tamburlaine:
Thee do I make my regent of Persia,
And general-lieutenant of my armies.—
Meander, you, that were our brother's guide,
And chiefest† counsellor in all his acts,
Since he is yielded to the stroke of war,

* *renowmèd man*] See note, p. 27. So the 8vo.—The 4to "renowned men."

† *chiefest*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "chiefe."

On your submission we with thanks excuse,
And give you equal place in our affairs.

MEAN. Most happy* emperor, in humblest terms
I vow my service to your majesty,
With utmost virtue of my faith and duty.

Cos. Thanks, good Meander.—Then, Cosroe, reign,
And govern Persia in her former pomp.
Now send embassage to thy neighbour kings,
And let them know the Persian king is chang'd,
From one that knew not what a king should do,
To one that can command what 'longs thereto.
And now we will to fair Persepolis,
With twenty thousand expert soldiers.
The lords and captains of my brother's camp
With little slaughter take Meander's course,
And gladly yield them to my gracious rule.—
Ortygius and Menaphon, my trusty friends,
Now will I gratify your former good,
And grace your calling with a greater sway.

ORTY. And as we ever aim'd† at your behoof,
And sought your state all honour it‡ deserv'd,
So will we with our powers and our§ lives
Endeavour to preserve and prosper it.

Cos. I will not thank thee, sweet Ortygius;
Better replies shall prove my purposes.—

* *happy*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "happiest."
† *aim'd*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "and."
‡ *it*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "is."
§ *our*] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.

And now, lord Tamburlaine, my brother's camp
I leave to thee and to Theridamas,
To follow me to fair Persepolis;
Then will we* march to all those Indian mines
My witless brother to the Christians lost,
And ransom them with fame and usury:
And, till thou overtake me, Tamburlaine,
(Staying to order all the scatter'd troops,)
Farewell, lord regent and his happy friends.
I long to sit upon my brother's throne.

MEAN. Your majesty shall shortly have your wish,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis.

[*Exeunt all except Tamb., Ther., Tech., and Usum.*

TAMB. And ride in triumph through Persepolis!—
Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles?—
Usumcasane and Theridamas,
Is it not passing brave to be a king,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?

TECH. Oh, my lord, it is sweet and full of pomp!

USUM. To be a king is half to be a god.

THER. A god is not so glorious as a king:
I think the pleasure they enjoy in heaven,
Cannot compare with kingly joys in† earth;—
To wear a crown enchas'd with pearl and gold,
Whose virtues carry with it life and death;
To ask and have, command and be obey'd;
When looks breed love, with looks to gain the prize,
Such power attractive shines in princes' eyes.

* *we*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "I." † *in*] Qy. "on"?

TAMB. Why, say, Theridamas, wilt thou be a king?

THER. Nay, though I praise it, I can live without it.

TAMB. What say* my other friends? will you be kings?

TECH. I, if I could, with all my heart, my lord.

TAMB. Why, that's well said, Techelles: so would I;—
And so would you, my masters, would you not?

USUM. What then, my lord?

TAMB. Why, then, Casane,† shall we wish for aught
The world affords in greatest novelty,
And rest attemptless, faint, and destitute?
Methinks, we should not. I am strongly mov'd,
That if I should desire the Persian crown,
I could attain it with a wondrous ease:
And would not all our soldiers soon consent,
If we should aim at such a dignity?

THER. I know they would with our persuasions.

TAMB. Why, then, Theridamas, I'll first assay
To get the Persian kingdom to myself;
Then thou for Parthia; they for Scythia and Media;
And, if I prosper, all shall be as sure
As if the Turk, the Pope, Afric, and Greece,
Came creeping to us with their crowns a-piece.‡

TECH. Then shall we send to this triumphing king,
And bid him battle for his novel crown?

USUM. Nay, quickly, then, before his room be hot.

* *say*] Old eds. "sayes" and "saies."

† *Casane*] Both the old eds. here "Casanes."

‡ *a-piece*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "apace."

TAMB. 'Twill prove a pretty jest, in faith, my friends.

THER. A jest to charge on twenty thousand men!
I judge the purchase* more important far.

TAMB. Judge by thyself, Theridamas, not me;
For presently Techelles here shall haste
To bid him battle ere he pass too far,
And lose more labour than the gain will quite†:
Then shalt thou see this‡ Scythian Tamburlaine
Make but a jest to win the Persian crown.—
Techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,
And bid him turn him§ back to war with us,
That only made him king to make us sport:
We will not steal upon him cowardly,
But give him warning and‖ more warriors:
Haste thee, Techelles; we will follow thee.

[*Exit Techelles.*

What saith Theridamas?

THER. Go on, for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter COSROE, MEANDER, ORTYGIUS, *and* MENAPHON, *with Soldiers.*

Cos. What means this devilish shepherd, to aspire
With such a giantly presumption,

* *purchase*] i. e. booty—gain.
† *quite*] i. e. requite.
‡ *this*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the."
§ *him*] Old eds. "his."
‖ *and*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "with."

To cast up hills against the face of heaven,
And dare the force of angry Jupiter?
But, as he thrust them underneath the hills,
And press'd out fire from their burning jaws,
So will I send this monstrous slave to hell,
Where flames shall ever feed upon his soul.

MEAN. Some powers divine, or else infernal, mix'd
Their angry seeds at his conception;
For he was never sprung* of human race,
Since with the spirit of his fearful pride,
He dares† so doubtlessly resolve of rule,
And by profession be ambitious.

ORTY. What god, or fiend, or spirit of the earth,
Or monster turnèd to a manly shape,
Or of what mould or mettle he be made,
What star or fate‡ soever govern him,
Let us put on our meet encountering minds;
And, in detesting such a devilish thief,
In love of honour and defence of right,
Be arm'd against the hate of such a foe,
Whether from earth, or hell, or heaven he grow.

COS. Nobly resolv'd, my good Ortygius;
And, since we all have suck'd one wholesome air,
And with the same proportion of elements
Resolve§, I hope we are resembled
Vowing our loves to equal death and life.

* *sprung*] See note, p. 36.

† *dares*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "dare."

‡ *fate*] Old eds. "state."

§ *Resolve*] Seems to mean—dissolve (compare "our bodies turn to elements." p. 29): but I suspect some corruption here.

Let's cheer our soldiers to encounter him,
That grievous image of ingratitude,
That fiery thirster after sovereignty,
And burn him in the fury of that flame,
That none can quench but blood and empery.
Resolve, my lords and loving soldiers, now
To save your king and country from decay.
Then strike up, drum; and all the stars that make
The loathsome circle of my dated life,
Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,
That thus opposeth him against the gods,
And scorns the powers that govern Persia!

[*Exeunt, drums sounding.*

SCENE VII.

Alarms of battle within. Then enter COSROE *wounded*, TAMBURLAINE, THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, *with others.*

Cos. Barbarous * and bloody Tamburlaine,
Thus to deprive me of my crown and life!—
Treacherous and false Theridamas,
Even at the morning of my happy state,
Scarce being seated in my royal throne,
To work my downfall and untimely end!
An uncouth pain torments my grievèd soul;
And death arrests the organ of my voice,
Who, entering at the breach thy sword hath made,

* *Barbarous*] Qy. "Oh, *barbarous*"? in the next line but one, "Oh, *treacherous*"? and in the last line of the speech, "Oh, *bloody*"?

Sacks every vein and artier* of my heart.—
Bloody and insatiate Tamburlaine!

TAMB. The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown,
That caus'd the eldest son of heavenly Ops
To thrust his doting father from his chair,
And place himself in the empyreal heaven,
Mov'd me to manage arms against thy state.
What better precedent than mighty Jove?
Nature, that fram'd us of four elements
Warring within our breasts for regiment†,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds:
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,

* *artier*] i. e. artery. This form occurs again in the *Sec. Part* of the present play: so too in a copy of verses by Day;

"Hid in the vaines and *artiers* of the earthe."
Shakespeare Soc. Papers, vol. i. 19.

The word indeed was variously written of old:

"The *arter* strynge is the conduyt of the lyfe spiryte."
Hormanni *Vulgaria*, sig. G iii. ed. 1530.

"Riche treasures serue for th'*arters* of the war."
Lord Stirling's *Darius*, act ii, sig. C 2. ed. 1604.

"Onelye the extrauagant *artire* of my arme is brused."
Everie Woman in her Humor, 1609, sig. D 4.

"And from the veines some bloud each *artire* draines."
Davies's *Microcosmos*, 1611, p. 56.

† *regiment*] i. e. rule.

And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will* us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
Until we reach the ripest fruit† of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

THER. And that made me to join with Tamburlaine;
For he is gross and like the massy earth,
That moves not upwards, nor by princely deeds
Doth mean to soar above the highest sort.

TECH. And that made us, the friends of Tamburlaine,
To lift our swords against the Persian king.

USUM. For as, when Jove did thrust old Saturn down,
Neptune and Dis gain'd each of them a crown,
So do we hope to reign in Asia,
If Tamburlaine be plac'd in Persia.

COS. The strangest men that ever Nature made!
I know not how to take their tyrannies.
My bloodless body waxeth chill and cold,
And with my blood my life slides through my wound;
My soul begins to take her flight to hell,
And summons all my senses to depart:
The heat and moisture, which did feed each other,
For want of nourishment to feed them both,
Are‡ dry and cold; and now doth ghastly Death

* *Will*] Old eds. "Wils."
† *fruit*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "fruites."
‡ *Are*] Old eds. "Is."

With greedy talents * gripe my bleeding heart,
And like a harpy † tires on my life.
Theridamas and Tamburlaine, I die:
And fearful vengeance light upon you both!

[*Dies.—Tamburlaine takes Cosroe's crown, and puts it on his own head.*

TAMB. Not all the curses which the ‡ Furies breathe,
Shall make me leave so rich a prize as this.
Theridamas, Techelles, and the rest,
Who think you now is king of Persia?

ALL. Tamburlaine! Tamburlaine!

TAMB. Though Mars himself, the angry god of arms,
And all the earthly potentates conspire
To dispossess me of this diadem,
Yet will I wear it in despite of them,
As great commander of this eastern world,
If you but say that Tamburlaine shall reign.

ALL. Long live Tamburlaine, and reign in Asia!

TAMB. So; now it is more surer on my head
Than if the gods had held a parliament,
And all pronounc'd me king of Persia. [*Exeunt.*

* *talents*] Was often used by our early writers for *talons*, as many passages might be adduced to shew. Hence the quibble in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 2. "If a *talent* be a claw," &c.

† *harpy*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Harper"; and with that reading the line is cited, in a note on *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 1, by Steevens; who also gives "*tires* upon *my life*;" but "*tires*" (a well-known term in falconry, and equivalent here to—preys) is to be pronounced as a dissyllable (in the 4to it is spelt "*tyers*").

‡ *the*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "thy."

ACT III.

Scene I.

Enter Bajazeth, *the Kings of* Fez, Morocco, *and* Argier, *with others, in great pomp.*

Baj. Great kings of Barbary and my portly bassoes*,
We hear the Tartars and the eastern thieves,
Under the conduct of one Tamburlaine,
Presume a bickering with your emperor,
And think† to rouse us from our dreadful siege
Of the famous Grecian Constantinople.
You know our army is invincible;
As many circumcisèd Turks we have,
And warlike bands of Christians renied‡,

* *bassoes*] i. e. bashaws.

† *think*] Old eds. "thinks" and "thinkes."

‡ *Christians renied*] i. e. Christians who have denied, or renounced their faith.—In *The Gent. Magazine* for Jan. 1841, J. M. would read "*Christians* renegadens" or "Christian renegades:" but the old text is right; among many passages that might be cited, compare the following;

"And that Ydole is the God of false Cristene, that han *reneyed* hire *feythe*." *The Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maundevile*, p. 209. ed. 1725.

"For that thou should'st *reny thy faith*, and her thereby possesse,
The Soldan did capitulat in vaine: the more thy blesse."
Warner's *Albions England*, B. XI. Ch. 68. p. 287. ed. 1596.

As hath the ocean or the Terrene* sea
Small drops of water when the moon begins
To join in one her semicircled horns:
Yet would we not be brav'd with foreign power,
Nor raise our siege before the Grecians yield,
Or breathless lie before the city-walls.

K. OF FEZ. Renowmèd† emperor and mighty general,
What, if you sent the bassoes of your guard
To charge him to remain in Asia,
Or else to threaten death and deadly arms
As from the mouth of mighty Bajazeth?

BAJ. Hie thee, my basso‡, fast to Persia;
Tell him thy lord, the Turkish emperor,
Dread lord of Afric, Europe, and Asia,
Great king and conqueror of Græcia,
The ocean, Terrene, and the Coal-black sea,
The high and highest monarch of the world
Wills and commands, (for say not I entreat,)
Not§ once to set his foot in‖ Africa,
Or spread¶ his colours in Græcia,
Lest he incur the fury of my wrath:
Tell him I am content to take a truce,

* *Terrene*] i. e. Mediterranean.

† *Renowmèd*] See note, p. 27. So the 8vo.—The 4to "renowned."

‡ *basso*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Brother."

§ *Not*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Nor."

‖ *in*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "on."

¶ *Or spread, &c.*] A word has dropt out from this line.

Because I hear he bears a valiant mind:
But if, presuming on his silly power,
He be so mad to manage arms with me,
Then stay thou with him,—say, I bid thee so;
And if, before the sun have measur'd heaven*
With triple circuit, thou regreet us not,
We mean to take his morning's next arise
For messenger he will not be reclaim'd,
And mean to fetch thee in despite of him.

BAS. Most great and puissant monarch of the earth,
Your basso will accomplish your behest,
And shew your pleasure to the Persian,
As fits the legate of the stately Turk. [*Exit.*

K. OF ARG. They say he is the king of Persia;
But, if he dare attempt to stir your siege,
'Twere requisite he should be ten times more,
For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.

BAJ. True, Argier; and tremble[s] at my looks.

K. OF MOR. The spring is hinder'd by your smothering host;
For neither rain can fall upon the earth,
Nor sun reflex his virtuous beams thereon,
The ground is mantled with such multitudes.

BAJ. All this is true as holy Mahomet;
And all the trees are blasted with our breaths.

K. OF FEZ. What thinks your greatness best to be achiev'd

* *measur'd heaven*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*measured* the *heauen*."

In pursuit of the city's overthrow?

BAJ. I will the captive pioneers of Argier
Cut off the water that by leaden pipes
Runs to the city from the mountain Carnon;
Two thousand horse shall forage up and down,
That no relief or succour come by land;
And all the sea my galleys countermand:
Then shall our footmen lie within the trench,
And with their cannons, mouth'd like Orcus' gulf,
Batter the walls, and we will enter in;
And thus the Grecians shall be conquerèd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter ZENOCRATE, AGYDAS, ANIPPE, *with others.*

AGYD. Madam Zenocrate, may I presume
To know the cause of these unquiet fits,
That work such trouble to your wonted rest?
'Tis more than pity such a heavenly face
Should by heart's sorrow wax so wan and pale,
When your offensive rape by Tamburlaine,
(Which of your whole displeasures should be most,)
Hath seem'd to be digested long ago.

ZENO. Although it be digested long ago,
As his exceeding favours have deserv'd,
And might content the Queen of Heaven, as well
As it hath chang'd my first conceiv'd disdain;
Yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts
With ceaseless * and disconsolate conceits †,

* *ceaseless*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "carelesse."
† *conceits*] i. e. fancies, imaginations.

Which dye* my looks so liveless as they are,
And might, if my extremes had full events,
Make me the ghastly counterfeit † of death.

AGYD. Eternal heaven sooner be dissolv'd,
And all that pierceth Phœbus' silver eye,
Before such hap fall to Zenocrate!

ZENO. Ah, life and soul, still hover in his‡ breast,
And leave my body senseless as the earth,
Or else unite you§ to his life and soul,
That I may live and die with Tamburlaine!

Enter, behind, TAMBURLAINE, *with* TECHELLES, *and others.*

AGYD. With Tamburlaine! Ah, fair Zenocrate,
Let not a man so vile and barbarous,
That holds you from your father in despite,
And keeps you from the honours of a queen,
(Being suppos'd his worthless concubine,)
Be honour'd with your love but for necessity!
So, now the mighty Soldan hears of you,
Your highness needs not doubt but in short time
He will, with Tamburlaine's destruction,
Redeem you from this deadly servitude.

ZENO. Leave‖ to wound me with these words,
And speak of Tamburlaine as he deserves:
The entertainment we have had of him

* *dye*] Old eds. "dies."
† *counterfeit*] i. e. picture, resemblance.
‡ *his*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the."
§ *you*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "me."
‖ *Leave*] The author probably wrote, "Agydas, *leave*."

Is far from villany or servitude,
And might in noble minds be counted princely.

AGYD. How can you fancy one that looks so fierce,
Only dispos'd to martial stratagems?
Who, when he shall embrace you in his arms,
Will tell how many thousand men he slew;
And, when you look for amorous discourse,
Will rattle forth his facts* of war and blood,
Too harsh a subject for your dainty ears.

ZENO. As looks the sun through Nilus' flowing stream,
Or when the Morning holds him in her arms,
So looks my lordly love, fair Tamburlaine;
His talk much† sweeter than the Muses' song
They sung for honour 'gainst Pierides‡,
Or when Minerva did with Neptune strive:
And higher would I rear my estimate
Than Juno, sister to the highest god,
If I were match'd with mighty Tamburlaine.

AGYD. Yet be not so inconstant in your love,
But let the young Arabian§ live in hope,
After your rescue to enjoy his choice.
You see, though first the king of Persia,
Being a shepherd, seem'd to love you much,

* *facts*] i. e. deeds.

† *much*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "more."

‡ *Pierides*] i. e. The daughters of Pierus, who, having challenged the Muses to a trial of song, were overcome, and changed into Magpies.

§ *the young Arabian*] Scil. Alcidamus; see p. 22 l. 18.

Now, in his majesty, he leaves those looks,
Those words of favour, and those comfortings,
And gives no more than common courtesies.

ZENO. Thence rise the tears that so distain my cheeks,
Fearing his love* through my unworthiness.

[*Tamburlaine goes to her, and takes her away lovingly by the hand, looking wrathfully on Agydas, and says nothing. Exeunt all except Agydas.*

AGYD. Betray'd by fortune and suspicious love,
Threaten'd with frowning wrath and jealousy,
Surpris'd with fear and hideous revenge,
I stand aghast; but most astonièd
To see his choler shut in secret thoughts,
And wrapt in silence of his angry soul:
Upon his brows was pourtray'd ugly death;
And in his eyes the fury† of his heart,
That shine‡ as comets, menacing revenge,
And cast§ a pale complexion on his cheeks.
As when the seaman sees the Hyades
Gather an army of Cimmerian clouds,
(Auster and Aquilon with wingèd steeds,
All sweating, tilt about the watery heavens,
With shivering spears enforcing thunder-claps,

* *Fearing his love*] i. e. Fearing with respect to his love.
† *fury*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "furies."
‡ *shine*] Qy. "shone"?
§ *cast*] Old eds. "casts" and "castes."

And from their shields strike flames of lightning,)
All-fearful folds his sails, and sounds the main,
Lifting his prayers to the Heavens for aid
Against the terror of the winds and waves;
So fares Agydas for the late-felt frowns,
That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughts,
And make* my soul divine her overthrow.

Re-enter TECHELLES *with a naked dagger, and* USUMCASANE.

TECH. See you, Agydas, how the king salutes you!
He bids you prophesy what it imports.

AGYD. I prophesied before, and now I prove
The killing frowns of jealousy and love.
He needed not with words confirm my fear,
For words are vain where working tools present
The naked action of my threaten'd end:
It says, Agydas, thou shalt surely die,
And of extremities elect the least;
More honour and less pain it may procure,
To die by this resolvèd hand of thine
Than stay the torments he and Heaven have sworn.
Then haste, Agydas, and prevent the plagues
Which thy prolongèd fates may draw on thee:
Go, wander free from fear of tyrant's rage,
Removèd from the torments and the hell
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soul;
And let Agydas by Agydas die,

* *make*] Old eds. "makes."

And with this stab slumber eternally. [*Stabs himself.*

TECH. Usumcasane, see, how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my lord the king!

USUM. Faith, and, Techelles, it was manly done;
And, since he was so wise and honourable,
Let us afford him now the bearing hence,
And crave his triple-worthy burial.

TECH. Agreed, Casane; we will honour him.

[*Exeunt, bearing out the body.*

SCENE III.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, THERIDAMAS, *a* BASSO, ZENOCRATE, ANIPPE, *with others.*

TAMB. Basso, by this thy lord and master knows
I mean to meet him in Bithynia:
See, how he comes! tush, Turks are full of brags,
And menace* more than they can well perform.
He meet me in the field, and fetch† thee hence!
Alas, poor Turk! his fortune is too weak
T' encounter with the strength of Tamburlaine:
View well my camp, and speak indifferently;
Do not my captains and my soldiers look
As if they meant to conquer Africa?

BAS. Your men are valiant, but their number few,
And cannot terrify his mighty host:

* *menace*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "meane."
† *fetch*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "fetcht."

My lord, the great commander of the world,
Besides fifteen contributory kings,
Hath now in arms ten thousand janizaries,
Mounted on lusty Mauritanian steeds,
Brought to the war by men of Tripoly;
Two hundred thousand footmen that have serv'd
In two set battles fought in Græcia;
And for the expedition of this war,
If he think good, can from his garrisons
Withdraw as many more to follow him.

TECH. The more he brings, the greater is the spoil;
For, when they perish by our warlike hands,
We mean to set* our footmen on their steeds,
And rifle all those stately janizars.

TAMB. But will those kings accompany your lord?

BAS. Such as his highness please; but some must stay
To rule the provinces he late subdu'd.

TAMB. [*To his Officers*] Then fight courageously: their crowns are yours;
This hand shall set them on your conquering heads,
That made me emperor of Asia.

USUM. Let him bring millions infinite of men,
Unpeopling Western Africa and Greece,
Yet we assure us of the victory.

THER. Even he, that in a trice vanquish'd two kings
More mighty than the Turkish emperor,
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue

* *set*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "seate."

His scatter'd army till they yield or die.

TAMB. Well said, Theridamas! speak in that mood;
For *will* and *shall* best fitteth Tamburlaine,
Whose smiling stars give* him assurèd hope
Of martial triumph ere he meet his foes.
I that am term'd the scourge and wrath of God,
The only fear and terror of the world,
Will first subdue the Turk, and then enlarge
Those Christian captives which you keep as slaves,
Burdening their bodies with your heavy chains,
And feeding them with thin and slender fare;
That naked row about the Terrene† sea,
And, when they chance to rest or‡ breathe a space,
Are punish'd with bastones§ so grievously
That they‖ lie panting on the galleys' side,
And strive for life at every stroke they give.
These are the cruel pirates of Argier,
That damnèd train, the scum of Africa,
Inhabited with straggling runagates,
That make quick havoc of the Christian blood:
But, as I live, that town shall curse the time
That Tamburlaine set foot in Africa.

* *give*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "giues."
† *Terrene*] i. e. Mediterranean.
‡ *or*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "and."
§ *bastones*] i. e. bastinadoes.
‖ *they*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

Enter BAJAZETH, *Bassoes, the Kings of Fez, Morocco, and Argier;* ZABINA *and* EBEA.

BAJ. Bassoes and janizaries of my guard,
Attend upon the person of your lord,
The greatest potentate of Africa.

TAMB. Techelles and the rest, prepare your swords;
I mean t' encounter with that Bajazeth.

BAJ. Kings of Fez, Morocco*, and Argier,
He calls me Bajazeth, whom you call lord!
Note the presumption of this Scythian slave!—
I tell thee, villain, those that lead my horse
Have to their names titles † of dignity!
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Bajazeth?

TAMB. And know, thou Turk, that those which lead my horse
Shall lead thee captive thorough Africa;
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Tamburlaine?

BAJ. By Mahomet my kinsman's sepulchre,
And by the holy Alcoran I swear,
He shall be made a chaste and lustless eunuch,
And in my sarell‡ tend my concubines;
And all his captains, that thus stoutly stand,
Shall draw the chariot of my emperess,
Whom I have brought to see their overthrow!

* *Morocco*] Here the old eds. "Moroccus,"—a barbarism which I have not retained, because previously, in the stage-direction at p. 52, they agree in reading "Morocco."

† *titles*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "title."

‡ *sarell*] i. e. seraglio.

TAMB. By this my sword that conquer'd Persia,
Thy fall shall make me famous through the world!
I will not tell thee how I'll* handle thee,
But every common soldier of my camp
Shall smile to see thy miserable state.

K. OF FEZ. What means the† mighty Turkish emperor,
To talk with one so base as Tamburlaine?

K. OF MOR. Ye Moors and valiant men of Barbary,
How can ye suffer these indignities?

K. OF ARG. Leave words, and let them feel your lances' points,
Which glided through the bowels of the Greeks.

BAJ. Well said, my stout contributory kings!
Your threefold army and my hugy‡ host
Shall swallow up these base-born Persians.

TECH. Puissant, renown'd§, and mighty Tamburlaine,
Why stay we thus prolonging of‖ their lives?

THER. I long to see those crowns won by our swords,
That we may rule¶ as kings of Africa.

USUM. What coward would not fight for such a prize?

* *I'll*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "I will."

† *the*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "this."

‡ *hugy*] i. e. huge.

§ *renown'd*] See note, p. 27. So the 8vo.—The 4to "renowned."

‖ *of*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "all."

¶ *rule*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "raigne."

TAMB. Fight all courageously, and be you kings:
I speak it, and my words are oracles.
BAJ. Zabina, mother of three braver* boys
Than Hercules, that in his infancy
Did pash† the jaws of serpents venomous;
Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike lance,
Their shoulders broad for complete armour fit,
Their limbs more large, and of a bigger size,
Than all the brats y-sprung‡ from Typhon's loins;
Who, when they come unto their father's age,
Will batter turrets with their manly fists;—
Sit here upon this royal chair of state,
And on thy head wear my imperial crown,
Until I bring this sturdy Tamburlaine
And all his captains bound in captive chains.
ZAB. Such good success happen to Bajazeth!
TAMB. Zenocrate, the loveliest maid alive,
Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,—
The only paragon of Tamburlaine;
Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps of heaven,
And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony;
That with thy looks canst clear the darken'd sky,
And calm the rage of thundering Jupiter;
Sit down by her, adornèd with my crown,
As if thou wert the empress of the world.
Stir not, Zenocrate, until thou see
Me march victoriously with all my men,

* *braver*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "brave."
† *pash*] i. e. crush to pieces by a stroke.
‡ *y-sprung*] Here the old eds. "ysprong." See note, p. 36.

Triumphing over him and these his kings,
Which I will bring as vassals to thy feet;
Till then, take thou my crown, vaunt of my worth,
And manage words with her, as we will arms.

ZENO. And may my love, the king of Persia,
Return with victory, and free from wound!

BAJ. Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish arms,
Which lately made all Europe quake for fear.
I have of Turks, Arabians, Moors, and Jews,
Enough to cover all Bithynia:
Let thousands die; their slaughter'd carcasses
Shall serve for walls and bulwarks to the rest;
And as the heads of Hydra, so my power,
Subdu'd, shall stand as mighty as before:
If they should yield their necks unto the sword;
Thy soldiers' arms could not endure to strike
So many blows as I have heads for thee.
Thou know'st not, foolish-hardy Tamburlaine,
What 'tis to meet me in the open field,
That leave no ground for thee to march upon.

TAMB. Our conquering swords shall marshal us the way
We use to march upon the slaughter'd foe,
Trampling their bowels with our horses' hoofs,
Brave horses bred on the* white Tartarian hills:
My camp is like to Julius Cæsar's host,

* *the*] Has perhaps crept in by a mistake of the transcriber or printer.

ught but had the victory;
lia was there such hot war,
followers, willingly would have.
rits, fleeting in the air,
lets and our weapons' points,
r strokes to wound the senseless light*;
sees our bloody colours spread,
Then Victory begins to take her flight,
Resting herself upon my milk-white tent.—
But come, my lords, to weapons let us fall;
The field is ours, the Turk, his wife, and all.

[*Exit with his followers.*

BAJ. Come, kings and bassoes, let us glut our swords,
That thirst to drink the feeble Persians' blood.

[*Exit with his followers.*

ZAB. Base concubine, must thou be plac'd by me,
That am the empress of the mighty Turk?

ZENO. Disdainful Turkess, and unreverend boss†,
Call'st thou me concubine, that am betroth'd
Unto the great and mighty Tamburlaine?

ZAB. To Tamburlaine, the great Tartarian thief!

* *And make your strokes to wound the senseless light*] The old eds. have,

"*And make* our *strokes to wound the sencelesse* lure."

(the last word being, perhaps, in the 8vo "lute.")

† *boss*] In the *Gent. Mag.* for Jan. 1841, J. M. proposed to alter "*boss*" to "Bassa." But the old text is quite right: "A fat *bosse*. Femme bien grasse et grosse; une coche." Cotgrave's *Dict.*

ZENO. Thou wilt repent these lavish
When thy great basso-master and thy
Must plead for mercy at his kingly fe
And sue to me to be your advocate.*
ZAB. And sue to thee! I tell thee, s
Thou shalt be laundress to my waiting-
How lik'st thou her, Ebea? will she s
EBEA. Madam, she thinks, perhaps, s
But I shall turn her into other weeds,
And make her dainty fingers fall to work.
ZENO. Hear'st thou, Anippe, how thy drudge doth talk?
And how my slave, her mistress, menaceth?
Both for their sauciness shall be employ'd
To dress the common soldiers' meat and drink;
For we will scorn they should come near ourselves.
ANIP. Yet sometimes let your highness send for them,
To do the work my chambermaid disdains.
[*They sound to the battle within.*
ZENO. Ye gods and powers that govern Persia,
And made my lordly love her worthy king,
Now strengthen him against the Turkish Bajazeth,
And let his foes, like flocks of fearful roes
Pursu'd by hunters, fly his angry looks,
That I may see him issue conqueror!
ZAB. Now, Mahomet, solicit God himself,
And make him rain down murdering shot from heaven,

* *advocate*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "aduocates."

[redacted]cythians' brains, and strike them dead,
[redacted] manage arms with him
[redacted]ewels to thy sacred shrine,
[redacted] warr'd against the Christians!
They sound again to the battle within.
[redacted] this the Turks lie weltering in their
[redacted]

And Tamburlaine is lord of Africa.

ZAB. Thou art deceiv'd. I heard the trumpets sound,
As when my emperor overthrew the Greeks,
And led them captive into Africa.
Straight will I use thee as thy pride deserves;
Prepare thyself to live and die my slave.

ZENO. If Mahomet should come from heaven and swear
My royal lord is slain or conquerèd,
Yet should he not persuade me otherwise,
But that he lives and will be conqueror.

Re-enter BAJAZETH, *pursued by* TAMBURLAINE†.

TAMB. Now, king of bassoes, who is conqueror?

BAJ. Thou, by the fortune of this damnèd soil‡.

* *That dare, &c.*] A word dropt out from this line.

† *Re-enter Bajazeth, pursued by Tamburlaine*] The old eds. have, "*Bajazeth flies, and he pursues him. The battell short* [Qto. *is short*], *and they enter, Bajazeth is ouercome.*" This not very intelligible stage-direction means perhaps that, after Bajazeth and Tamburlaine had entered, a short combat was to take place between them.

‡ *soil*] May be right: but qy. "foil," i. e. defeat? compare p. 71. l. 2.

TAMB. Where are your stout contribu

Re-enter TECHELLES, THERIDA
USUMCASANE.

TECH. We have their crowns; their
the field.

TAMB. Each man a crown! why, kin
i'faith.
Deliver them into my treasury.

ZENO. Now let me offer to my gracious lord
His royal crown again so highly won.

TAMB. Nay, take the Turkish crown from her, Zenocrate,
And crown me emperor of Africa.

ZAB. No, Tamburlaine; though now thou gat * the best,
Thou shalt not yet be lord of Africa.

THER. Give her the crown, Turkess, you were best.
[*Takes it from her.*

ZAB. Injurious villains, thieves, runagates,
How dare you thus abuse my majesty?

THER. Here, madam, you are empress; she is none.
[*Gives it to Zenocrate.*

TAMB. Not now, Theridamas; her time is past:
The pillars, that have bolster'd up those terms,
Are fain in clusters at my conquering feet.

ZAB. Though he be prisoner, he may be ransom'd.

TAMB. Not all the world shall ransom Bajazeth.

BAJ. Ah, fair Zabina! we have lost the field;

* *gat*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "got."

had the Turkish emperor
foil by any foreign foe.
ie Christian miscreants be glad,
th joy their superstitious bells,
g bonfires for my overthrow:
die, those foul idolaters
me bonfires with their filthy bones;
h the glory of this day be lost,
Afric and Greece have garrisons enough
To make me sovereign of the earth again.

TAMB. Those wallèd garrisons will I subdue,
And write myself great lord of Africa:
So from the East unto the furthest West
Shall Tamburlaine extend his puissant arm.
The galleys and those pilling * brigandines,
That yearly sail to the Venetian gulf,
And hover in the Straits for Christians' wrack,
Shall lie at anchor in the isle Asant,
Until the Persian fleet and men-of-war,
Sailing along the oriental sea,
Have fetch'd about the Indian continent,
Even from Persepolis to Mexico,
And thence unto the Straits of Gibraltar †;
Where they shall meet and join their force in one,
Keeping in awe the Bay of Portingale,
And all the ocean by the British ‡ shore;

* *pilling*] i. e. plundering.

† *Gibraltar*] Here the old eds. "Jubalter:" but in the *Sec. Part* of this play, act i. sc. 3, they have "Gibralter."

‡ *British*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "brightest."

And by this means I'll win the world at l
BAJ. Yet set a ransom on me, Tambur
TAMB. What, think'st thou, Tamburl
thy gold?
I'll make the kings of India, ere I die,
Offer their mines, to sue for peace, to m
And dig for treasure to appease my wrat
Come, bind them both, and one lead in th
The Turkess let my love's maid lead away.
[*They bind them.*
BAJ. Ah, villains, dare you touch my sacred arms?—
O Mahomet! O sleepy Mahomet!
ZAB. O cursèd Mahomet, that mak'st us thus
The slaves to Scythians rude and barbarous!
TAMB. Come, bring them in; and for this happy conquest
Triumph, and solemnize a martial* feast. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter the SOLDAN *of* EGYPT, CAPOLIN, LORDS, *and a* MESSENGER.

SOLD. Awake, ye men of Memphis! hear the clang
Of Scythian trumpets; hear the basilisks†,
That, roaring, shake Damascus' turrets down!

* *martial*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "materiall."

† *basilisks*] Pieces of ordnance so called. They were of immense size; see Douce's *Illust. of Shakespeare*, i. 425.

olga holds Zenocrate,
ughter, for his concubine,
op of thieves and vagabonds,
s colours to our high disgrace,
t-hearted base Egyptians,
on the flowery banks of Nile,
hat unaffrighted rest,
While thundering cannons rattle on their skins.

MESS. Nay, mighty Soldan, did your greatness see
The frowning looks of fiery Tamburlaine,
That with his terror and imperious eyes
Commands the hearts of his associates,
It might amaze your royal majesty.

SOLD. Villain, I tell thee, were that Tamburlaine
As monstrous* as Gorgon prince of hell,
The Soldan would not start a foot from him.
But speak, what power hath he?

MESS. Mighty lord,
Three hundred thousand men in armour clad,
Upon their prancing steeds, disdainfully
With wanton paces trampling on the ground;
Five hundred thousand footmen threatening shot,
Shaking their swords, their spears, and iron bills,
Environing their standard round, that stood
As bristle-pointed as a thorny wood;
Their warlike engines and munition
Exceed the forces of their martial men.

SOLD. Nay, could their numbers countervail the stars,

* *monstrous*] To be read as a trisyllable.

Or ever-drizzling * drops of April sho
Or wither'd leaves that Autumn shak
Yet would the Soldan by his conquer
So scatter and consume them in his ra
That not a man should † live to rue t
CAPO. So might your highness, had
Your fighting men, and raise your roy
But Tamburlaine by expedition
Advantage takes of your unreadiness.
SOLD. Let him take all th' advantages he can:
Were all the world conspir'd to fight for him,
Nay, were he devil ‡, as he is no man,
Yet in revenge of fair Zenocrate,
Whom he detaineth in despite of us,
This arm should send him down to Erebus,
To shroud his shame in darkness of the night.
MESS. Pleaseth your mightiness to understand,
His resolution far exceedeth all.
The first day when he pitcheth down his tents,
White is their hue, and on his silver crest
A snowy feather spangled white he bears,
To signify the mildness of his mind,
That, satiate with spoil, refuseth blood:
But, when Aurora mounts the second time,
As red as scarlet is his furniture;
Then must his kindled wrath be quench'd with blood,
Not sparing any that can manage arms:

* *Or ever-drizzling*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "*Or drisling.*"
† *should*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "shal."
‡ *he devil*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*he* the *deuill.*"

hreats move not submission,
colours, black pavilion;
shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
hers, menace death and hell;
ct of sex, degree, or age,
his foes with fire and sword.
ciless villain, peasant, ignorant
Of lawful arms or martial discipline!
Pillage and murder are his usual trades:
The slave usurps the glorious name of war.
See, Capolin, the fair Arabian king*,
That hath been disappointed by this slave
Of my fair daughter and his princely love,
May have fresh warning to go war with us,
And be reveng'd for her disparagement. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Enter Tamburlaine, Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane, Zenocrate, Anippe, *two Moors drawing* Bajazeth *in a cage, and* Zabina *following him.*

Tamb. Bring out my footstool.

[*They take Bajazeth out of the cage.*

Baj. Ye holy priests of heavenly Mahomet,
That, sacrificing, slice and cut your flesh,
Staining his altars with your purple blood,
Make Heaven to frown, and every fixèd star

* *Arabian king*] Scil. Alcidamus; see p. 22, l. 18.

To suck up poison from the moorish fen,
And pour it * in this glorious tyrant's throat.

TAMB. The chiefest god, first mover of that sphere
Enchas'd with thousands ever-shining lamps,
Will sooner burn the glorious frame of heaven,
Than it should † so conspire my overthrow.
But, villain, thou that wishest this ‡ to me,
Fall prostrate on the low disdainful earth,
And be the footstool of great Tamburlaine,
That I may rise into § my royal throne.

BAJ. First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy sword,
And sacrifice my soul || to death and hell,
Before I yield to such a slavery.

TAMB. Base villain, vassal, slave to Tamburlaine,
Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground,
That bears the honour of my royal weight;
Stoop, villain, stoop! stoop ¶; for so he bids
That may command thee piecemeal to be torn,
Or scatter'd like the lofty cedar-trees
Strook with the voice of thundering Jupiter.

BAJ. Then, as I look down to the damnèd fiends,
Fiends, look on me! and thou, dread god of hell,
With ebon sceptre strike this hateful earth,
And make it swallow both of us at once!

[*Tamburlaine gets up on him into his chair.*

* *it*] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.
† *it should*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "*should it.*"
‡ *this*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "it."
§ *into*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "vnto."
|| *soul*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "heart."
¶ *stoop*] Qy. "*stoop*, stoop"?

clear the triple region of the air,
esty of Heaven behold
d terror tread on emperors.
reign'd at my nativity,
ghtness of their * neighbour lamps;
w light of Cynthia!
t lamp of all the earth,
First rising in the east with mild aspèct,
But fixèd now in the meridian line,
Will send up fire to your turning spheres,
And cause the sun to borrow light of you.
My sword strook fire from his coat of steel,
Even in Bithynia, when I took this Turk;
As when a fiery exhalation,
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud,
Fighting for passage, make[s] the welkin crack,
And casts a flash of lightning to † the earth:
But, ere I march to wealthy Persia,
Or leave Damascus and th' Egyptian fields,
As was the fame of Clymene's brain-sick son,
That almost brent ‡ the axle-tree of heaven,
So shall our swords, our lances, and our shot
Fill all the air with fiery meteors;
Then, when the sky shall wax as red as blood,
It shall be said I made it red myself,
To make me think of nought but blood and war.

* *their*] Qy. " your"? see tenth line of the speech.
† *to*] So the 8vo.—The 4to " on."
‡ *brent*] i. e. burnt. So the 8vo.—The 4to " burnt."

ZAB. Unworthy king, that by thy cru
Unlawfully usurp'st the Persian seat,
Dar'st thou, that never saw an emperor
Before thou met my husband in the field
Being thy captive, thus abuse his state,
Keeping his kingly body in a cage,
That roofs of gold and sun-bright palace
Should have prepar'd to entertain his gr
And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,
Whose feet the kings * of Africa have kiss'd?

TECH. You must devise some torment worse, my lord,
To make these captives rein their lavish tongues.

TAMB. Zenocrate, look better to your slave.

ZENO. She is my handmaid's slave, and she shall look
That these abuses flow not from † her tongue.—
Chide her, Anippe.

ANIP. Let these be warnings, then, for you, ‡, my slave,
How you abuse the person of the king;
Or else I swear to have you whipt stark-naked.

BAJ. Great Tamburlaine, great in my overthrow,
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low,
For treading on the back of Bajazeth,
That should be horséd on four mighty kings.

* *kings*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "king."
† *from*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "in."
‡ *then, for you*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "*for you then.*"

[illegible]hy names, and titles, and thy dignities *
[illegible]om Bajazeth, and remain with me,
[illegible]aintain it against a world of kings.—
[illegible] again. [*They put him into the caye.*
[illegible]this a place for mighty Bajazeth?
[illegible]ight on him that helps thee thus!
[illegible]here, whiles † he lives, shall Bajazeth be
[illegible]pt;
And, where I go, be thus in triumph drawn;
And thou, his wife, shalt ‡ feed him with the scraps
My servitors shall bring thee from my board;
For he that gives him other food than this,
Shall sit by him, and starve to death himself:
This is my mind, and I will have it so.
Not all the kings and emperors of the earth,
If they would lay their crowns before my feet,
Shall ransom him, or take him from his cage:
The ages that shall talk of Tamburlaine,
Even from this day to Plato's wondrous year,
Shall talk how I have handled Bajazeth:
These Moors, that drew him from Bithynia
To fair Damascus, where we now remain,
Shall lead him with us wheresoe'er we go.
Techelles, and my loving followers,
Now may we see Damascus' lofty towers,
Like to the shadows of Pyramides,
That with their beauties grace § the Memphian fields.

* *dignities*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "dignitie."
† *whiles*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "while."
‡ *shalt*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "shal."
§ *grace*] Old eds. "grac'd."

The golden stature * of their feather'd bird, †
That spreads her wings upon the city-walls,
Shall not defend it from our battering shot:
The townsmen masque in silk and cloth of gold,
And every house is as a treasury;
The men, the treasure, and the town are ‡ ours.

THER. Your tents of white now pitch'd before the gates,
And gentle flags of amity display'd,
I doubt not but the governor will yield,
Offering Damascus to your majesty.

TAMB. So shall he have his life, and all the rest:
But, if he stay until the bloody flag
Be once advanc'd on my vermillion tent,
He dies, and those that kept us out so long.

* *stature*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "statue:" but again, in the *Second Part* of this play, act ii. sc. 4, we have, according to the 8vo—

"And here will I set up her *stature*."

and, among many passages that might be cited from our early authors, compare the following;

"The *Statures* huge, of Porphyrie and costlier matters made."
Warner's *Albions England*, p. 303. ed. 1596.

"By them shal Isis *stature* gently stand."
Chapman's *Blind Begger of Alexandria*, 1598, sig. A 3.

"Was not Anubis with his long nose of gold preferred before Neptune, whose *stature* was but brasse?" Lyly's *Midas*, sig. A 2. ed. 1592.

† *bird*] i. e. the ibis.

‡ *are*] Old eds. "is."

And, when they see me march in black array,
With mournful streamers hanging down their heads,
Were in that city all the world contain'd,
Not one should scape, but perish by our swords.

ZENO. Yet would you have some pity for my sake,
Because it is my country's and my father's.

TAMB. Not for the world, Zenocrate, if I have sworn.—
Come; bring in the Turk. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter SOLDAN, KING *of* ARABIA*, CAPOLIN, *and, Soldiers, with streaming colours.*

SOLD. Methinks, we march as Meleager did,
Environèd with brave Argolian knights,
To chase the savage Calydonian† boar,
Or Cephalus, with lusty ‡ Theban youths,
Against the wolf that angry Themis sent
To waste and spoil the sweet Aonian fields.
A monster of five hundred thousand heads,
Compact of rapine, piracy, and spoil,
The scum of men, the hate and scourge of God,
Raves in Ægyptia, and annoyeth us:
My lord, it is the bloody Tamburlaine,

* *King of Arabia*] i. e. Alcidamus; see p. 22. l. 18.
† *Calydonian*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Calcedonian."
‡ *lusty*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

A sturdy felon, and * a base-bred thief
By murder raisèd to the Persian crown
That dare control us in our territories,
To tame the pride of this presumptuous
Join your Arabians with the Soldan's
Let us unite our royal bands in one,
And hasten to remove Damascus' siege.
It is a blemish to the majesty
And high estate of mighty emperors,
That such a base usurping vagabond
Should brave a king, or wear a princely crown.

K. of Ar. Renowmèd † Soldan, have you lately heard
The overthrow of mighty Bajazeth
About the confines of Bithynia?
The slavery wherewith he persecutes
The noble Turk and his great emperess?

Sold. I have, and sorrow for his bad success;
But, noble lord of great Arabia,
Be so persuaded that the Soldan is
No more dismay'd with tidings of his fall,
Than in the haven when the pilot stands,
And views a stranger's ship rent in the winds,
And shiverèd against a craggy rock:
Yet in compassion of his wretched state,
A sacred vow to Heaven and him I make,

* *and*] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.

† *Renowmèd*] See note, p. 27. So the 8vo.—The 4to "Renowned."

Confirming it with Ibis' holy name*,
That Tamburlaine shall rue the day, the † hour,
Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong
Unto the hallow'd person of a prince,
Or kept the fair Zenocrate so long,
As concubine, I fear, to feed his lust.

K. OF AR. Let grief and fury hasten on revenge;
Let Tamburlaine for his offences feel
Such plagues as Heaven and we can pour on him:
I long to break my spear upon his crest,
And prove the weight of his victorious arm;
For fame, I fear, hath been too prodigal
In sounding through the world his partial praise.

SOLD. Capolin, hast thou survey'd our powers?

CAPOL. Great emperors of Egypt and Arabia,
The number of your hosts united is,
A hundred and fifty thousand horse,

* *Ibis' holy name*] The ibis has been already alluded to in these lines (at p. 80),—

> "The golden stature of their feather'd bird,
> That spreads her wings upon the city-walls";

and it is well known to have been a sacred bird among the Egyptians (see Cicero *De Nat. Deorum*, I. 36). Compare the old play of *The Taming of a Shrew* (which there are grounds for believing to be the work of Marlowe);

> "Father, *I sweare by Ibis' golden beake*,
> More faire and radiente is my bonie Kate
> Then siluer Zanthus," &c. p. 22. ed. Shakespeare Soc.

In the passage of our text the modern editors substitute "Isis'" for "*Ibis'*."

† *the*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "and."

Two hundred thousand foot, brave men at arms
Courageous and * full of hardiness,
As frolic as the hunters in the chase
Of savage beasts amid the desert woods.

K. of Ar. My mind presageth fortunate success;
And, Tamburlaine, my spirit doth foresee
The utter ruin of thy men and thee.

Sold. Then rear your standards; let your sounding drums
Direct our soldiers to Damascus' walls.—
Now, Tamburlaine, the mighty Soldan comes,
And leads with him the great Arabian king,
To dim thy baseness and † obscurity,
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoil;
To raze and scatter thy inglorious crew
Of Scythians and slavish Persians. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A banquet set out; and to it come Tamburlaine *all in scarlet*, Zenocrate, Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane, Bajazeth *drawn in his cage*, Zabina, *and others.*

Tamb. Now hang our bloody colours by Damascus,
Reflexing hues of blood upon their heads,
While they walk quivering on their city-walls,
Half dead for fear before they feel my wrath.
Then let us freely banquet, and carouse

* *and*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

† *thy baseness and*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the *basnesse* of."

Full bowls of wine unto the god of war,
That means to fill your helmets full of gold,
And make Damascus' spoils as rich to you
As was to Jason Colchos' golden fleece.—
And now, Bajazeth, hast thou any stomach?

BAJ. Ay, such a stomach, cruel Tamburlaine, as I could willingly feed upon thy blood-raw heart.

TAMB. Nay, thine own is easier to come by: pluck out that; and 'twill serve thee and thy wife.—Well, Zenocrate, Techelles, and the rest, fall to your victuals.

BAJ. Fall to, and never may your meat digest!—
Ye Furies, that can mask * invisible,
Dive to the bottom of Avernus' pool,
And in your hands bring hellish poison up,
And squeeze it in the cup of Tamburlaine!
Or, wingèd snakes of Lerna, cast your stings,
And leave your venoms in this tyrant's dish!

ZAB. And may this banquet prove as ominous
As Progne's to th' adulterous Thracian king
That fed upon the substance of his child!

ZENO. My lord†, how can you suffer these
Outrageous curses by these slaves of yours?

TAMB. To let them see, divine Zenocrate,
I glory in the curses of my foes,
Having the power from the empyreal heaven
To turn them all upon their proper heads.

* *mask*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "walke."

† *My lord*, &c.] A word has dropt out: qy. "tamely *suffer*"?

TECH. I pray you, give them leave, madam; this speech is a goodly refreshing for them*.

THER. But, if his highness would let them be fed, it would do them more good.

TAMB. Sirrah, why fall you not to? are you so daintily brought up, you cannot eat your own flesh?

BAJ. First, legions of devils shall tear thee in pieces.

USUM. Villain, knowest thou to whom thou speakest?

TAMB. Oh, let him alone.—Here†; eat, sir; take it from‡ my sword's point, or I'll thrust it to thy heart. [*Bajazeth takes the food, and stamps upon it.*

THER. He stamps it under his feet, my lord.

TAMB. Take it up, villain, and eat it; or I will make thee slice § the brawns of thy arms into carbonadoes and eat them.

USUM. Nay, 'twere better he killed his wife, and then she shall be sure not to be starved, and he be provided for a month's victual beforehand.

TAMB. Here is my dagger: despatch her while she is fat; for, if she live but a while longer, she will fall‖ into a consumption with fretting, and then she will not be worth the eating.

* *a goodly refreshing for them*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*a* good *refreshing* to *them.*"

† *Here*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "there."

‡ *it from*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*it* vp *from.*"

§ *slice*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "fleece."

‖ *will fall*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*will* not *fall.*"

THER. Dost thou think that Mahomet will suffer this?

TECH. 'Tis like he will, when he cannot let* it.

TAMB. Go to; fall to your meat. What, not a bit!—Belike he hath not been watered to-day: give him some drink.

[*They give him water to drink, and he flings it on the ground.*

Fast, and welcome, sir, while† hunger make you eat.—How now, Zenocrate? doth not the Turk and his wife make a goodly show at a banquet?

ZENO. Yes, my lord.

THER. Methinks 'tis a great deal better than a consort‡ of music.

TAMB. Yet music would do well to cheer up Zenocrate. Pray thee, tell, why art thou so sad? if thou wilt have a song, the Turk shall strain his voice: but why is it?

ZENO. My lord, to see my father's town besieg'd,
The country wasted where myself was born
How can it but afflict my very soul?
If any love remain in you, my lord,
Or if my love unto your majesty
May merit favour at your highness' hands,
Then raise your siege from fair Damascus' walls,
And with my father take a friendly truce.

TAMB. Zenocrate, were Egypt Jove's own land,

* *let*] i. e. hinder.
† *while*] i. e. until.
‡ *consort*] i. e. band.

Yet would I with my sword make Jove to stoop.
I will confute those blind geographers
That make a triple region in the world,
Excluding regions which I mean to trace,
And with this pen* reduce them to a map,
Calling the provinces, cities, and towns,
After my name and thine, Zenocrate:
Here at Damascus will I make the point
That shall begin the perpendicular:
And wouldst thou have me buy thy father's love
With such a loss? tell me, Zenocrate.

ZENO. Honour still wait on happy Tamburlaine!
Yet give me leave to plead for him, my lord.

TAMB. Content thyself: his person shall be safe,
And all the friends of fair Zenocrate,
If with their lives they will be pleas'd to yield,
Or may be forc'd to make me emperor;
For Egypt and Arabia must be mine.—
Feed, you slave; thou mayest think thyself happy to be fed from my trencher.

BAJ. My empty stomach, full of idle heat,
Draws bloody humours from my feeble parts,
Preserving life by hastening† cruel death.
My veins are pale; my sinews hard and dry;
My joints benumb'd; unless I eat, I die.

ZAB. Eat, Bajazeth; let us live in spite of them, looking some happy power will pity and enlarge us.

* *pen*] i. e. his sword.
† *hastening*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "hasting."

TAMB. Here, Turk; wilt thou have a clean trencher?

BAJ. Ay, tyrant, and more meat.

TAMB. Soft, sir; you must be dieted; too much eating will make you surfeit.

THER. So it would, my lord, 'specially* having so small a walk and so little exercise.

[*A second course is brought in of crowns.*

TAMB. Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane, here are the cates you desire to finger, are they not?

THER. Ay, my lord: but none save kings must feed with these.

TECH. 'Tis enough for us to see them, and for Tamburlaine only to enjoy them.

TAMB. Well; here is now to the Soldan of Egypt, the King of Arabia, and the Governor of Damascus. Now, take these three crowns, and pledge me, my contributory kings. I crown you here, Theridamas, king of Argier; Techelles, king of Fez; and Usumcasane, king of Morocco†.—How say you to this, Turk? these are not your contributory kings.

BAJ. Nor shall they long be thine, I warrant them.

TAMB. Kings of Argier, Morocco, and of Fez,
You that have march'd with happy Tamburlaine
As far as from the frozen place of heaven
Unto the watery Morning's ruddy bower,
And thence by land unto the torrid zone,

* *'specially*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "especially."

† *Morocco*] Here and in the next speech the old eds. have "Morocus" and "Moroccus:" but see note, p. 63.

Deserve these titles I endow you with
By valour* and by magnanimity.
Your births shall be no blemish to your fame;
For virtue is the fount whence honour springs,
And they are worthy she investeth kings.

THER. And, since your highness hath so well vouchsaf'd,
If we deserve them not with higher meeds
Than erst our states and actions have retain'd,
Take them away again†, and make us slaves.

TAMB. Well said, Theridamas: when holy Fates
Shall stablish me in strong Ægyptia,
We mean to travel to th' antarctic pole,
Conquering the people underneath our feet,
And be renowm'd‡ as never emperors were.—
Zenocrate, I will not crown thee yet,
Until with greater honours I be grac'd. [*Exeunt.*

* *valour*] Old eds. "value."

† *again*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

‡ *renowm'd*] See note, p. 27. So the 8vo.—The 4to "renown'd."

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter the GOVERNOR *of* DAMASCUS‡, *with three or four* CITIZENS, *and four* VIRGINS *with branches of laurel in their hands.*

Gov. Still doth this man, or rather god of war,
Batter our walls and beat our turrets down;
And to resist with longer stubbornness,
Or hope of rescue from the Soldan's power,
Were but to bring our wilful overthrow,
And make us desperate of our threaten'd lives.
We see his tents have now been alterèd
With terrors to the last and cruel'st hue;
His coal-black colours, every where advanc'd,
Threaten our city with a general spoil;
And, if we should with common rites of arms
Offer our safeties to his clemency,
I fear the custom proper to his sword,
Which he observes as parcel of his fame,
Intending so to terrify the world,
By any innovation or remorse†
Will never be dispens'd with till our deaths.
Therefore, for these our harmless virgins' sakes§,
Whose honours and whose lives rely on him,

‡ *Damascus*] Both the old eds. here "Damasco:" but in many other places they agree in reading "Damascus."

† *remorse*] i. e. pity.

§ *sakes*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "sake."

Let us have hope that their unspotted prayers,
Their blubber'd* cheeks, and hearty, humble moans,
Will melt his fury into some remorse,
And use us like a loving conqueror†.

First Virg. If humble suits or imprecations
(Utter'd with tears of wretchedness and blood
Shed from the heads and hearts of all our sex,
Some made your wives, and some your children,)
Might have entreated your obdurate breasts
To entertain some care‡ of our securities
Whiles only danger beat upon our walls,
These more than dangerous warrants of our death
Had never been erected as they be,
Nor you depend on such weak helps§ as we.

Gov. Well, lovely virgins, think our country's care,
Our love of honour, loath to be inthrall'd
To foreign powers and rough imperious yokes,
Would not with too much cowardice or‖ fear,
Before all hope of rescue were denied,
Submit yourselves and us to servitude.
Therefore, in that your safeties and our own,
Your honours, liberties, and lives were weigh'd
In equal care and balance with our own,

* *blubber'd*] That this word formerly conveyed no ludicrous idea, appears from many passages of our early writers.

† *And use us like a loving conqueror*] "i. e. And that he will use us like, &c." *Ed.* 1826.

‡ *care*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "cares."

§ *helps*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "help."

‖ *or*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "for."

Endure as we the malice of our stars,
The wrath of Tamburlaine and power* of wars;
Or be the means the overweighing Heavens
Have kept to qualify these hot extremes,
And bring us pardon in your cheerful looks.

SEC. VIRG. Then here, before the Majesty of Heaven

And holy patrons of Ægyptia,
With knees and hearts submissive we entreat
Grace to our words and pity to our looks,
That this device may prove propitious,
And through the eyes and ears of Tamburlaine
Convey events of mercy to his heart;
Grant that these signs of victory we yield
May bind the temples of his conquering head,
To hide the folded furrows of his brows,
And shadow his displeased countenance
With happy looks of ruth and lenity.
Leave us, my lord, and loving countrymen:
What simple virgins may persuade, we will.

GOV. Farewell, sweet virgins, on whose safe return

Depends our city, liberty, and lives.

[*Exeunt all, except the Virgins.*

* *power*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "powers."

Enter TAMBURLAINE, *all in black and very melancholy*, TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, *with others.*

TAMB. What, are the turtles fray'd out of their nests?
Alas, poor fools, must you be first shall feel
The sworn destruction of Damascus?
They knew* my custom; could they not as well
Have sent ye out, when first my milk-white flags,
Through which sweet Mercy threw her gentle beams,
Reflexed† them on your‡ disdainful eyes,
As§ now, when fury and incensèd hate
Flings slaughtering terror from my coal-black tents‖,
And tells for truth submission¶ comes too late?

FIRST VIRG. Most happy king and emperor of the earth,
Image of honour and nobility,
For whom the powers divine have made the world,
And on whose throne the holy Graces sit;
In whose sweet person is compris'd the sum
Of Nature's skill and heavenly majesty;
Pity our plights! oh, pity poor Damascus!
Pity old age, within whose silver hairs
Honour and reverence evermore have reign'd!

* *knew*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "know."
† *Reflexed*] Old eds. "Reflexing."
‡ *your*] Qy. "their"?
§ *As*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "And."
‖ *tents*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "tent."
¶ *submission*] Old eds. "submissions."

Pity the marriage-bed, where many a lord
In prime and glory of his loving joy
Embraceth now with tears of ruth and* blood
The jealous body of his fearful wife,
Whose cheeks and hearts, so punish'd with conceit†
To think thy puissant never-stayèd arm
Will part their bodies, and prevent their souls
From heavens of comfort yet their age might bear,
Now wax all pale and wither'd to the death,
As well for grief our ruthless governor
Hath‡ thus refus'd the mercy of thy hand,
(Whose sceptre angels kiss and Furies dread,)
As for their liberties, their loves, or lives!
Oh, then, for these, and such as we ourselves,
For us, for infants, and for all our bloods,
That never nourish'd§ thought against thy rule,
Pity, oh, pity, sacred emperor,
The prostrate service of this wretched town;
And take in sign thereof this gilded wreath,
Whereto each man of rule hath given his hand,
And wish'd‖, as worthy subjects, happy means
To be investers of thy royal brows
Even with the true Egyptian diadem!

TAMB. Virgins, in vain you labour to prevent
That which mine honour swears shall be perform'd.

* *of ruth and*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*and ruth of.*"
† *conceit*] See note, p. 55.
‡ *Hath*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "Haue."
§ *nourish'd*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "nourish."
‖ *wish'd*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "wish."

Behold my sword; what see you at the point?

FIRST VIRG. Nothing but fear and fatal steel, my lord.

TAMB. Your fearful minds are thick and misty, then,
For there sits Death; there sits imperious* Death,
Keeping his circuit by the slicing edge.
But I am pleas'd you shall not see him there;
He now is seated on my horsemen's spears,
And on their points his fleshless body feeds.—
Techelles, straight go charge a few of them
To charge these dames, and shew my servant Death,
Sitting in scarlet on their armèd spears.

VIRGINS. Oh, pity us!

TAMB. Away with them, I say, and shew them Death! [*The Virgins are taken out by* TECHELLES *and others.*
I will not spare these proud Egyptians,
Nor change my martial observations
For all the wealth of Gihon's golden waves,
Or for the love of Venus, would she leave
The angry god of arms and lie with me.
They have refus'd the offer of their lives,
And know my customs are as peremptory
As wrathful planets, death, or destiny.

Re-enter TECHELLES.

What, have your horsemen shown the virgins Death?

* *imperious*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "imprecious."

TECH. They have, my lord, and on Damascus' walls
Have hoisted up their slaughter'd carcasses.

TAMB. A sight as baneful to their souls, I think,
As are Thessalian drugs or mithridate:
But go, my lords, put the rest to the sword.
[*Exeunt all except* Tamburlaine.
Ah, fair Zenocrate!—divine Zenocrate!
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,—
That in thy passion* for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,
With hair dishevell'd wip'st thy watery cheeks;
And, like to Flora in her morning's pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
Rain'st on the earth resolvèd† pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits,
And comments volumes with her ivory pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes;
Eyes, when that Ebena steps to heaven,‡
In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,
Making the mantle of the richest night,
The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light;
There angels in their crystal armours fight‖
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts
For Egypt's freedom and the Soldan's life,

* *passion*] i. e. sorrow.

† *resolvèd*] i. e. dissolved.

‡ *Eyes, when that Ebena steps to heaven*, &c.] There is some corruption in this passage. Does "*Ebena*" mean—Darkness?

‖ *fight*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "fights."

His life that so consumes Zenocrate?
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,
Than all my army to Damascus' walls;
And neither Persia's† sovereign nor the Turk
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil
So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admirèd themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still‡
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least
Which into words no virtue can digest.
But how unseemly is it for my sex,
My discipline of arms and chivalry,
My nature, and the terror of my name,
To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint!
Save only that in beauty's just applause,
With whose instinct the soul of man is touch'd;
And every warrior that is rapt with love
Of fame, of valour, and of victory,

† *Persia's*] Old eds. "Perseans," and "Persians."
‡ *still*] i. e. distil.

Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits:
I thus conceiving and subduing both,
That which hath stopt the tempest of the gods,*
Even from the fiery-spangled† veil of heaven,
To feel the lovely warmth of shepherds' flames,
And mask‡ in cottages§ of strowèd weeds,
Shall give the world to note, for all my birth,
That virtue solely is the sum of glory,
And fashions men with true nobility.—
Who's within there?

* *gods*] "A line appears to have been omitted in both the old copies, after the word 'gods.' The reader will easily supply the sense." *Ed.* 1826.—"I would read as follows:—

'Save only that in beauty's just applause,
With whose instinct the soul of man is touch'd,
That which hath stopt the tempest of the gods,
Even from the fiery-spangled veil of heaven,
To feel the lovely warmth of shepherds' flames,
And march in cottages of strowèd weeds,
And every warrior that is rapt with love
Of fame, of valour, and of victory,
Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits:
I, thus conceiving, and subduing both,
Shall give the world to note, for all my birth,
That virtue solely is the sum of glory,' &c.

The editor [of 1826] says, 'A line appears to have been omitted in both the old copies after the word 'gods.' The reader will easily supply the sense.' If my reading is right, there appears to be no omission of lines, or defect in the sense." *J. M.* in *Gent. Mag.* for Jan. 1841.

† *fiery-spangled*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*spangled firie.*"

‡ *mask*] Is surely the right reading.—The 8vo has "martch," the 4to "march."

§ *cottages*] So the 8vo,—The 4to "coatches."

Enter Attendants.

Hath Bajazeth been fed to-day?

ATTEND‖. Ay, my lord.

TAMB. Bring him forth; and let us know if the town be ransacked. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, *and others.*

TECH. The town is ours, my lord, and fresh supply
Of conquest and of spoil is offer'd us.

TAMB. That's well, Techelles. What's the news?

TECH. The Soldan and the Arabian king together
March on us with‡ such eager violence,
As if there were no way but one with us§.

TAMB. No more there is not, I warrant thee, Techelles.

Attendants bring in BAJAZETH *in his cage, followed by* ZABINA. *Exeunt Attendants.*

THER. We know the victory is ours, my lord;

‖ *Attend.*] Old eds. "An." (a misprint probably), which the modern editors understand as "Anippe" (the waiting-maid of Zenocrate).

‡ *March on us with*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "Martcht *on* with *vs with.*"

§ *As if there were no way but one with us*] i. e. as if we were to lose our lives. This phrase, which is common in our early writers, was not obsolete in Dryden's time: "for, if he heard the malicious trumpeter proclaiming his name before his betters, he knew *there was but one way with him.*" Preface to *All for Love.*

But let us save the reverend Soldan's life,
For fair Zenocrate that so laments his state.

TAMB. That will we chiefly see unto, Theridamas,
For sweet Zenocrate, whose worthiness
Deserves a conquest over every heart.—
And now, my footstool, if I lose the field,
You hope of liberty and restitution?—
Here let him stay, my masters, from the tents,
Till we have made us ready for the field.—
Pray for us, Bajazeth; we are going.

[*Exeunt all except* BAJAZETH *and* ZABINA.

BAJ. Go, never to return with victory!
Millions of men encompass thee about,
And gore thy body with as many wounds!
Sharp forkèd arrows light upon thy horse!
Furies from the black Cocytus' lake,
Break up the earth, and with their fire-brands
Enforce thee run upon the baneful pikes!
Vollies of shot pierce through thy charmèd skin,
And every bullet dipt in poison'd drugs!
Or roaring cannons sever all thy joints,
Making thee mount as high as eagles soar!

ZAB. Let all the swords and lances in the field
Stick in his breast as in their proper rooms!
At every pore* let blood come dropping forth,
That lingering pains may massacre his heart,
And madness send his damnèd soul to hell!

BAJ. Ah, fair Zabina! we may curse his power,

* *pore*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "dore."

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The Heavens may frown, the earth for anger quake;
But such a star hath influence in* his sword,
As rules the skies and countermands the gods,
More than Cimmerian Styx or Destiny:
And then shall we in this detested guise,
With shame, with hunger, and with horror stay†,
Griping our bowels with retorquèd‡ thoughts,
And have no hope to end our extasies.

ZAB. Then is there left no Mahomet, no God,
No fiend, no fortune, nor no hope of end
To our infàmous, monstrous slaveries.
Gape, earth, and let the fiends infernal view
A‖ hell as hopeless and as full of fear
As are the blasted banks of Erebus,
Where shaking ghosts with ever-howling groans
Hover about the ugly ferryman,
To get a passage to Elysium¶!
Why should we live?—Oh, wretches, beggars, slaves!—
Why live we, Bajazeth, and build up nests
So high within the region of the air,
By living long in this oppression,
That all the world will see and laugh to scorn
The former triumphs of our mightiness
In this obscure infernal servitude?

* *in*] Qy. "on"?

† *stay*] Old eds. "aie" and "aye."

‡ *retorquèd*] i. e. bent back in reflections on our former happiness. So the 8vo.—The 4to "retortued."

‖ *A*] Old eds. "As."

¶ *Elysium*] Old eds. "Elisian."

BAJ. O life, more loathsome to my vexèd thoughts
Than noisome parbreak* of the Stygian snakes,
Which fills the nooks of hell with standing air,
Infecting all the ghosts with cureless griefs!
O dreary engines of my loathèd sight,
That see† my crown, my honour, and my name
Thrust under yoke and thraldom of a thief,
Why feed ye still on day's accursèd beams,
And sink not quite into my tortur'd soul?
You see my wife, my queen, and emperess,
Brought up and proppèd by the hand of Fame,
Queen of fifteen contributory queens,
Now thrown to rooms of black abjection‡,
Smearèd with blots of basest drudgery,
And villainess§ to shame, disdain, and misery.
Accursèd Bajazeth, whose words of ruth‖,
That would with pity cheer Zabina's heart,
And make our souls resolve¶ in ceaseless tears,
Sharp hunger bites upon and gripes the root,
From whence the issues of my thoughts do break!
O poor Zabina! O my queen, my queen!
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,
To cool and comfort me with longer date,
That, in the shorten'd sequel of my life,

* *parbreak*] i. e. vomit.
† *see*] Old eds. "sees."
‡ *abjection*] Old eds. "obiection."
§ *villainess*] i. e. servant, slave.
‖ *ruth*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "truth."
¶ *resolve*] i. e. dissolve.

I may pour forth my soul into thine arms
With words of love, whose moaning intercourse
Hath hitherto been stay'd with wrath and hate
Of our expressless bann'd* inflictions.

ZAB. Sweet Bajazeth, I will prolong thy life,
As long as any blood or spark of breath
Can quench or cool the torments of my grief. [*Exit.*

BAJ. Now, Bajazeth, abridge thy baneful days,
And beat thy† brains out of thy conquer'd head,
Since other means are all forbidden me,
That may be ministers of my decay.
O highest lamp of ever-living‡ Jove,
Accursèd day, infected with my griefs,
Hide now thy stainèd face in endless night,
And shut the windows of the lightsome heavens!
Let ugly Darkness with her rusty coach,
Engirt with tempests, wrapt in pitchy clouds,
Smother the earth with never-fading mists,
And let her horses from their nostrils breathe
Rebellious winds and dreadful thunder-claps,
That in this terror Tamburlaine may live,
And my pin'd soul, resolv'd in liquid air,
May still excruciate his tormented thoughts!
Then let the stony dart of senseless cold
Pierce through the centre of my wither'd heart,
And make a passage for my loathèd life!

[*He brains himself against the cage.*

* *bann'd*] i. e. cursed.

† *thy*] So the 4to.—The 8vo " thy."

‡ *ever-living*] So the 8vo.—The 4to " euerlasting."

Re-enter ZABINA.

ZAB: What do mine eyes behold? my husband dead!
His skull all riven in twain! his brains dash'd out,
The brains of Bajazeth, my lord and sovereign!
O Bajazeth, my husband and my lord!
O Bajazeth, O Turk, O emperor!
Give him his liquor? not I. Bring milk and fire, and my blood I bring him again.—Tear me in pieces,—give* me the sword with a ball of wild-fire upon it.—Down with him! down with him!—Go to my child; away, away, away! ah, save that infant! save him, save him!—I, even I, speak to her†.—The sun was down—streamers white, red, black—Here, here, here!—Fling the meat in his face—Tamburlaine, Tamburlaine!—Let the soldiers be buried.—Hell, death, Tamburlaine‡, hell!—Make ready my coach§, my chair, my jewels.—I come, I come, I come‖!

[*She runs against the cage, and brains herself.*

* *give*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "and *give*."

† *her*] Must mean Zenocrate, whom Zabina fancies herself to be addressing.

‡ *Let the soldiers be buried.—Hell, death, Tamburlaine*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to. (Where the modern editors got their reading, "*Let the soldiers be* cursed," I know not.)

§ *Make ready my coach*] Shakespeare seems to have remembered this passage when he made Ophelia say, "Come, my coach," &c. *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 5.

‖ *I come, I come, I come*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*I come, I come.*"

Enter ZENOCRATE *with* ANIPPE.

ZENO. Wretched Zenocrate! that liv'st to see
Damascus' walls dy'd with Egyptian* blood,
Thy father's subjects and thy countrymen;
The† streets strow'd with dissever'd joints of men,
And wounded bodies gasping yet for life;
But most accurs'd, to see the sun-bright troop
Of heavenly virgins and unspotted maids
(Whose looks might make the angry god of arms
To break his sword and mildly treat of love)
On horsemen's lances to be hoisted up,
And guiltlessly endure a cruel death;
For every fell and stout Tartarian steed,
That stamp'd on others with their thundering hoofs,
When all their riders charg'd their quivering spears,
Began to check the ground and rein themselves,
Gazing upon the beauty of their looks.
O Tamburlaine, wert thou the cause of this,
That term'st Zenocrate thy dearest love?
Whose lives were dearer to Zenocrate
Than her own life, or aught save thine own love.
But see, another bloody spectacle!
Ah, wretched eyes, the enemies of my heart,
How are ye glutted with these grievous objects,
And tell my soul more tales of bleeding ruth!—
See, see, Anippe, if they breathe or no.

* *Egyptian*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Egiptians."
† *The*] Old eds. "Thy."

ANIP. No breath, nor sense, nor motion, in them both:
Ah, madam, this their slavery hath enforc'd,
And ruthless cruelty of Tamburlaine!

ZENO. Earth, cast up fountains from thy* entrails,
And wet thy cheeks for their untimely deaths;
Shake with their weight in sign of fear and grief!
Blush, Heaven, that gave them honour at their birth,
And let them die a death so barbarous!
Those that are proud of fickle empery
And place their chiefest good in earthly pomp,
Behold the Turk and his great emperess!
Ah, Tamburlaine my love, sweet Tamburlaine,
That fight'st for sceptres and for slippery crowns,
Behold the Turk and his great emperess!
Thou that, in conduct of thy happy stars,
Sleep'st every night with conquest on thy brows,
And yet would'st shun the wavering turns of war,
In fear and feeling of the like distress
Behold the Turk and his great emperess!
Ah, mighty Jove and holy Mahomet,
Pardon my love! oh, pardon his contempt
Of earthly fortune and respect of pity;
And let not conquest, ruthlessly pursu'd,
Be equally against his life-incens'd
In this great Turk and hapless emperess!
And pardon me that was not mov'd with ruth
To see them live so long in misery!—

* *thy*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "thine."

Ah, what may chance to thee, Zenocrate?

ANIP. Madam, content yourself, and be resolv'd
Your love hath Fortune so at his command,
That she shall stay and turn her wheel no more,
As long as life maintains his mighty arm
That fights for honour to adorn your head.

Enter PHILEMUS.

ZENO. What other heavy news now brings Philemus?

PHIL. Madam, your father, and the Arabian king
The first affecter of your excellence,
Come* now, as Turnus 'gainst Æneas did,
Armèd† with lance into the Ægyptian fields,
Ready for battle 'gainst my lord the king.

ZENO. Now shame and duty, love and fear present‡
A thousand sorrows to my martyr'd soul.
Whom should I wish the fatal victory,
When my poor pleasures are divided thus,
And rack'd by duty from my cursèd heart?
My father and my first-betrothèd love
Must fight against my life and present love;
Wherein the change I use condemns my faith,
And makes my deeds infâmous through the world:
But, as the gods, to end the Trojans' toil,

* *Come*] Old eds. "Comes" and "Comep."
† *Armed*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Armes."
‡ *present*] Old eds. "presents."

Prevented Turnus of Lavinia;
And fatally enrich'd Æneas' love,
So, for a final* issue to my griefs,
To pacify my country and my love,
Must Tamburlaine by their resistless powers,
With virtue of a gentle victory,
Conclude a league of honour to my hope;
Then, as the powers divine have pre-ordain'd,
With happy safety of my father's life
Send like defence of fair Arabia.

[*They sound to the battle within; and Tamburlaine enjoys the victory: after which, the* KING OF ARABIA† *enters wounded.*

K. OF AR. What cursèd power guides the murdering hands
Of this infâmous tyrant's soldiers,
That no escape may save their enemies,
Nor fortune keep themselves from victory?
Lie down, Arabia, wounded to the death,
And let Zenocrate's fair eyes behold,
That, as for her thou bear'st these wretched arms,
Even so for her thou diest in these arms,
Leaving thy‡ blood for witness of thy love.

ZENO. Too dear a witness for such love, my lord!
Behold Zenocrate, the cursèd object
Whose fortunes never masterèd her griefs;

* *final*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "small."
† *King of Arabia*] i. e. Alcidamus; see p. 22. l. 18.
‡ *thy*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "my."

Behold her wounded in conceit* for thee,
As much as thy fair body is for me!

K. of Ar. Then shall I die with full contented heart,
Having beheld divine Zenocrate,
Whose sight with joy would take away my life
As now it bringeth sweetness to my wound,
If I had not been wounded as I am.
Ah, that the deadly pangs I suffer now
Would lend an hour's licence to my tongue,
To make discourse of some sweet accidents
Have chanc'd thy merits in this worthless bondage,
And that I might be privy to the state
Of thy deserv'd contentment and thy love!
But, making now a virtue of thy sight,
To drive all sorrow from my fainting soul,
Since death denies me further cause of joy,
Depriv'd of care, my heart with comfort dies,
Since thy desirèd hand shall close mine eyes. [*Dies.*

Re-enter Tamburlaine, *leading the* Soldan; Techelles, Theridamas, *with others.*

Tamb. Come, happy father of Zenocrate,
A title higher than thy Soldan's name.
Though my right hand have† thus enthrallèd thee,
Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free;
She that hath calm'd the fury of my sword,

* *conceit*] i. e. fancy.
† *have*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "hath."

Which had ere this been bath'd in streams of blood,
As vast and deep as Euphrates or Nile.

ZENO. Oh, sight thrice welcome to my joyful soul,
To see the king, my father, issue safe
From dangerous battle of my conquering love!

SOLD. Well met, my only dear Zenocrate,
Though with the loss of Egypt and my crown!

TAMB. 'Twas I, my lord, that gat the victory;
And therefore grieve not at your overthrow,
Since I shall render all into your hands,
And add more strength to your dominions
Than ever yet confirm'd the Egyptian crown.
The god of war resigns his room to me,
Meaning to make me general of the world:
Jove, viewing me in arms, looks pale and wan,
Fearing my power should * pull him from his throne:
Where'er I come the Fatal Sisters sweat †,
And grisly Death, by running to and fro,
To do their ceaseless homage to my sword:
And here in Afric, where it seldom rains,
Since I arriv'd with my triumphant host,
Have swelling clouds, drawn from wide-gaping ‡ wounds,
Been oft resolv'd § in bloody purple showers,
A meteor that might terrify the earth,

* *should*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "shall."
† *sweat*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "sweare."
‡ *wide-gaping*] Old eds. "*wide* gasping."
§ *resolv'd*] i. e. dissolved.

And make it quake at every drop it drinks:
Millions * of souls sit on the banks of Styx,
Waiting the back-return of Charon's boat;
Hell and Elysium † swarm with ghosts of men,
That I have sent from sundry foughten fields,
To spread my fame through hell and up to heaven:
And see, my lord, a sight of strange import,—
Emperors and kings lie breathless at my feet;
The Turk and his great emperess, as it seems,
Left to themselves while we were at the fight,
Have desperately despatch'd their slavish lives:
With them Arabia, too, hath left his life:
All sights of power to grace my victory;
And such are objects fit for Tamburlaine,
Wherein, as in a mirror, may be seen
His honour, that consists in shedding blood,
When men presume to manage arms with him.

SOLD. Mighty hath God and Mahomet made thy hand,
Renowmèd ‡ Tamburlaine, to whom all kings
Of force must yield their crowns and emperies;
And I am pleas'd with this my overthrow,
If, as beseems a person of thy state,
Thou hast with honour us'd Zenocrate.

* *Millions*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Million."

† *Elysium*] Old eds. "Elisian."

‡ *Renowmèd*] See note, p. 27. So the 8vo.—The 4to "Renowned."

TAMB. Her state and person want § no pomp, you see;
And for all blot of foul inchastity,
I record * Heaven, her heavenly self is clear:
Then let me find no further time† to grace
Her princely temples with the Persian crown;
But here these kings that on my fortunes wait,
And have been crown'd for provèd worthiness
Even by this hand that shall establish them,
Shall now, adjoining all their hands with mine,
Invest her here the ‡ Queen of Persia.
What saith the noble Soldan, and Zenocrate?

SOLD. I yield with thanks and protestations
Of endless honour to thee for her love.

TAMB. Then doubt I not § but fair Zenocrate
Will soon consent to satisfy us both.

ZENO. Else ‖ should I much forget myself, my lord.

THER. Then let us set the crown upon her head,
That long hath linger'd for so high a seat.

TECH. My hand is ready to perform the deed;
For now her marriage-time shall work us rest.

USUM. And here's the crown, my lord; help set it on.¶

§ *want*] Old eds. "wants."
* *record*] i. e. take to witness.
† *no further time*] i. e. no more distant time.
‡ *the*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "my."
§ *I not*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*not I*."
‖ *Else*] So the 4to.—The 8vo. "Then."
¶ *on*] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.

TAMB. Then sit thou down, divine Zenocrate;
And here we crown thee Queen of Persia,
And all the kingdoms and dominions
That late the power of Tamburlaine subdu'd.
As Juno, when the giants were suppress'd,
That darted mountains at her brother Jove,
So looks my love, shadowing in her brows
Triumphs and trophies for my victories;
Or as Latona's daughter, bent to arms,
Adding more courage to my conquering mind.
To gratify the sweet Zenocrate,
Egyptians, Moors, and men of Asia,
From Barbary unto the Western India,
Shall pay a yearly tribute to thy sire;
And from the bounds of Afric to the banks
Of Ganges shall his mighty arm extend.
And now, my lords and loving followers,
That purchas'd kingdoms by your martial deeds,
Cast off your armour, put on scarlet robes,
Mount up your royal places of estate,
Environèd with troops of noblemen,
And there make laws to rule your provinces:
Hang up your weapons on Alcides' post;
For Tamburlaine takes truce with all the world.
Thy first-betrothèd love, Arabia,
Shall we with honour, as beseems,* entomb
With this great Turk and his fair emperess.

* *as beseems*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "*as* best *beseemes*."

Then, after all these solemn exequies,
We will our celebrated † rites of marriage solemnize.

† *celebrated*] "The word '*celebrated*' occurs in both the old editions, but may well be dispensed with as regards both the sense and measure." *Ed.* 1826. "I think this word got into the text from either the author or printer, who was perhaps the editor, doubting whether to use '*solemnize*' or '*celebrate*;' and it slipt from the margin, where it was probably placed, into the verse itself." *J. M.* in *Gent. Mag.* for Jan. 1841.

THE SECOND PART OF

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

The Second Part of Tamburlaine the Great.

Concerning the old eds., see the prefatory matter to *The First Part.*

THE PROLOGUE.

The general welcomes Tamburlaine receiv'd,
When he arrivèd last upon the* stage,
Hath made our poet pen his Second Part,
Where Death cuts off the progress of his pomp,
And murderous Fates throw† all his triumphs‡ down.
But what became of fair Zenocrate,
And with how many cities' sacrifice
He celebrated her sad§ funeral,
Himself in presence shall unfold at large.

* *the*] So the 4to.—The 8vo " our."
† *throw*] Old ed. " throwes."
‡ *triumphs*] So the 8vo.—The 4to " triumph."
§ *sad*] Old eds. " said."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TAMBURLAINE, *king of Persia.*

CALYPHAS,
AMYRAS,
CELEBINUS, } *his sons.*

THERIDAMAS, *king of Argier.*

TECHELLES, *king of Fez.*

USUMCASANE, *king of Morocco.*

ORCANES, *king of Natolia.*

KING OF TREBIZON.

KING OF SORIA.

KING OF JERUSALEM.

KING OF AMASIA.

GAZELLUS, *viceroy of Byron.*

URIBASSA.

SIGISMUND, *king of Hungary.*

FREDERICK,
BALDWIN, } *Lords of Buda and Bohemia.*

CALLAPINE, *son to Bajazeth, and prisoner to Tamburlaine.*

ALMEDA, *his keeper.*

GOVERNOR OF BABYLON.

CAPTAIN OF BALSERA.

HIS SON.

MAXIMUS, PERDICAS, *Physicians, Lords, Citizens, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

ZENOCRATE, *wife to Tamburlaine.*

OLYMPIA, *wife to the Captain of Balsera.*

Turkish Concubines.

THE SECOND PART OF

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter ORCANES *king of Natolia*, GAZELLUS *viceroy of Byron*, URIBASSA*, *and their train, with drums and trumpets.*

ORC. Egregious viceroys of these eastern parts,
Plac'd by the issue of great Bajazeth,
And sacred lord, the mighty Callapine,
Who lives in Egypt prisoner to that slave
Which kept his father in an iron cage,—
Now have we march'd from fair Natolia
Two hundred leagues, and on Danubius' banks
Our warlike host, in complete armour, rest,
Where Sigismund, the king of Hungary,
Should meet our person to conclude a truce:
What! shall we parle with the Christian?
Or cross the stream, and meet him in the field?

* *Uribassa*] In this scene, but only here, the old eds. have "Upibassa."

GAZ. King of Natolia, let us treat of peace:
We all are glutted with the Christians' blood,
And have a greater foe to fight against,—
Proud Tamburlaine, that now, in Asia,
Near Guyron's head doth set his conquering feet,
And means to fire Turkey as he goes:
'Gainst him, my lord, you must address your power.

URI. Besides, King Sigismund hath brought from Christendom
More than his camp of stout Hungarians,—
Sclavonians, Almains, Rutters*, Muffs, and Danes,
That with the halberd, lance, and murdering axe,
Will hazard that we might with surety hold.

ORC.† Though from the shortest northern parallel,
Vast Grantland, compass'd with the Frozen Sea,
(Inhabited with tall and sturdy men,
Giants as big as hugy‡ Polypheme,)
Millions of soldiers cut the§ arctic line,
Bringing the strength of Europe to these arms,
Our Turkey blades shall glide through all their throats,
And make this champion‖ mead a bloody fen:

* *Almains, Rutters*] *Rutters* are properly—German troopers (*reiter, reuter*); and in the first scene of *Faustus* we have,—

"Like *Almain rutters* with their horsemen's staves."

The distinction made in this line (which is repeated at p. 124) I do not understand.

† *Orc*] Omitted in the old eds.

‡ *hugy*] i. e. huge.

§ *cut the*] So the 8vo.—the 4to "out of."

‖ *champion*] i. e. champaign.

Danubius' stream, that runs to Trebizon,
Shall carry, wrapt within his scarlet waves,
As martial presents to our friends at home,
The slaughter'd bodies of these Christians:
The Terrene* main, wherein Danubius falls,
Shall by this battle be the bloody sea:
The wandering sailors of proud Italy
Shall meet those Christians, fleeting with the tide,
Beating in heaps against their argosies,
And make fair Europe, mounted on her bull,
Trapt with the wealth and riches of the world,
Alight, and wear a woful mourning weed.

GAZ. Yet, stout Orcanes, pro-rex of the world,
Since Tamburlaine hath muster'd all his men,
Marching from Cairo† northward with his camp,
To Alexandria and the frontier towns,
Meaning to make a conquest of our land,
'Tis requisite to parle for a peace
With Sigismund, the king of Hungary,
And save our forces for the hot assaults
Proud Tamburlaine intends Natolia.

ORC. Viceroy of Byron, wisely hast thou said.
My realm, the centre of our empery,
Once lost, all Turkey would be overthrown,
And for that cause the Christians shall have peace.

* *Terrene*] i. e. Mediterranean (but the Danube falls into the Black Sea.)

† *Cairo*] Old eds "Cairon:" but they are not consistent in the spelling of this name; afterwards (p. 129) they have "Cario."

Sclavonians, Almains, Rutters, Muffs, and Danes,
Fear* not Orcanes, but great Tamburlaine,
Nor he, but Fortune that hath made him great.
We have revolted Grecians, Albanese,
Sicilians, Jews, Arabians, Turks, and Moors,
Natolians, Sorians†, black‡ Egyptians,
Illyrians, Thracians, and Bithynians§,
Enough to swallow forceless Sigismund,
Yet scarce enough to encounter Tamburlaine.
He brings a world of people to the field,

* *Fear*] i. e. frighten.

† *Sorians*] So the 4to.—The 8vo has here "Syrians"; but elsewhere in this *Sec. Part* of the play it agrees with the 4to in having "*Sorians*," and "*Soria*" (which occurs repeatedly,—the King of *Soria* being one of the characters).—Compare Jonson's *Fox*, act iv. sc. 1;

"whether a ship,
Newly arriv'd from *Soria*, or from
Any suspected part of all the Levant,
Be guilty of the plague," &c.

on which passage Whalley remarks; "The city Tyre, from whence the whole country had its name, was anciently called *Zur* or *Zor*; since the Arabs erected their empire in the East, it has been again called *Sor*, and is at this day known by no other name in those parts. Hence the Italians formed their *Soria*."

‡ *black*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "and *black*."

§ *Eyptians,*
Illyrians, Thracians, and Bithynians] So the 8vo (except that by a misprint it gives "Illicians").—The 4to has,—

"*Egyptians,*
Fred. And we from Europe to the same intent
Illirians, Thracians, and Bithynians";

a line which belongs to a later part of the scene (p. 127), being unaccountably inserted here.

From Scythia to the oriental plage*
Of India, where raging Lantchidol
Beats on the regions with his boisterous blows,
That never seaman yet discoverèd.
All Asia is in arms with Tamburlaine,
Even from the midst of fiery Cancer's tropic,
To Amazonia under Capricorn;
And thence as far as Archipelago,
All Afric is in arms with Tamburlaine;
Therefore, viceroy†, the Christians must have peace.

Enter SIGISMUND, FREDERICK, BALDWIN, *and their train, with drums and trumpets.*

SIG. Orcanes, (as our legates promis'd thee)
We, with our peers, have cross'd Danubius' stream,
To treat of friendly peace or deadly war.
Take which thou wilt; for, as the Romans us'd,
I here present thee with a naked sword:
Wilt thou have war, then shake this blade at me;
If peace, restore it to my hands again,
And I will sheathe it, to confirm the same.

ORC. Stay, Sigismund: forget'st thou I am he
That with the cannon shook Vienna-walls,
And made it dance upon the continent,
As when the massy substance of the earth
Quiver[s] about the axle-tree of heaven?
Forget'st thou that I sent a shower of darts,
Mingled with powder'd shot and feather'd steel,

* *plage*] i. e. clime. So the 8vo.—The 4to "place."
† *viceroy*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "vice-royes."

So thick upon the blink-ey'd burghers' heads,
That thou thyself, then County Palatine,
The King of Boheme†, and the Austric Duke,
Sent heralds out, which basely on their knees,
In all your names, desir'd a truce of me?
Forget'st thou that, to have me raise my siege,
Waggons of gold were set before my tent,
Stampt with the princely fowl, that in her wings
Carries the fearful thunderbolts of Jove?
How canst thou think of this, and offer war?

SIG. Vienna was besieg'd, and I was there,
Then County Palatine, but now a king,
And what we did was in extremity.
But now, Orcanes, view my royal host,
That hides these plains, and seems as vast and wide,
As doth the desert of Arabia
To those that stand on Bagdet's‡ lofty tower,
Or as the ocean to the traveller
That rests upon the snowy Appenines;
And tell me whether I should stoop so low,
Or treat of peace with the Natolian king.

GAZ. Kings of Natolia and of Hungary,
We came from Turkey to confirm a league,
And not to dare each other to the field.
A friendly parle‖ might become you both.

† *Boheme*] i. e. Bohemia.

‡ *Bagdet's*] So the 8vo in act v. sc. 1. Here it has "Badgeths": the 4to "Baieths."

‖ *parle*] So the 8vo.—Here the 4to "parley," but before, repeatedly, "parle."

FRED. And we from Europe, to the same intent;*
Which if your general refuse or scorn,
Our tents are pitch'd, our men stand† in array,
Ready to charge you ere you stir your feet.

ORC. So prest‡ are we; but yet, if Sigismund
Speak as a friend, and stand not upon terms,
Here is his sword; let peace be ratified
On these conditions, specified before,
Drawn with advice of our ambassadors.

SIG. Then here I sheathe it, and give thee my hand,
Never to draw it out, or§ manage arms
Against thyself or thy confederates,
But, whilst I live, will be at truce with thee.

ORC. But, Sigismund, confirm it with an oath,
And swear in sight of Heaven and by thy Christ.

SIG. By Him that made the world and sav'd my soul,
The Son of God and issue of a maid,
Sweet Jesus Christ, I solemnly protest
And vow to keep this peace inviolable!

ORC. By sacred Mahomet, the friend of God,
Whose holy alcoran remains with us,
Whose glorious body, when he left the world,
Clos'd in a coffin mounted up the air,

* Fred. *And we from Europe, to the same intent*] So the 8vo.—The 4to, which gives this line in an earlier part of the scene (see note, p. 124), omits it here.

† *stand*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "are."

‡ *prest*] i. e. ready.

§ *or*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "and."

And hung on stately Mecca's temple-roof,
I swear to keep this truce inviolable!
Of whose condition and our solemn oaths,
Sign'd with our hands, each shall retain a scroll,
As memorable witness of our league.
Now, Sigismund, if any Christian king
Encroach upon the confines of thy realm,
Send word, Orcanes of Natolia
Confirm'd† this league beyond Danubius' stream,
And they will, trembling, sound a quick retreat;
So am I fear'd among all nations.

SIG. If any heathen potentate or king
Invade Natolia, Sigismund will send
A hundred thousand horse train'd to the war,
And back'd by§ stout lanciers of Germany,
The strength and sinews of the Imperial seat.

ORC. I thank thee, Sigismund; but, when I war,
All Asia Minor, Africa, and Greece,
Follow my standard and my thundering drums.
Come, let us go and banquet in our tents:
I will despatch chief of my army hence
To fair Natolia and to Trebizon,
To stay my coming 'gainst proud Tamburlaine:
Friend Sigismund, and peers of Hungary,
Come, banquet and carouse with us a while,
And then depart we to our territories. [*Exeunt.*

† *Confirm'd*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "Confirme."
§ *by*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "with."

SCENE II.

Enter CALLAPINE, *and* ALMEDA *his keeper.*

CALL. Sweet Almeda, pity the ruthful plight
Of Callapine, the son of Bajazeth,
Born to be monarch of the western world,
Yet here detain'd by cruel Tamburlaine.

ALM. My lord, I pity it, and with my heart
Wish your release; but he whose wrath is death,
My sovereign lord, renowmèd* Tamburlaine,
Forbids you further liberty than this.

CALL. Ah, were I now but half so eloquent
To paint in words what I'll perform in deeds,
I know thou wouldst depart from hence with me!

ALM. Not for all Afric: therefore move me not.

CALL. Yet hear me speak, my gentle Almeda.

ALM. No speech to that end, by your favour, sir.

CALL. By Cairo§ runs—

ALM. No talk of running, I tell you, sir.

CALL. A little further, gentle Almeda.

ALM. Well, sir, what of this?

CALL. By Cairo runs to Alexandria-bay
Darotes' streams, wherein at‡ anchor lies
A Turkish galley of my royal fleet,
Waiting my coming to the river-side,
Hoping by some means I shall be releas'd;

* *renowmèd*] See note, p. 27. (Here the old eds. agree.)
§ *Cairo*] Old eds. "Cario": see note, p. 123.
‡ *at*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "an."

Which, when I come aboard, will hoist up sail,
And soon put forth into the Terrene† sea,
Where*, 'twixt the isles of Cyprus and of Crete,
We quickly may in Turkish seas arrive.
Then shalt thou see a hundred kings and more,
Upon their knees, all bid me welcome home.
Amongst so many crowns of burnish'd gold,
Choose which thou wilt, all are at thy command:
A thousand galleys, mann'd with Christian slaves,
I freely give thee, which shall cut the Straits,
And bring armados, from§ the coasts of Spain,
Fraughted with gold of rich America:
The Grecian virgins shall attend on thee,
Skilful in music and in amorous lays,
As fair as was Pygmalion's ivory girl,
Or lovely Io metamorphosèd:
With naked negroes shall thy coach be drawn,
And, as thou rid'st in triumph through the streets,
The pavement underneath thy chariot-wheels
With Turkey-carpets shall be coverèd,

† *Terrene*] i. e. Mediterranean.

* *Where*] Altered by the modern editors to "Whence,"—an alteration made by one of them also in a speech at p. 140, which may be compared with the present one,—

> "Therefore I took my course to Manico,
> *Where*, unresisted, I remov'd my camp;
> And, by the coast," &c.

§ *from*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "to."

And cloth of arras hung about the walls,
Fit objects for thy princely eye to pierce:
A hundred bassoes, cloth'd in crimson silk,
Shall ride before thee on Barbarian steeds;
And, when thou goest, a golden canopy
Enchas'd with precious stones, which shine as bright
As that fair veil that covers all the world,
When Phœbus, leaping from his hemisphere,
Descendeth downward to the Antipodes:—
And more than this, for all I cannot tell.

ALM. How far hence lies the galley, say you?

CALL. Sweet Almeda, scarce half a league from hence.

ALM. But need* we not be spied going aboard?

CALL. Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill,
And crooked bending of a craggy rock,
The sails wrapt up, the mast and tacklings down,
She lies so close that none can find her out.

ALM. I like that well: but, tell me, my lord, if I should let you go, would you be as good as your word? shall I be made a king for my labour?

CALL. As I am Callapine, the emperor,
And by the hand of Mahomet I swear
Thou shalt be crown'd a king, and be my mate!

ALM. Then here I swear, as I am Almeda,
Your keeper under Tamburlaine the Great,
(For that's the style and title I have yet,).

* *need*] i. e. must.

Although he sent a thousand armèd men
To intercept this haughty enterprize,
Yet would I venture to conduct your grace,
And die before I brought you back again!

CALL. Thanks, gentle Almeda: then let us haste,
Lest time be past, and lingering let* us both.

ALM. When you will, my lord; I am ready.

CALL. Even straight: and farewell, cursèd Tamburlaine!
Now go I to revenge my father's death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, ZENOCRATE, *and their three sons,* CALYPHAS, AMYRAS, *and* CELEBINUS, *with drums and trumpets.*

TAMB. Now, bright Zenocrate, the world's fair eye,
Whose beams illuminate the lamps of heaven,
Whose cheerful looks do clear the cloudy air,
And clothe it in a crystal livery,
Now rest thee here on fair Larissa-plains,
Where Egypt and the Turkish empire parts,
Between thy sons, that shall be emperors,
And every one commander of a world.

ZENO. Sweet Tamburlaine, when wilt thou leave these arms,
And save thy sacred person free from scathe,
And dangerous chances of the wrathful war?

* *let*] i. e. hinder.

TAMB. When heaven shall cease to move on both the poles,
And when the ground, whereon my soldiers march,
Shall rise aloft and touch the hornèd moon;
And not before, my sweet Zenocrate.
Sit up, and rest thee like a lovely queen.
So; now she sits in pomp and majesty,
When these, my sons, more precious in mine eyes
Than all the wealthy kingdoms I subdu'd,
Plac'd by her side, look on their mother's face.
But yet methinks their looks are amorous,
Not martial as the sons of Tamburlaine:
Water and air, being symboliz'd in one,
Argue their want of courage and of wit;
Their hair as white as milk, and soft as down,
(Which should be like the quills of porcupines,
As black as jet, and hard as iron or steel,)
Bewrays they are too dainty for the wars;
Their fingers made to quaver on a lute,
Their arms to hang about a lady's neck,
Their legs to dance and caper in the air,
Would make me think them bastards, not my sons,
But that I know they issu'd from thy womb,
That never look'd on man but Tamburlaine.

ZENO. My gracious lord, they have their mother's looks,
But, when they list, their conquering father's heart.
This lovely boy, the youngest of the three,
Not long ago bestrid a Scythian steed,
Trotting the ring, and tilting at a glove,

Which when he tainted* with his slender rod,
He rein'd him straight, and made him so curvet,
As I cried out for fear he should have faln.

TAMB. Well done, my boy! thou shalt have shield and lance,
Armour of proof, horse, helm, and curtle-axe,
And I will teach thee how to charge thy foe,
And harmless run among the deadly pikes.
If thou wilt love the wars and follow me,
Thou shalt be made a king and reign with me,
Keeping in iron cages emperors.
If thou exceed thy elder brothers' worth,
And shine in complete virtue more than they,
Thou shalt be king before them, and thy seed
Shall issue crowned from their mother's womb.

CEL. Yes, father; you shall see me, if I live,
Have under me as many kings as you,
And march with such a multitude of men,
As all the world shall† tremble at their view.

TAMB. These words assure me, boy, thou art my son.
When I am old and cannot manage arms,
Be thou the scourge and terror of the world.

AMY. Why may not I, my lord, as well as he,
Be term'd the scourge and terror of‡ the world?

* *tainted*] i. e. touched, struck lightly: see Richardson's *Dict.* in v.

† *shall*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "should."

‡ *of*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "to."

TAMB. Be all a scourge and terror to§ the world,
Or else you are not sons of Tamburlaine.
CALY. But, while my brothers follow arms, my lord,
Let me accompany my gracious mother;
They are enough to conquer all the world,
And you have won enough for me to keep.
TAMB. Bastardly boy, sprung† from some coward's loins,
And not the issue of great Tamburlaine!
Of all the provinces I have subdu'd
Thou shalt not have a foot, unless thou bear
A mind courageous and invincible;
For he shall wear the crown of Persia
Whose head hath deepest scars, whose breast most wounds,
Which, being wroth, sends lightning from his eyes,
And in the furrows of his frowning brows
Harbours revenge, war, death, and cruelty;
For in a field, whose superficies*
Is cover'd with a liquid purple veil,
And sprinkled with the brains of slaughter'd men,
My royal chair of state shall be advanc'd;
And he that means to place himself therein,
Must armèd wade up to the chin in blood.
ZENO. My lord, such speeches to our princely sons

§ *to*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "of."
† *sprung*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "sprong".—See note, p. 36.
* *superficies*] Old eds. "superfluities."—(In act iii. sc. 4, we have,

"the concave *superficies*
Of Jove's vast palace.")

Dismay † their minds before they come to prove
The wounding troubles angry war affords.

CEL. No, madam, these are speeches fit for us;
For, if his chair were in a sea of blood,
I would prepare a ship and sail to it,
Ere I would lose the title of a king.

AMY. And I would strive to swim through ‡ pools of blood,
Or make a bridge of murder'd carcasses §,
Whose arches should be fram'd with bones of Turks,
Ere I would lose the title of a king.

TAMB. Well, lovely boys, ye shall be emperors both,
Stretching your conquering arms from east to west:—
And, sirrah, if you mean to wear a crown,
When we ‖ shall meet the Turkish deputy
And all his viceroys, snatch it from his head,
And cleave his pericranion with thy sword.

CALY. If any man will hold him, I will strike,
And cleave him to the channel * with my sword.

TAMB. Hold him, and cleave him too, or I'll cleave thee;
For we will march against them presently.
Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane
Promis'd to meet me on Larissa-plains,
With hosts a-piece against this Turkish crew;

† *Dismay*] Old eds. "Dismaies" and "Dismayes."
‡ *through*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "thorow."
§ *carcasses*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "carkasse."
‖ *we*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "yon (you)."
* *channel*] i. e. collar, neck,—collar-bone.

For I have sworn by sacred Mahomet
To make it parcel of my empery.
The trumpets sound; Zenocrate, they come.

Enter THERIDAMAS, *and his train, with drums and trumpets.*

Welcome, Theridamas, king of Argier.

THER. My lord, the great and mighty Tamburlaine,
Arch-monarch of the world, I offer here
My crown, myself, and all the power I have,
In all affection at thy kingly feet.

TAMB. Thanks, good Theridamas.

THER. Under my colours march ten thousand Greeks,
And of Argier and Afric's frontier towns
Twice twenty thousand valiant men at arms;
All which have sworn to sack Natolia.
Five hundred brigandines are under sail,
Meet for your service on the sea, my lord,
That, launching from Argier to Tripoly,
Will quickly ride before Natolia,
And batter down the castles on the shore.

TAMB. Well said, Argier! receive thy crown again.

Enter USUMCASANE *and* TECHELLES.

Kings of Morocco* and of Fez, welcome.

USUM. Magnificent and peerless Tamburlaine,

* *Morocco*] The old eds. here, and in the next speech, "Morocus": but see note, p. 63.

I and my neighbour king of Fez have brought,
To aid thee in this Turkish expedition,
A hundred thousand expert soldiers;
From Azamor to Tunis near the sea
Is Barbary unpeopled for thy sake,
And all the men in armour under me,
Which with my crown I gladly offer thee.

TAMB. Thanks, king of Morocco: take your crown again.

TECU. And, mighty Tamburlaine, our earthly god,
Whose looks make this inferior world to quake,
I here present thee with the crown of Fez,
And with an host of Moors train'd to the war,*
Whose coal-black faces make their foes retire,
And quake for fear, as if infernal† Jove,
Meaning to aid thee‡ in these§ Turkish arms,
Should pierce the black circumference of hell,
With ugly Furies bearing fiery flags,
And millions of his strong tormenting spirits:
From strong Tesella unto Biledull
All Barbary is unpeopled for thy sake.

TAMB. Thanks, king of Fez: take here thy crown again.

Your presence, loving friends and fellow-kings,
Makes me to surfeit in conceiving joy.
If all the crystal gates of Jove's high court

* *war*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "warres."
† *if infernal*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*if* the *infernall*."
‡ *thee*] Old eds. "them."
§ *these*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "this."

Were open'd wide, and I might enter in
To see the state and majesty of heaven,
It could not more delight me than your sight.
Now will we banquet on these plains a while,
And after march to Turkey with our camp,
In number more than are the drops that fall
When Boreas rents a thousand swelling clouds;
And proud Orcanes of Natolia
With all his viceroys shall be so afraid,
That, though the stones, as at Deucalion's flood,
Were turn'd to men, he should be overcome.
Such lavish will I make of Turkish blood,
That Jove shall send his winged messenger
To bid me sheathe my sword and leave the field;
The sun, unable to sustain the sight,
Shall hide his head in Thetis' watery lap,
And leave his steeds to fair Böotes'* charge;
For half the world shall perish in this fight.
But now, my friends, let me examine ye;
How have ye spent your absent time from me?

USUM. My lord, our men of Barbary have march'd
Four hundred miles with armour on their backs,
And lain in leaguer fifteen months and more;
For, since we left you at the Soldan's Court,
We have subdu'd the southern Guallatia,
And all the land unto the coast of Spain;
We kept the narrow Strait of Gibralter,
And made Canaria call us kings and lords;

* *Böotes'*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "Boetes."

Yet never did they recreate themselves,
Or cease one day from war and hot alarms,
And therefore let them rest a while, my lord.

TAMB. They shall, Casane, and 'tis time, i'faith.

TECH. And I have march'd along the river Nile
To Machda, where the mighty Christian priest,
Call'd John the Great*, sits in a milk-white robe,
Whose triple mitre I did take by force,
And made him swear obedience to my crown.
From thence unto Cazates did I march,
Where Amazonians met me in the field,
With whom, being women, I vouchsaf'd a league,
And with my power did march to Zanzibar,
The western part of Afric, where I view'd
The Ethiopian sea, rivers and lakes,
But neither man nor child in all the land;
Therefore I took my course to Manico,
Where†, unresisted, I remov'd my camp;
And, by the coast of Byather§, at last
I came to Cubar, where the negroes dwell,
And, conquering that, made haste to Nubia.
There, having sack'd Borno, the kingly seat,

* *the mighty Christian Priest,*
Call'd John the Great] Concerning the fabulous personage, *Prester John*, see Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

† *Where*] See note, p. 130.

§ *Byather*] The Editor of 1826 printed "Biafar": but it is very doubtful if Marlowe wrote the names of places correctly.

I took the king and led him bound in chains
Unto Damascus‡, where I stay'd before.

TAMB. Well done, Techelles!—What saith Theridamas?

THER. I left the confines and the bounds of Afric,
And made* a voyage into Europe,
Where, by the river Tyras, I subdu'd
Stoka, Podolia, and Codemia;
Then cross'd the sea and came to Oblia,
And Nigra Silva, where the devils dance,
Which, in despite of them, I set on fire.
From thence I cross'd the gulf call'd by the name
Mare Majore of the inhabitants.
Yet shall my soldiers make no period
Until Natolia kneel before your feet.

TAMB. Then will we triumph, banquet and carouse;
Cooks shall have pensions to provide us cates,
And glut us with the dainties of the world;
Lachryma Christi and Calabrian wines
Shall common soldiers drink in quaffing bowls,
Ay, liquid gold, when we have conquer'd him,§
Mingled with coral and with orient† pearl.
Come, let us banquet and carouse the whiles.

[*Exeunt.*

‡ *Damascus*] Here the old eds. "Damasco." See note, p. 91.

* *And made*, &c.] A word dropt out from this line.

§ *him*] i. e. the king of Natolia.

† *orient*] Old eds. "orientall" and "oriental."—In the first act of *Faustus* we have "*orient* pearl."

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter SIGISMUND, FREDERICK, *and* BALDWIN, *with their train.*

SIG. Now say, my lords of Buda and Bohemia,
What motion is it that inflames your thoughts,
And stirs your valours to such sudden arms?

FRED. Your majesty remembers, I am sure,
What cruel slaughter of our Christian bloods
These heathenish Turks and pagans lately made
Betwixt the city Zula and Danubius;
How through the midst of Varna and Bulgaria,
And almost to the very walls of Rome,
They have, not long since, massacred our camp.
It resteth now, then, that your majesty
Take all advantages of time and power,
And work revenge upon these infidels.
Your highness knows, for Tamburlaine's repair,
That strikes a terror to all Turkish hearts,
Natolia hath dismiss'd the greatest part
Of all his army, pitch'd against our power,
Betwixt Cutheia and Orminius' mount,
And sent them marching up to Belgasar,
Acantha, Antioch, and Cæsarea,
To aid the kings of Soria* and Jerusalem.

* *Soria*] See note, p. 124.

Now, then, my lord, advantage take thereof,†
And issue suddenly upon the rest;
That, in the fortune of their overthrow,
We may discourage all the pagan troop,
That dare attempt to war with Christians.

SIG. But calls not, then, your grace to memory
The league we lately made with king Orcanes,
Confirm'd by oath and articles of peace,
And calling Christ for record of our truths?
This should be treachery and violence
Against the grace of our profession.

BALD. No whit, my lord; for with such infidels,
In whom no faith nor true religion rests,
We are not bound to those accomplishments
The holy laws of Christendom enjoin;
But, as the faith which they profanely plight
Is not by necessary policy
To be esteem'd assurance for ourselves,
So that we vow‡ to them should not infringe
Our liberty of arms and victory.

SIG. Though I confess the oaths they undertake
Breed little strength to our security,
Yet those infirmities that thus defame
Their faiths§, their honours, and religion‖,

† *thereof*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "heereof."

‡ *that we vow*] i. e. that which we vow. So the 8vo.—The 4to "what *we vow*." Neither of the modern editors understanding the passage, they printed "*we that vow*."

§ *faiths*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "fame."

‖ *and religion*] Old eds. "*and* their *religion*."

Should not give us presumption to the like.
Our faiths are sound, and must be continuate†,
Religious, righteous, and inviolate.

FRED. Assure your grace, 'tis superstition
To stand so strictly on dispensive faith;
And, should we lose the opportunity
That God hath given to 'venge our Christians' death,
And scourge their foul blasphèmous paganism,
As fell to Saul, to Balaam, and the rest,
That would not kill and curse at God's command,
So surely will the vengeance of the Highest,
And jealous anger of his fearful arm,
Be pour'd with rigour on our sinful heads,
If we neglect this offer'd victory.

SIG. Then arm, my lords, and issue suddenly,
Giving commandment to our general host,
With expedition to assail the pagan,
And take the victory our God hath given. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter ORCANES, GAZELLUS, *and* URIBASSA, *with their train.*

ORC. Gazellus, Uribassa, and the rest,
Now will we march from proud Orminius' mount
To fair Natolia, where our neighbour kings

† *continuate*] So the modern editors,—a word which occurs in Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*, "an untirable and *continuate* goodness", act i. sc. 1.), but which perhaps is not the right reading in the present passage.—Old eds. "consinuate".—The Revd. J. Mitford proposes "continent", in the sense of—restraining from violence.—I once conjectured "consummate".

Expect our power and our royal presence,
T' encounter with the cruel Tamburlaine,
That nigh Larissa sways a mighty host,
And with the thunder of his martial* tools
Makes earthquakes in the hearts of men and heaven.

GAZ. And now come we to make his sinews shake,
With greater power than erst his pride hath felt.
An hundred kings, by scores, will bid him arms,
And hundred thousands subjects to each score,
Which, if a shower of wounding thunderbolts
Should break out of the bowels of the clouds,
And fall as thick as hail upon our heads,
In partial aid of that proud Scythian,
Yet should our courages and steelèd crests,
And numbers, more than infinite, of men,
Be able to withstand and conquer him.

URI. Methinks I see how glad the Christian king
Is made for joy of our† admitted truce,
That could not but before be terrified
With‡ unacquainted power of our host.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESS. Arm, dread sovereign, and my noble lords!
The treacherous army of the Christians,
Taking advantage of your slender power,
Comes marching on us, and determines straight
To bid us battle for our dearest lives.

* *martial*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "materiall."
† *our*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "your."
‡ *With*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "Which."

ORC. Traitors, villains, damnèd Christians!
Have I not here the articles of peace
And solemn covenants we have both confirm'd,
He by his Christ, and I by Mahomet?

GAZ. Hell and confusion light upon their heads,
That with such treason seek our overthrow,
And care§ so little for their prophet Christ!

ORC. Can there be such deceit in Christians,
Or treason in the fleshly heart of man,
Whose shape is figure of the highest God?
Then, if there be a Christ, as Christians say,
But in their deeds deny him for their Christ,
If he be son to everliving Jove,
And hath the power of his outstretchèd arm,
If he be jealous of his name and honour,
As is our holy prophet Mahomet,
Take here these papers as our sacrifice
And witness of thy servants' perjury!

[*He tears to pieces the articles of peace.*

Open, thou shining veil of Cynthia,
And make a passage from th' empyreal heaven,
That he that sits on high and never sleeps,
Nor in one place is circumscriptible,
But every where fills every continent
With strange infusion of his sacred vigour,
May, in his endless power and purity,
Behold and 'venge this traitor's‖ perjury!
Thou, Christ, that art esteem'd omnipotent,

§ *care*] Old eds. "cares."

‖ *this traitor's*] He means Sigismund. So a few lines after, "this traitor's soul."

If thou wilt prove thyself a perfect God,
Worthy the worship of all faithful hearts,
Be now reveng'd upon this traitor's soul,
And make the power I have left behind
(Too little to defend our guiltless lives)
Sufficient to discomfort‡ and confound
The trustless force of those false Christians!—
To arms, my lords*! on Christ still let us cry:
If there be Christ, we shall have victory. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alarms of battle within. Enter SIGISMUND *wounded.*

SIG. Discomfited is all the Christian† host,
And God hath thunder'd vengeance from on high,
For my accurs'd and hateful perjury.
O just and dreadful punisher of sin,
Let the dishonour of the pains I feel
In this my mortal well-deserved wound
End all my penance in my sudden death!
And let this death, wherein to sin I die,
Conceive a second life in endless mercy! [*Dies.*

Enter ORCANES, GAZELLUS, URIBASSA, *with others.*

ORC. Now lie the Christians bathing in their bloods,
And Christ or Mahomet hath been my friend.

‡ *discomfort*] Qy. "discomfit"? compare the first line of the next scene.

* *lords*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "lord."

† *Christian*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Christians."

GAZ. See, here the perjur'd traitor Hungary,
Bloody and breathless for his villany!

ORC. Now shall his barbarous body be a prey
To beasts and fowls, and all the winds shall breathe,
Through shady leaves of every senseless tree,
Murmurs and hisses for his heinous sin.
Now scalds his soul in the Tartarian streams,
And feeds upon the baneful tree of hell,
That Zoacum*, that fruit of bitterness,
That in the midst of fire is ingraff'd,
Yet flourisheth as Flora in her pride,
With apples like the heads of damnèd fiends.
The devils there, in chains of quenchless flame,
Shall lead his soul, through Orcus' burning gulf,
From pain to pain, whose change shall never end.
What say'st thou yet, Gazellus, to his foil,
Which we referr'd to justice of his Christ,
And to his power, which here appears as full
As rays of Cynthia to the clearest sight?

GAZ. 'Tis but the fortune of the wars, my lord,
Whose power is often prov'd a miracle.

ORC. Yet in my thoughts shall Christ be honourèd,
Not doing Mahomet an† injury,
Whose power had share in this our victory;
And, since this miscreant hath disgrac'd his faith,
And died a traitor both to heaven and earth,

* *Zoacum*] "Or *Zakkúm*.—The description of this tree is taken from a fable in the Koran, chap. 37." *Ed.* 1826.

† *an*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "any."

We will both watch and ward shall keep his trunk †
Amidst these plains for fowls to prey upon.
Go, Uribassa, give§ it straight in charge.

URI. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

ORC. And now, Gazellus, let us haste and meet
Our army, and our brother of Jerusalem,
Of Soria‡, Trebizon, and Amasia,
And happily, with full Natolian bowls
Of Greekish wine, now let us celebrate
Our happy conquest and his angry fate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The arras is drawn, and ZENOCRATE *is discovered lying in her bed of state;* TAMBURLAINE *sitting by her; three* PHYSICIANS *about her bed, tempering potions; the three sons,* CALYPHAS, AMYRAS, *and* CELEBINUS; THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, *and* USUMCASANE.

TAMB. Black is the beauty of the brightest day;
The golden ball of heaven's eternal fire,
That danc'd with glory on the silver waves,
Now wants the fuel that inflam'd his beams;
And all with faintness, and for foul disgrace,

† *We will both watch and ward shall keep his trunk*] i. e. We will that both watch, &c. So the 4to.—The 8vo has "and *keepe.*'

§ *Uribassa, give*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*Uribassa*, and *giue.*"

‡ *Soria*] See note, p. 124.

He binds his temples with a frowning cloud,
Ready to darken earth with endless night.
Zenocrate, that gave him light and life,
Whose eyes shot fire from their* ivory brows†,
And temper'd every soul with lively heat,
Now by the malice of the angry skies,
Whose jealousy admits no second mate,
Draws in the comfort of her latest breath,
All dazzled with the hellish mists of death.
Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven,
As sentinels to warn th' immortal souls
To entertain divine Zenocrate:
Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps
That gently look'd upon this‡ loathsome earth,
Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heavens
To entertain divine Zenocrate:
The crystal springs, whose taste illuminates
Refinèd eyes with an eternal sight,
Like tried silver run§ through Paradise
To entertain divine Zenocrate:
The cherubins and holy seraphins,
That sing and play before the King of Kings,
Use all their voices and their instruments
To entertain divine Zenocrate;
And, in this sweet and curious harmony,
The God that tunes this music to our souls,

* *their*] So the 4to.—Not in the 8vo.
† *brows*] Old eds. "bowers."
‡ *this*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the."
§ *run*] Old eds. "runs."

Holds out his hand in highest majesty
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
Then let some holy trance convey my thoughts
Up to the palace of th' empyreal heaven,
That this my life may be as short to me
As are the days of sweet Zenocrate.—
Physicians, will no* physic do her good?

FIRST PHYS. My lord, your majesty shall soon perceive,
And if she pass this fit, the worst is past.

TAMB. Tell me, how fares my fair Zenocrate?

ZENO. I fare, my lord, as other empresses,
That, when this frail and† transitory flesh
Hath suck'd the measure of that vital air
That feeds the body with his dated health,
Wane‡ with enforc'd and necessary change.

TAMB. May never such a change transform my love
In whose sweet being I repose my life,
Whose heavenly presence, beautified with health,
Gives light to Phœbus and the fixèd stars!
Whose absence makes§ the sun and moon as dark
As when, oppos'd in one diameter,
Their spheres are mounted on the serpent's head,
Or else descended to his winding train.
Live still, my love, and so conserve my life,
Or, dying, be the author‖ of my death.

* *no*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "not."
† *and*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "a."
‡ *Wane*] Old eds. "Wanes."
§ *makes*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "make."
‖ *author*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "anchor."

ZENO. Live still, my lord; oh, let my sovereign live!
And sooner let the fiery element
Dissolve, and make your kingdom in the sky,
Than this base earth should shroud your majesty;
For, should I but suspect your death by mine,
The comfort of my future happiness,
And hope to meet your highness in the heavens,
Turn'd to despair, would break my wretched breast,
And fury would confound my present rest.
But let me die, my love; yes,* let me die;
With love and patience let your true love die:
Your grief and fury hurts my second life.
Yet let me kiss my lord before I die,
And let me die with kissing of my lord.
But, since my life is lengthen'd yet a while,
Let me take leave of these my loving sons,
And of my lords, whose true nobility
Have merited my latest memory.
Sweet sons, farewell! in death resemble me,
And in your lives your father's excellence†.
Some music, and my fit will cease, my lord.

[*They call for music.*

TAMB. Proud fury, and intolerable fit,
That dares torment the body of my love,
And scourge the scourge of the immortal God!
Now are those spheres, where Cupid us'd to sit,
Wounding the world with wonder and with love,

* *yes*] Old eds. "yet."

† *excellence*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "excellency."

Sadly supplied with pale and ghastly death,
Whose darts do pierce the centre of my soul.
Her sacred beauty hath enchanted heaven;
And, had she liv'd before the siege of Troy,
Helen, whose beauty summon'd Greece to arms,
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos,
Had not been nam'd in Homer's Iliads,—
Her name had been in every line he wrote;
Or, had those wanton poets, for whose birth
Old Rome was proud, but gaz'd a while on her,
Nor Lesbia nor Corinna had been nam'd,—
Zenocrate had been the argument
Of every epigram or elegy.

[*The music sounds.—Zenocrate dies.*

What, is she dead? Techelles, draw thy sword,
And wound the earth, that it may cleave in twain,
And we descend into the infernal vaults,
To hale the Fatal Sisters by the hair,
And throw them in the triple moat of hell,
For taking hence my fair Zenocrate.
Casane and Theridamas, to arms!
Raise cavalieros* higher than the clouds,
And with the cannon break the frame of heaven;
Batter the shining palace of the sun,
And shiver all the starry firmament,
For amorous Jove hath snatch'd my love from hence,
Meaning to make her stately queen of heaven.

* *cavalieros*] i. e. mounds, or elevations of earth, to lodge cannon.

What god soever holds thee in his arms,
Giving thee nectar and ambrosia,
Behold me here, divine Zenocrate,
Raving, impatient, desperate, and mad,
Breaking my steelèd lance, with which I burst
The rusty beams of Janus' temple-doors,
Letting out Death and tyrannizing War,
To march with me under this bloody flag!
And, if thou pitiest Tamburlaine the Great,
Come down from heaven, and live with me again!

THER. Ah, good my lord, be patient! she is dead,
And all this raging cannot make her live.
If words might serve, our voice hath rent the air;
If tears, our eyes have water'd all the earth;
If grief, our murder'd hearts have strain'd forth blood:
Nothing prevails, for she is dead, my lord.

TAMB. *For she is dead!* thy words do pierce my soul:
Ah, sweet Theridamas, say so no more!
Though she be dead, yet let me think she lives,
And feed my mind that dies for want of her.
Where'er her soul be, thou [*To the body*] shalt stay with me,
Embalm'd with cassia, ambergris, and myrrh,
Not lapt in lead, but in a sheet of gold,
And, till I die, thou shalt not be interr'd.
Then in as rich a tomb as Mausolus'
We both will rest, and have one* epitaph

* *one*] So the 8vo ("*on*").—The 4to "our."

Writ in as many several languages
As I have conquer'd kingdoms with my sword.
This cursèd town will I consume with fire,
Because this place bereft me of my love;
The houses, burnt, will look as if they mourn'd;
And here will I set up her stature†,
And march about it with my mourning camp,
Drooping and pining for Zenocrate.

[*The arras is drawn.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter the Kings of TREBIZON *and* SORIA‡, *one bringing a sword and the other a sceptre; next,* ORCANES *king of* NATOLIA, *and the King of* JERUSALEM, *with the imperial crown; after,* CALLAPINE; *and, after him, other Lords and* ALMEDA. ORCANES *and the King of* JERUSALEM *crown* CALLAPINE, *and the others give him the sceptre.*

ORC. Callapinus Cyricelibes, otherwise Cybelius, son and successive heir to the late mighty emperor Bajazeth, by the aid of God and his friend Mahomet,

† *stature*] See note, p. 80.—So the 8vo.—The 4to "statue." Here the metre would be assisted by reading "statua," which is frequently found in our early writers: see my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*, p. 186.

‡ *Soria*] See note, p. 124.

Emperor of Natolia, Jerusalem, Trebizon, Soria, Amasia, Thracia, Ilyria, Carmonia, and all the hundred and thirty kingdoms late contributory to his mighty father,—long live Callapinus, Emperor of Turkey!—

CALL. Thrice-worthy kings of Natolia, and the rest,
I will requite your royal gratitudes
With all the benefits my empire yields;
And, were the sinews of the imperial seat
So knit and strengthen'd as when Bajazeth,
My royal lord and father, fill'd the throne,
Whose cursèd fate* hath so dismember'd it,
Then should you see this thief of Scythia,
This proud usurping king of Persia,
Do us such honour and supremacy,
Bearing the vengeance of our father's wrongs,
As all the world should blot his† dignities
Out of the book of base-born infamies.
And now I doubt not but your royal cares
Have‡ so provided for this cursèd foe,
That, since the heir of mighty Bajazeth
(An emperor so honour'd for his virtues)
Revives the spirits of all§ true Turkish hearts,
In grievous memory of his father's shame,
We shall not need to nourish any doubt,
But that proud Fortune, who hath follow'd long
The martial sword of mighty Tamburlaine,

* *fate*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "fates."
† *his*] Old eds. "our."
‡ *Have*] Old eds. "Hath."
§ *all*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

Will now retain her old inconstancy,
And raise our honours‖ to as high a pitch,
In this our strong and fortunate encounter;
For so hath Heaven provided my escape
From all the cruelty my soul sustain'd,
By this my friendly keeper's happy means,
That Jove, surcharg'd with pity of our wrongs,
Will pour it down in showers on our heads,
Scourging the pride of cursèd Tamburlaine.

ORC. I have a hundred thousand men in arms;
Some that, in conquest* of the perjur'd Christian,
Being a handful to a mighty host,
Think them in number yet sufficient
To drink the river Nile or Euphrates,
And for their power enow to win the world.

K. OF JER. And I as many from Jerusalem,
Judæa†, Gaza, and Sclavonia's‡ bounds,
That on mount Sinai, with their ensigns spread,
Look like the parti-colour'd clouds of heaven
That shew fair weather to the neighbour morn.

K. OF TREB. And I as many bring from Trebizon,
Chio, Famastro, and Amasia,
All bordering on the Mare-Major-sea,
Riso, Sancina, and the bordering towns
That touch the end of famous Euphrates,
Whose courages are kindled with the flames

‖ *honours*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "honour."
* *in conquest*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "*in* the *conquest*."
† *Judæa*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Juda."
‡ *Sclavonia's*] Old eds. "Scalonians" and "Sclauonians."

The cursèd Scythian sets on all their towns,
And vow to burn the villain's cruel heart.

K. of Sor. From Soria§ with seventy thousand strong,
Ta'en from Aleppo, Soldino, Tripoly,
And so unto my city of Damascus‖,
I march to meet and aid my neighbour kings;
All which will join against this Tamburlaine,
And bring him captive to your highness' feet.

Orc. Our battle, then, in martial manner pitch'd,
According to our ancient use, shall bear
The figure of the semicircled moon,
Whose horns shall sprinkle through the tainted air
The poison'd brains of this proud Scythian.

Call. Well, then, my noble lords, for this my friend
That freed me from the bondage of my foe,
I think it requisite and honourable
To keep my promise and to make him king,
That is a gentleman, I know, at least.

Alm. That's no matter*, sir, for being a king; for Tamburlaine came up of nothing.

K. of Jer. Your majesty may choose some 'pointed time,
Performing all your promise to the full;
'Tis nought for your majesty to give a kingdom.

§ *Soria*] See note, p. 124.

‖ *Damascus*] Here the old eds. "Damasco." See note, p. 91.

* *That's no matter*, &c.] So previously (p. 131) Almeda speaks in prose, "I like that well," &c.

CALL. Then will I shortly keep my promise, Almeda.

ALM. Why, I thank your majesty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter TAMBURLAINE *and his three sons,* CALYPHAS, AMYRAS, *and* CELEBINUS; USUMCASANE; *four attendants bearing the hearse of Zenocrate, and the drums sounding a doleful march; the town burning.*

TAMB. So burn the turrets of this cursèd town,
Flame to the highest region of the air,
And kindle heaps of exhalations,
That, being fiery meteors, may presage
Death and destruction to the inhabitants!
Over my zenith hang a blazing star,
That may endure till heaven be dissolv'd,
Fed with the fresh supply of earthly dregs,
Threatening a dearth * and famine to this land!
Flying dragons, lightning, fearful thunder-claps,
Singe these fair plains, and make them seem as black
As is the island where the Furies mask,
Compass'd with Lethe, Styx, and Phlegethon,
Because my dear Zenocrate is dead!

CALY. This pillar, plac'd in memory of her,
Where in Arabian, Hebrew, Greek, is writ,
This town, being burnt by Tamburlaine the Great,

* *dearth*] Old eds. "death."

Forbids the world to build it up again.

AMY. And here this mournful streamer shall be plac'd,
Wrought with the Persian and the ‡ Egyptian arms,
To signify she was a princess born,
And wife unto the monarch of the East.

CEL. And here this table as a register
Of all her virtues and perfections.

TAMB. And here the picture of Zenocrate,
To shew her beauty which the world admir'd;
Sweet picture of divine Zenocrate,
That, hanging here, will draw the gods from heaven,
And cause the stars fix'd in the southern arc,
(Whose lovely faces never any view'd
That have not pass'd the centre's latitude,)
As pilgrims travel to our hemisphere,
Only to gaze upon Zenocrate.
Thou shalt not beautify Larissa-plains,
But keep within the circle of mine arms:
At every town and castle I besiege,
Thou shalt be set upon my royal tent;
And, when I meet an army in the field,
Those† looks will shed such influence in my camp,
As if Bellona, goddess of the war,
Threw naked swords and sulphur-balls of fire
Upon the heads of all our enemies.—
And now, my lords, advance your spears again;
Sorrow no more, my sweet Casane, now:

‡ *the*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.
† *Those*] Old eds. "Whose."

Boys, leave to mourn; this town shall ever mourn,
Being burnt to cinders for your mother's death.

CALY. If I had wept a sea of tears for her,
It would not ease the sorrows§ I sustain.

AMY. As is that town, so is my heart consum'd
With grief and sorrow for my mother's death.

CEL. My mother's death hath mortified my mind,
And sorrow stops the passage of my speech.

TAMB. But now, my boys, leave off, and list to me,
That mean to teach you rudiments of war.
I'll have you learn to sleep upon the ground,
March in your armour thorough watery fens,
Sustain the scorching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and thirst‖, right adjuncts of the war;
And, after this, to scale a castle-wall,
Besiege a fort, to undermine a town,
And make whole cities caper in the air:
Then next, the way to fortify your men;
In champion* grounds what figure serves you best,
For which† the quinque-angle form is meet,
Because the corners there may fall more flat
Whereas‡ the fort may fittest be assail'd,
And sharpest where th' assault is desperate;
The ditches must be deep; the¶ counterscarps

§ *sorrows*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "sorrow."
‖ *thirst*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "colde."
* *champion*] i. e. champaign.
† *which*] Old eds. "with."
‡ *Whereas*] i. e. Where.
¶ *the*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "and."

Narrow and steep; the walls made high and broad;
The bulwarks and the rampires large and strong,
With cavalieros‖ and thick counterforts,
And room within to lodge six thousand men;
It must have privy ditches, countermines,
And secret issuings to defend the ditch;
It must have high argins† and cover'd ways
To keep the bulwark-fronts from battery,
And parapets to hide the musketeers,
Casemates to place the great‡ artillery,
And store of ordnance, that from every flank
May scour the outward curtains of the fort,
Dismount the cannon of the adverse part,
Murder the foe, and save the§ walls from breach.
When this is learn'd for service on the land,
By plain and easy demonstration
I'll teach you how to make the water mount,
That you may dry-foot march through lakes and pools,
Deep rivers, havens, creeks, and little seas,
And make a fortress in the raging waves,
Fenc'd with the concave of a monstrous rock,
Invincible by nature* of the place.
When this is done, then are ye soldiers,
And worthy sons of Tamburlaine the Great.

CALY. My lord, but this is dangerous to be done;

‖ *cavalieros*] See note, p. 153.

† *argins*] "*Argine*, Ital. An embankment, a rampart." Ed. 1826.

‡ *great*] So the 8vo.—The 4to. "greatst."

§ *the*] Old eds. "their."

* *by nature*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*by* the *nature*."

We may be slain or wounded ere we learn.

TAMB. Villain, art thou the son of Tamburlaine,
And fear'st to die, or with a‡ curtle-axe
To hew thy flesh, and make a gaping wound?
Hast thou beheld a peal of ordnance strike
A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse¶,
Whose shatter'd limbs, being toss'd as high as heaven,
Hang in the air as thick as sunny motes,
And canst thou, coward, stand in fear of death?
Hast thou not seen my horsemen charge the foe,
Shot through the arms, cut overthwart the hands,
Dying their lances with their streaming blood,
And yet at night carouse within my tent,
Filling their empty veins with airy wine,
That, being concocted, turns to crimson blood,
And wilt thou shun the field for fear of wounds?
View me, thy father, that hath conquer'd kings,
And, with his* host, march'd† round about the earth,
Quite void of scars and clear from any wound,
That by the wars lost not a drop§ of blood,
And see him lance‖ his flesh to teach you all.

[*He cuts his arm.*

‡ *a*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "the."

¶ *A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse*] Qy. "foot" instead of "*shot*"? (but the "*ring of pikes*" is "foot").—The Revd. J. Mitford proposes to read, "*A ring of pikes* and horse, mangled *with shot*."

* *his*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "this."

† *march'd*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "martch."

§ *drop*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "dram."

‖ *lance*] So the 4to.—Here the 8vo "lanch": but afterwards more than once it has "lance."

A wound is nothing, be it ne'er so deep;
Blood is the god of war's rich livery.
Now look I like a soldier, and this wound
As great a grace and majesty to me,
As if a chair of gold enamellèd,
Enchas'd with diamonds, sapphires, rubies,
And fairest pearl of wealthy India,
Were mounted here under a canopy,
And I sat down, cloth'd with a massy robe
That late adorn'd the Afric potentate,
Whom I brought bound unto Damascus' walls.
Come, boys, and with your fingers search my wound,
And in my blood wash all your hands at once,
While I sit smiling to behold the sight.
Now, my boys, what think ye of a wound?

CALY. I know not§ what I should think of it; methinks 'tis a pitiful sight.

CEL. 'Tis* nothing.—Give me a wound, father.

AMY. And me another, my lord.

TAMB. Come, sirrah, give me your arm.

CEL. Here, father, cut it bravely, as you did your own.

TAMB. It shall suffice thou dar'st abide a wound;
My boy, thou shalt not lose a drop of blood
Before we meet the army of the Turk;
But then run desperate through the thickest throngs,
Dreadless of blows, of bloody wounds, and death;
And let the burning of Larissa-walls,

§ *I know not*, &c.] This and the next four speeches are evidently prose, as are several other portions of this play.

* *'Tis*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "This."

My speech of war, and this my wound you see,
Teach you, my boys, to bear courageous minds,
Fit for the followers of great Tamburlaine.—
Usumcasane, now come, let us march
Towards Techelles and Theridamas,
That we have sent before to fire the towns,
The towers and cities of these hateful Turks,
And hunt that coward faint-heart runaway,
With that accursèd† traitor Almeda,
Till fire and sword have found them at a bay.

USUM. I long to pierce his‡ bowels with my sword,
That hath betray'd my gracious sovereign,—
That curs'd and damnèd traitor Almeda.

TAMB. Then let us see if coward Callapine
Dare levy arms against our puissance,
That we may tread upon his captive neck,
And treble all his father's slaveries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, *and their train.*

THER. Thus have we march'd northward from Tamburlaine,
Unto the frontier point* of Soria‖;
And this is Balsera, their chiefest hold,
Wherein is all the treasure of the land.

TECH. Then let us bring our light artillery,

† *accursèd*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "cursed."
‡ *his*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "the."
* *point*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "port."
‖ *Soria*] See note, p. 124.

Minions, falc'nets, and sakers*, to the trench,
Filling the ditches with the walls' wide breach,
And enter in to seize upon the gold.—
How say you, soldiers, shall we not?

SOLDIERS. Yes, my lord, yes; come, let's about it.

THER. But stay a while; summon a parle, drum.
It may be they will yield it quietly‖,
Knowing two kings, the friends‡ to Tamburlaine,
Stand at the walls with such a mighty power.

[*A parley sounded.—Captain appears on the walls, with Olympia his wife, and his son.*

CAPT. What require you, my masters?

THER. Captain, that thou yield up thy hold to us.

CAPT. To you! why, do you§ think me weary of it?

TECH. Nay, captain, thou art weary of thy life,
If thou withstand the friends of Tamburlaine.

THER. These pioneers of Argier in Africa,
Even in† the cannon's face, shall raise a hill
Of earth and faggots higher than thy fort,
And, over thy argins¶ and cover'd ways,
Shall play upon the bulwarks of thy hold
Volleys of ordnance, till the breach be made
That with his ruin fills up all the trench;
And, when we enter in, not Heaven itself

* *Minions, falc'nets, and sakers*] "All small pieces of ordnance." *Ed.* 1826.

‖ *quietly*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "quickely."

‡ *friends*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "friend."

§ *you*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "thou."

† *in*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "to."

¶ *argins*] See note, p. 162.

Shall ransom thee, thy wife, and family.

TECH. Captain, these Moors shall cut the leaden pipes
That bring fresh water to thy men and thee,
And lie in trench before thy castle-walls,
That no supply of victual shall come in,
Nor [any] issue forth but they shall die;
And, therefore, captain, yield it quietly†.

CAPT. Were you, that are the friends of Tamburlaine,‡
Brothers of * holy Mahomet himself,
I would not yield it; therefore do your worst:
Raise mounts, batter, intrench, and undermine,
Cut off the water, all convoys that can §,
Yet I am‖ resolute: and so, farewell.

[*Captain, Olympia, and son, retire from the walls.*

THER. Pioneers, away! and where I stuck the stake,
Intrench with those dimensions I prescrib'd;
Cast up the earth towards the castle-wall,
Which, till it may defend you, labour low,
And few or none shall perish by their shot.

† *quietly*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "quickely."

‡ *Were you, that are the friends of Tamburlaine*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*Were* all *you that are friends of Tamburlaine.*"

* *of*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "to."

§ *all convoys that can*] i. e. (I believe) all convoys (conveyances) that can be cut off. The modern editors alter "*can*" to "come."

‖ *I am*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*am I.*"

PIONEERS. We will, my lord. [*Exeunt Pioneers.*

TECH. A hundred horse shall scout about the plains,
To spy what force comes to relieve the hold.
Both we, Theridamas, will intrench our men,
And with the Jacob's staff measure the height
And distance of the castle from the trench,
That we may know if our artillery
Will carry full point-blank unto their walls.

THER. Then see the bringing of our ordnance
Along the trench into* the battery,
Where we will have gallions of six foot broad,
To save our cannoneers from musket-shot;
Betwixt which shall our ordnance thunder forth,
And with the breach's fall, smoke, fire, and dust,
The crack, the echo, and the soldiers' cry,
Make deaf the air and dim the crystal sky.

TECH. Trumpets and drums, alarum presently!
And, soldiers, play the men; the hold† is yours!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Alarms within. Enter the CAPTAIN, *with* OLYMPIA, *and his* SON.

OLYM. Come, good my lord, and let us haste from hence,
Along the cave that leads beyond the foe:

* *into*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "vnto."
† *hold*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "holds."

No hope is left to save this conquer'd hold.

CAPT. A deadly bullet, gliding through my side,
Lies heavy on my heart; I cannot live:
I feel my liver pierc'd, and all my veins,
That there begin and nourish every part,
Mangled and torn, and all my entrails bath'd
In blood that straineth‡ from their orifex.
Farewell, sweet wife! sweet son, farewell! I die.

[*Dies.*

OLYM. Death, whither art thou gone, that both we live?
Come back again, sweet Death, and strike us both!
One minute end our days, and one sepùlchre
Contain our bodies! Death, why com'st thou not?
Well, this must be the messenger for thee:

[*Drawing a dagger.*

Now, ugly Death, stretch out thy sable wings,
And carry both our souls where his remains.—
Tell me, sweet boy, art thou content to die?
These barbarous Scythians, full of cruelty,
And Moors, in whom was never pity found,
Will hew us piecemeal, put us to the wheel,
Or else invent some torture worse than that;
Therefore die by thy loving mother's hand,
Who gently now will lance thy ivory throat,
And quickly rid thee both of pain and life.

SON. Mother, despatch me, or I'll kill myself;
For think you I can live and see him dead?

‡ *straineth*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "staineth."

Give me your knife, good mother, or strike home*:
The Scythians shall not tyrannize on me:
Sweet mother, strike, that I may meet my father.

[*She stabs him, and he dies.*

OLYM. Ah, sacred Mahomet, if this be sin,
Entreat a pardon of the God of heaven,
And purge my soul before it come to thee!

[*She burns the bodies of her husband and son, and then attempts to kill herself.*

Enter THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, *and all their train.*

THER. How now, madam! what are you doing?

OLYM. Killing myself, as I have done my son,
Whose body, with his father's, I have burnt,
Lest cruel Scythians should dismember him.

TECH. 'Twas bravely done, and like a soldier's wife.
Thou shalt with us to Tamburlaine the Great,
Who, when he hears how resolute thou wert†,
Will match thee with a viceroy or a king.

OLYM. My lord deceas'd was dearer unto me
Than any viceroy, king, or emperor;
And for his sake here will I end my days.

THER. But, lady, go with us to Tamburlaine,
And thou shalt see a man greater than Mahomet,
In whose high looks is much more majesty,
Than from the concave superficies

* *home*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "haue."
† *wert*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "art."

Of Jove's vast palace, the empyreal orb,
Unto the shining bower where Cynthia sits,
Like lovely Thetis, in a crystal robe;
That treadeth Fortune underneath his feet,
And makes the mighty god of arms his slave;
On whom Death and the Fatal Sisters wait
With naked swords and scarlet liveries;
Before whom, mounted on a lion's back,
Rhamnusia bears a helmet full of blood,
And strows the way with brains of slaughter'd men;
By whose proud side the ugly Furies run,
Hearkening when he shall bid them plague the world;
Over whose zenith, cloth'd in windy air,
And eagle's wings join'd* to her feather'd breast,
Fame hovereth, sounding of† her golden trump,
That to the adverse poles of that straight line
Which measureth the glorious frame of heaven
The name of mighty Tamburlaine is spread;
And him, fair lady, shall thy eyes behold.
Come.

OLYM. Take pity of a lady's ruthful tears,
That humbly craves upon her knees to stay,
And cast her body in the burning flame
That feeds upon her son's and husband's flesh.

TECH. Madam, sooner shall fire consume us both,
Than scorch a face so beautiful as this,
In frame of which Nature hath shew'd more skill

* *join'd*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "inioin'd."
† *of*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "in."

Than when she gave eternal chaos form,
Drawing from it the shining lamps of heaven.

THER. Madam, I am so far in love with you,
That you must go with us; no remedy.

OLYM. Then carry me, I care not, where you will,
And let the end of this my fatal journey
Be likewise end to my accursèd life.

TECH. No, madam, but the‖ beginning of your joy:
Come willingly therefore.

THER. Soldiers, now let us meet the general,
Who by this time is at Natolia,
Ready to charge the army of the Turk.
The gold and* silver, and the pearl, ye got,
Rifling this fort, divide in equal shares:
This lady shall have twice so much again
Out of the coffers of our treasury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter CALLAPINE, ORCANES, *the* KINGS *of* JERUSALEM, TREBIZON, *and* SORIA, *with their train*, ALMEDA, *and a* MESSENGER.

MES. Renowmèd† emperor, mighty‡ Callapine,
God's great lieutenant over all the world,

‖ *the*] Added perhaps by a mistake of the transcriber or printer.

* *and*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the."

† *Renowmèd*] See note, p. 27. So the 8vo.—The 4to "Renowned."

‡ *emperor, mighty*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*emperour*, and *mightie*."

Here at Aleppo, with an host of men,
Lies Tamburlaine, this king of Persia,
(In number more than are the† quivering leaves
Of Ida's forest, where your highness' hounds
With open cry pursue‡ the wounded stag,)
Who means to girt Natolia's walls with siege,
Fire the town, and over-run the land.

CALL. My royal army is as great as his,
That, from the bounds of Phrygia to the sea
Which washeth Cyprus with his brinish waves,
Covers the hills, the valleys, and the plains.
Viceroys and peers of Turkey, play the men;
Whet all your§ swords to mangle Tamburlaine,
His sons, his captains, and his followers:
By Mahomet, not one of them shall live!
The field wherein this battle shall be fought
For ever term‖ the Persians' sepulchre,
In memory of this our victory.

ORC. Now he that calls himself the* scourge of Jove,
The emperor of the world, and earthly god,
Shall end the warlike progress he intends,
And travel headlong to the lake of hell,
Where legions of devils (knowing he must die

† *the*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "this."
‡ *pursue*] Old eds. "pursues."
§ *your*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "our."
‖ *term*] Qy. "term'd"?
* *the*] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.

Here in Natolia by your§ highness' hands),
All brandishing their‖ brands of quenchless fire,
Stretching their monstrous paws, grin with* their teeth,
And guard the gates to entertain his soul.

CALL. Tell me, viceroys, the number of your men,
And what our army royal is esteem'd.

K. OF JER. From Palestina and Jerusalem,
Of Hebrews three score thousand fighting men
Are come, since last we shew'd your† majesty.

ORC. So from Arabia desert, and the bounds
Of that sweet land whose brave metropolis
Re-edified the fair Semiramis,
Came forty thousand warlike foot and horse,
Since last we number'd to your majesty.

K. OF TREB. From Trebizon in Asia the Less,
Naturaliz'd Turks and stout Bithynians
Came to my bands, full fifty thousand more,
(That, fighting, know‡ not what retreat doth mean,
Nor e'er return but with the victory,)
Since last we number'd to your majesty.

K. OF SOR. Of Sorians§ from Halla is repair'd‖,

§ *your*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "our."

‖ *brandishing their*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "*brandishing* in *their*."

* *with*] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.

† *shew'd your*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*shewed* to *your*."

‡ *know*] Old eds. "knowes."

§ *Sorians*] See note, p. 124.

‖ *repair'd*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "prepar'd."

And neighbour cities of your highness' land§,
Ten thousand horse, and thirty thousand foot,
Since last we number'd to your majesty;
So that the army royal is esteem'd
Six hundred thousand valiant fighting men.

CALL. Then welcome, Tamburlaine, unto thy death!—
Come, puissant viceroys, let us to the field
(The Persians' sepulchre), and sacrifice
Mountains of breathless men to Mahomet,
Who now, with Jove, opens the firmament
To see the slaughter of our enemies.

Enter TAMBURLAINE *with his three sons,* CALYPHAS, AMYRAS, *and* CELEBINUS; USUMCASANE, *and others.*

TAMB. How now, Casane? see, a knot of kings,
Sitting as if they were a-telling riddles!

USUM. My lord, your presence makes them pale and wan:
Poor souls, they look as if their deaths were near.

TAMB. Why, so he|| is, Casane; I am here:
But yet I'll save their lives, and make them slaves.—
Ye petty kings of Turkey, I am come,
As Hector did into the Grecian camp,
To overdare the pride of Græcia,

§ *And neighbour cities of your highness' land*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

|| *he*] i. e. Death. So the 8vo.—The 4to "it."

And set his warlike person to the view
Of fierce Achilles, rival of his fame:
I do you honour in the simile;
For, if I should, as Hector did Achilles,
(The worthiest knight that ever brandish'd sword,)
Challenge in combat any of you all,
I see how fearfully ye would refuse,
And fly my glove as from a scorpion.

ORC. Now thou art fearful of thy army's strength,
Thou wouldst with overmatch of person fight:
But, shepherd's issue, base-born Tamburlaine,
Think of thy end; this sword shall lance thy throat.

TAMB. Villain, the shepherd's issue (at whose birth
Heaven did afford a gracious aspect,
And join'd those stars that shall be opposite
Even till the dissolution of the world,
And never meant to make a conqueror
So famous as is* mighty Tamburlaine)
Shall so torment thee, and that Callapine,
That, like a roguish runaway, suborn'd
That villain there, that slave, that Turkish dog,
To false his service to his sovereign,
As ye shall curse the birth of Tamburlaine.

CALL. Rail not, proud Scythian: I shall now revenge
My father's vile abuses, and mine own.

K. OF JER. By Mahomet, he shall be tied in chains,

* *is*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the."

Rowing with Christians in a brigandine
About the Grecian isles to rob and spoil,
And turn him to his ancient trade again:
Methinks the slave should make a lusty thief.

CALL. Nay, when the battle ends, all we will meet,
And sit in council to invent some pain
That most may vex his body and his soul.

TAMB. Sirrah Callapine, I'll hang a clog about your neck for running away again: you shall not trouble me thus to come and fetch you.—
But as for you, viceroy[s], you shall have bits,
And, harness'd* like my horses, draw my coach;
And, when ye stay, be lash'd with whips of wire:
I'll have you learn to feed on† provender,
And in a stable lie upon the planks.

ORC. But, Tamburlaine, first thou shalt‡ kneel to us,
And humbly crave a pardon for thy life.

K. OF TREB. The common soldiers of our mighty host
Shall bring thee bound unto the§ general's tent.

K. OF SOR. And all have jointly sworn thy cruel death,
Or bind thee in eternal torments' wrath.

TAMB. Well, sirs, diet yourselves; you know I shall have occasion shortly to journey you.

* *harness'd*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "harnesse."

† *on*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "with" (the compositor having caught the word from the preceding line).

‡ *thou shalt*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*shalt thou.*"

§ *the*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "our."

CEL. See, father, how Almeda the jailor looks upon us!

TAMB. Villain, traitor, damnèd fugitive,
I'll make thee wish the earth had swallow'd thee!
See'st thou not death within my wrathful looks?
Go, villain, cast thee headlong from a rock,
Or rip thy bowels, and rent * out thy heart,
T' appease my wrath; or else I'll torture thee,
Searing thy hateful flesh with burning irons
And drops of scalding lead, while all thy joints
Be rack'd and beat asunder with the wheel;
For, if thou liv'st, not any element
Shall shroud thee from the wrath of Tamburlaine.

CALL. Well, in despite of thee, he shall be king.—
Come, Almeda; receive this crown of me:
I here invest thee king of Ariadan,
Bordering on Mare Roso, near to Mecca.

ORC. What! take it, man.

ALM. Good my lord, let me take it.

CALL. Dost thou ask him leave? here; take it.

TAMB. Go to, sirrah †! take your crown, and make up the half dozen. So, sirrah, now you are a king, you must give arms ‡.

ORC. So he shall, and wear thy head in his scutcheon.

* *and rent*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "or rend."

† *Go to, sirrah*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*Goe sirrha.*"

‡ *give arms*] An heraldic expression, meaning—shew armorial bearings (used, of course, with a quibble).

TAMB. No§; let him hang a bunch of keys on his standard, to put him in remembrance he was a jailor, that, when I take him, I may knock out his brains with them, and lock you in the stable, when you shall come sweating from my chariot.

K. OF TREB. Away! let us to the field, that the villain may be slain.

TAMB. Sirrah, prepare whips, and bring my chariot to my tent; for, as soon as the battle is done, I'll ride in triumph through the camp.

Enter THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, *and their train.*

How now, ye petty kings? lo, here are bugs‖
Will make the hair stand upright on your heads,
And cast your crowns in slavery at their feet!—
Welcome, Theridamas and Techelles, both:
See ye this rout*, and know ye this same king?

THER. Ay, my lord; he was Callapine's keeper.

TAMB. Well, now ye see he is a king. Look to him, Theridamas, when we are fighting, lest he hide his crown as the foolish king of Persia did†.

K. OF SOR. No, Tamburlaine; he shall not be put to that exigent, I warrant thee.

TAMB. You know not, sir.—
But now, my followers and my loving friends,
Fight as you ever did, like conquerors,

§ *No*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "Go."
‖ *bugs*] i. e. bugbears, objects to strike you with terror.
* *rout*] i. e. crew, rabble.
† *as the foolish king of Persia did*] See p. 40.

The glory of this happy day is yours.
My stern aspèct† shall make fair Victory,
Hovering betwixt our armies, light on me,
Loaden with laurel-wreaths to crown us all.

TECH. I smile to think how, when this field is fought
And rich Natolia ours, our men shall sweat
With carrying pearl and treasure on their backs.

TAMB. You shall be princes all, immediately.—
Come, fight, ye Turks, or yield us victory.

ORC. No; we will meet thee, slavish Tamburlaine. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Alarms within. AMYRAS *and* CELEBINUS *issue from the tent where* CALYPHAS *sits asleep.*‡

AMY. Now in their glories shine the golden crowns
Of these proud Turks, much like so many suns
That half dismay the majesty of heaven.
Now, brother, follow we our father's sword,
That flies with fury swifter than our thoughts,
And cuts down armies with his conquering wings.

CEL. Call forth our lazy brother from the tent,
For, if my father miss him in the field,
Wrath, kindled in the furnace of his breast,

† *aspèct*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "aspects."

‡ *sits asleep*] At the back of the stage, which was supposed to represent the interior of the tent.

Will send a deadly lightning to his heart.

AMY. Brother, ho! what, given so much to sleep,
You cannot§ leave it, when our enemies' drums
And rattling cannons thunder in our ears
Our proper ruin and our father's foil?

CALY. Away, ye fools! my father needs not me,
Nor you, in faith, but that you will be thought
More childish-valourous than manly-wise.
If half our camp should sit and sleep with me,
My father were enough to scare* the foe:
You do dishonour to his majesty,
To think our helps will do him any good.

AMY. What, dar'st thou, then, be absent from the fight,
Knowing my father hates thy cowardice,
And oft hath warn'd thee to be still in field,
When he himself amidst the thickest troops
Beats down our foes, to flesh our taintless swords?

CALY. I know, sir, what it is to kill a man;
It works remorse of conscience in me:
I take no pleasure to be murderous,
Nor care for blood when wine will quench my thirst.

CEL. O cowardly boy! fie, for shame, come forth!
Thou dost dishonour manhood and thy house.

CALY. Go, go, tall† stripling, fight you for us both,
And take my other toward brother here,

§ *You cannot*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*Can you not.*"

* *scare*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "scarce."

† *tall*] i. e. bold, brave.

For person like to prove a second Mars.
'Twill please my mind as well to hear, both you*
Have won a heap of honour in the field,
And left your slender carcasses behind,
As if I lay with you for company.

AMY. You will not go, then?

CALY. You say true.

AMY. Were all the lofty mounts of Zona Mundi
That fill the midst of farthest Tartary
Turn'd into pearl and proffer'd for my stay,
I would not bide the fury of my father,
When, made a victor in these haughty arms,
He comes and finds his sons have had no shares
In all the honours he propos'd for us.

CALY. Take you the honour, I will take my ease;
My wisdom shall excuse my cowardice:
I go into the field before I need!

[*Alarms within. Amyras and Celebinus run out.*
The bullets fly at random where they list;
And, should I† go, and kill a thousand men,
I were as soon rewarded with a shot,
And sooner far than he that never fights;
And, should I go, and do no harm nor good,
I might have harm, which all the good I have,
Join'd with my father's crown, would never cure.
I'll to cards.—Perdicas!

Enter Perdicas.

PERD. Here, my lord.

* *both you*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*you both.*"
† *should I*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*I should.*"

CALY. Come, thou and I will go to cards to drive away the time.

PERD. Content, my lord: but what shall we play for?

CALY. Who shall kiss the fairest of the Turks' concubines first, when my father hath conquered them.*

PERD. Agreed, i'faith. [*They play.*

CALY. They say I am a coward, Perdicas, and I fear as little their taratantaras, their swords, or their cannons as I do a naked lady in a net of gold, and, for fear I should be afraid, would put it off and come to bed with me.

PERD. Such a fear, my lord, would never make you retire.

CALY. I would my father would let me be put in the front of such a battle once, to try my valour! [*Alarms within.*] What a coil they keep! I believe there will be some hurt done anon amongst them.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE; AMYRAS *and* CELEBINUS *leading in* ORCANES, *and the Kings of Jerusalem*, TREZON, *and* SORIA; and SOLDIERS.

TAMB. See now, ye† slaves, my children stoop your pride‡,
And lead‖ your bodies* sheep-like to the sword!—

† *ye*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "my."

‡ *stoop your pride*] i. e. make your pride to stoop.—Old eds. "stoops" and "stoopes."

‖ *lead*] Old eds. "leads" and "leades."

* *bodies*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "glories."

Bring them, my boys, and tell me if the wars
Be not a life that may illustrate gods,
And tickle not your spirits with desire
Still to be train'd in arms and chivalry?

AMY. Shall we let go these kings again, my lord,
To gather greater numbers 'gainst† our power,
That they may say, it is not chance doth this,
But matchless strength and magnanimity?

TAMB. No, no, Amyras; tempt not Fortune so:
Cherish thy valour still with fresh supplies,
And glut it not with stale and daunted foes.
But where's this coward villain, not my son,
But traitor to my name and majesty?

[*He goes in and brings* CALYPHAS *out.*

Image of sloth, and picture of a slave,
The obloquy and scorn of my renown!
How may my heart, thus fired with mine‡ eyes,
Wounded with shame and kill'd with discontent,
Shroud any thought may§ hold my striving hands
From martial justice on thy wretched soul?

THER. Yet pardon him, I pray your majesty.

TECH. *and* USUM. Let all of us entreat your highness' pardon.

TAMB. Stand up‖, ye base, unworthy soldiers!

† *'gainst*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "against."
‡ *mine*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "my."
§ *may*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "nay."
‖ *up*] The modern editors alter this word to "by," not understanding the passage. Tamburlaine means—Do not *kneel* to me for his pardon.

Know ye not yet the argument of arms?

AMY. Good my lord, let him be forgiven for once*,
And we will force him to the field hereafter.

TAMB. Stand up, my boys, and I will teach ye arms,
And what the jealousy of wars must do.—
O Samarcanda, where I breathèd first,
And joy'd the fire of this martial† flesh,
Blush, blush, fair city, at thine‡ honour's foil,
And shame of nature, which§ Jaertis'‖ stream,
Embracing thee with deepest of his love,
Can never wash from thy distainèd brows!—
Here, Jove, receive his fainting soul again;
A form not meet to give that subject essence
Whose matter is the flesh of Tamburlaine,
Wherein an incorporeal¶ spirit moves,
Made of the mould whereof thyself consists,
Which makes me valiant, proud, ambitious,
Ready to levy power against thy throne,
That I might move the turning spheres of heaven,
For earth and all this airy region
Cannot contain the state of Tamburlaine.

[*Stabs* CALYPHAS.

* *once*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "one."

† *martial*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "materiall." (In this line "*fire*" is a dissyllable.")

‡ *thine*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "thy."

§ *which*] Old eds. "with."

‖ *Jaertis'*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Laertis." By "*Jaertis'*" must be meant—Jaxartes'.

¶ *incorporeal*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "incorporall."

By Mahomet, thy mighty friend, I swear,
In sending to my issue such a soul,
Created of the massy dregs of earth,
The scum and tartar of the elements,
Wherein was neither courage, strength, or wit,
But folly, sloth, and damnèd idleness,
Thou hast procur'd a greater enemy
Than he that darted mountains at thy head,
Shaking the burden mighty Atlas bears,
Whereat thou trembling hid'st thee in the air,
Cloth'd with a pitchy cloud for being seen§.—
And now, ye canker'd curs of Asia,
That will not see the strength of Tamburlaine,
Although it shine as brightly as the sun,
Now you shall* feel the strength of Tamburlaine,
And, by the state of his supremacy,
Approve† the difference 'twixt himself and you.

ORC. Thou shew'st the difference 'twixt ourselves and thee,
In this thy barbarous damnèd tyranny.

K. OF JER. Thy victories are grown so violent,
That shortly heaven, fill'd with the meteors
Of blood and fire thy tyrannies have made,
Will pour down blood and fire on thy head,
Whose scalding drops will pierce thy seething brains,

§ *for being seen*] i. e. "that thou mayest not be seen." *Ed.* 1826. See Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *For.*

* *you shall*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*shall ye.*"

† *Approve*] i. e. prove, experience.

And, with our bloods, revenge our bloods ‡ on thee.

TAMB. Villains, these terrors, and these tyrannies
(If tyrannies war's justice ye repute),
I execute, enjoin'd me from above,
To scourge the pride of such as Heaven abhors;
Nor am I made arch-monarch of the world,
Crown'd and invested by the hand of Jove,
For deeds of bounty or nobility;
But, since I exercise a greater name,
The scourge of God and terror of the world,
I must apply myself to fit those terms,
In war, in blood, in death, in cruelty,
And plague such peasants § as resist in* me
The power of Heaven's eternal majesty.—
Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane‖,
Ransack the tents and the pavilions
Of these proud Turks, and take their concubines,
Making them bury this effeminate brat;
For not a common soldier shall defile
His manly fingers with so faint a boy:
Then bring those Turkish harlots to my tent,
And I'll dispose them as it likes me best.—
Meanwhile, take him in.

SOLDIERS. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt with the body of* CALYPHAS.

‡ *bloods*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "blood."

§ *peasants*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "parsants."

* *resist in*] Old eds. "resisting."

‖ *Casane*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "Vsum *Casane*."

K. of Jer. O damnèd monster! nay, a fiend of hell,
Whose cruelties are not so harsh as thine,
Nor yet impos'd with such a bitter hate!

Orc. Revenge it†, Rhadamanth and Æacus,
And let your hates, extended in his pains,
Excel‡ the hate wherewith he pains our souls!

K. of Treb. May never day give virtue to his eyes,
Whose sight, compos'd of fury and of fire,
Doth send such stern affections to his heart!

K. of Sor. May never spirit, vein, or artier§, feed
The cursèd substance of that cruel heart;
But, wanting moisture and remorseful‖ blood,
Dry up with anger, and consume with heat!

Tamb. Well, bark, ye dogs: I'll bridle all your tongues,
And bind them close with bits of burnish'd steel,
Down to the channels of your hateful throats;
And, with the pains my rigour shall inflict,
I'll make ye roar, that earth may echo forth
The far-resounding torments ye sustain;
As when an herd of lusty Cimbrian bulls
Run mourning round about the females' miss*,

† *it*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

‡ *Excel*] Old eds. "Expell" and "Expel."

§ *artier*] See note, p. 49.

‖ *remorseful*] i. e. compassionate.

* *miss*] i. e. loss, want. The construction is—Run round about, mourning the miss of the females.

And, stung with fury of their following,
Fill all the air with troublous bellowing.
I will; with engines never exercis'd,
Conquer, sack, and utterly consume
Your cities and your golden palaces,
And, with the flames that beat against the clouds,
Incense the heavens, and make the stars to melt,
As if they were the tears of Mahomet
For hot consumption of his country's pride;
And, till by vision or by speech I hear
Immortal Jove say "Cease, my Tamburlaine,"
I will persist a terror to the world,
Making the meteors (that, like armèd men,
Are seen to march upon the towers of heaven)
Run tilting round about the firmament,
And break their burning lances in the air,
For honour of my wondrous victories.—
Come, bring them in to our pavilion. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter OLYMPIA.

OLYM. Distress'd Olympia, whose weeping eyes,
Since thy arrival here, behold† no sun,
But, clos'd within the compass of a§ tent,
Have‖ stain'd thy cheeks, and made thee look like death,

† *behold*] Qy "beheld"?
§ *a*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "the."
‖ *Have*] Old ods. "Hath."

Devise some means to rid thee of thy life,
Rather than yield to his detested suit,
Whose drift is only to dishonour thee;
And, since this earth, dew'd with thy brinish tears,
Affords no herbs whose taste may poison thee,
Nor yet this air, beat often with thy sighs,
Contagious smells and vapours to infect thee,
Nor thy close cave a sword to murder thee,
Let this invention be the instrument.

Enter THERIDAMAS.

THER. Well met, Olympia: I sought thee in my tent,
But, when I saw the place obscure and dark,
Which with thy beauty thou wast wont to light,
Enrag'd, I ran about the fields for thee,
Supposing amorous Jove had sent his son,
The wingèd Hermes, to convey thee hence;
But now I find thee, and that fear is past,
Tell me, Olympia, wilt thou grant my suit?

OLYM. My lord and husband's death, with my sweet son's,
(With whom I buried all affections
Save grief and sorrow, which torment my heart)
Forbids my mind to entertain a thought
That tends to love, but meditate on death,
A fitter subject for a pensive soul.

THER. Olympia, pity him in whom thy looks
Have greater operation and more force
Than Cynthia's in the watery wilderness;

For with thy view my joys are at the full,
And ebb again as thou depart'st from me.
OLYM. Ah, pity me, my lord, and draw your sword,
Making a passage for my troubled soul,
Which beats against this prison to get out,
And meet my husband and my loving son!
THER. Nothing but still thy husband and thy son?
Leave this, my love, and listen more to me:
Thou shalt be stately queen of fair Argier;
And, cloth'd in costly cloth of massy gold,
Upon the marble turrets of my court
Sit like to Venus in her chair of state,
Commanding all thy princely eye desires;
And I will cast off arms to sit with thee,
Spending my life in sweet discourse of love.
OLYM. No such discourse is pleasant in‡ mine ears,
But that where every period ends with death,
And every line begins with death again:
I cannot love, to be an emperess.
THER. Nay, lady, then, if nothing will prevail,
I'll use some other means to make you yield:
Such is the sudden fury of my love,
I must and will be pleas'd, and you shall yield:
Come to the tent again.
OLYM. Stay now, my lord; and, will you§ save my honour,

‡ *in*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "to."
§ *and, will you*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "if *you will*."

I'll give your grace a present of such price,
As all the world can not afford the like.

THER. What is it?

OLYM. An ointment which a cunning alchymist
Distillèd from the purest balsamum
And simplest extracts of all minerals,
In which the essential form of marble stone,
Temper'd by science metaphysical,
And spells of magic from the mouths* of spirits,
With which if you but 'noint your tender skin,
Nor pistol, sword, nor lance, can pierce your flesh.

THER. Why, madam, think you to mock me thus palpably?

OLYM. To prove it, I will 'noint my naked throat,
Which when you stab, look on your weapon's point,
And you shall see't rebated† with the blow.

THER. Why gave you not your husband some of it,
If you lov'd him, and it so precious?

OLYM. My purpose was, my lord, to spend it so,
But was prevented by his sudden end;
And for a present easy proof thereof,
That I dissemble not, try it on me.

THER. I will, Olympia, and will‡ keep it for
The richest present of this eastern world.

[*She anoints her throat*§.

* *mouths*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "mother."

† *rebated*] i. e. blunted.

‡ *and will*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "*and* I *wil.*"

§ *She anoints her throat*] This incident, as Mr. Collier ob-

OLYM. Now stab, my lord, and mark your weapon's point,
That will be blunted if the blow be great.
THER. Here, then, Olympia.— [*Stabs her.*
What, have I slain her? Villain, stab thyself!
Cut off this arm that murderèd my* love,
In whom the learnèd Rabbis of this age
Might find as many wondrous miracles
As in the theoria of the world!
Now hell is fairer than Elysium†;
A greater lamp than that bright eye of heaven,
From whence the stars do borrow‡ all their light,
Wanders about the black circumference;
And now the damnèd souls are free from pain,
For every Fury gazeth on her looks;
Infernal Dis is courting of my love,
Inventing masques and stately shows for her,
Opening the doors of his rich treasury
To entertain this queen of chastity;

serves (*Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poet.*, iii. 119) is borrowed from Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, B. xxix, "where Isabella, to save herself from the lawless passion of Rodomont, anoints her neck with a decoction of herbs, which she pretends will render it invulnerable: she then presents her throat to the Pagan, who, believing her assertion, aims a blow and strikes off her head."

* *my*] Altered by the modern editors to "thy,"—unnecessarily.

† *Elysium*] Old eds. "Elisian" and "Elizian."

‡ *do borrow*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "*borow doo.*"

Whose body shall be tomb'd with all the pomp
The treasure of my § kingdom may afford.

[*Exit with the body.*

SCENE III.

Enter TAMBURLAINE, *drawn in his chariot by the Kings of Trebizon and Soria* †, *with bits in their mouths, reins in his* ‡ *left hand, and in his right hand a whip with which he scourgeth them;* AMYRAS, CELEBINUS, TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE; ORCANES *king of* NATOLIA, *and the King of* JERUSALEM, *led by five* ‖ *or six common Soldiers; and other Soldiers.*

TAMB. Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia* !
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a-day,
And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine,
But from Asphaltis, where I conquer'd you,
To Byron here, where thus I honour you?
The horse that guide the golden eye of heaven,
And blow the morning from their nostrils ¶,

§ *my*] So the 4to (Theridamas is King of Argier).—The 8vo "thy."

† *Soria*] See note, p. 124.

‡ *his*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "their."

‖ *led by five*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "*led by* [i. e. beside] with *five*."

* *Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia*, &c.] The ridicule showered on this passage by a long series of poets, will be found noticed in the *Account of Marlowe and his Writings*.

¶ *And blow the morning from their nostrils*] Here "*nostrils*"

Making their fiery gait above the clouds,
Are not so honour'd in‡ their governor,
As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine.
The headstrong jades of Thrace Alcides tam'd,
That King Ægeus fed with human flesh,
And made so wanton that they knew their strengths,
Were not subdu'd with valour more divine
Than you by this unconquer'd arm of mine.
To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
You shall be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
And drink in pails the strongest muscadel:
If you can live with it, then live, and draw
My chariot swifter than the racking§ clouds;
If not, then die like beasts, and fit for nought
But perches for the black and fatal ravens.
Thus am I right the scourge of highest Jove;
And see the figure of my dignity,
By which I hold my name and majesty!

is to be read as a trisyllable,—and indeed is spelt in the 4to "nosterils."—Mr. Collier (*Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poet.*, iii. 124) remarks that this has been borrowed from Marlowe by the anonymous author of the tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607 (and he might have compared also Chapman's *Hymnus in Cynthiam*, —*The Shadow of Night*, &c. 1594, sig. D 3): but, after all, it is only a translation;

"cum primum alto se gurgite tollunt
Solis equi, *lucemque elatis naribus efflant.*"
Æn. xii. 114 (Virgil being indebted to Ennius and Lucilius).

‡ *in*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "as."

§ *racking*] i. e. moving like smoke or vapour: see Richardson's *Dict.* in v.

AMY. Let me have coach§, my lord, that I may ride,
And thus be drawn by‖ these two idle kings.

TAMB. Thy youth forbids such ease, my kingly boy:
They shall to-morrow draw my chariot,
While these their fellow-kings may be refresh'd.

ORC. O thou that sway'st the region under earth,
And art a king as absolute as Jove,
Come as thou didst in fruitful Sicily,
Surveying all the glories of the land,
And as thou took'st the fair Proserpina,
Joying the fruit of Ceres' garden-plot*,
For love, for honour, and to make her queen,
So, for just hate, for shame, and to subdue
This proud contemner of thy dreadful power,
Come once in fury, and survey his pride,
Haling him headlong to the lowest hell!

THER. Your majesty must get some bits for these,
To bridle their contemptuous cursing tongues,
That, like unruly never-broken jades,
Break through the hedges of their hateful mouths,
And pass their fixèd bounds exceedingly.

TECH. Nay, we will break the hedges of their mouths,
And pull their kicking colts† out of their pastures.

§ *have coach*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*haue* a *coach*."
‖ *by*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "with."
* *garden-plot*]—So the 4to.—The 8vo "garded *plot*."
† *colts*] i. e. (with a quibble) colts'-teeth.

USUM. Your majesty already hath devis'd
A mean, as fit as may be, to restrain
These coltish coach-horse tongues from blasphemy.

CEL. How like you that, sir king? why speak you not?

K. OF JER. Ah, cruel brat, sprung from a tyrant's loins!
How like his cursèd father he begins
To practice taunts and bitter tyrannies!

TAMB. Ay, Turk, I tell thee, this same§ boy is he
That must (advanc'd in higher pomp than this)
Rifle the kingdoms I shall leave unsack'd,
If Jove, esteeming me too good for earth,
Raise me, to match‡ the fair Aldeboran,
Above the threefold astracism of heaven,
Before I conquer all the triple world.—
Now fetch me out the Turkish concubines:
I will prefer them for the funeral
They have bestow'd on my abortive son.

[*The Concubines are brought in.*

Where are my common soldiers now, that fought
So lion-like upon Asphaltis' plains?

SOLDIERS. Here, my lord.

TAMB. Hold ye, tall‖ soldiers, take ye queens a-piece,—
I mean such queens as were kings' concubines;

§ *same*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.
‡ *match*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "march."
‖ *tall*] i. e. bold, brave.

Take them; divide them, and their* jewels too,
And let them equally serve all your turns.
SOLDIERS. We thank your majesty.
TAMB. Brawl not, I warn you, for your lechery;
For every man that so offends shall die.
ORC. Injurious tyrant, wilt thou so defame
The hateful fortunes of thy victory,
To exercise upon such guiltless dames
The violence of thy common soldiers' lust?
TAMB. Live continent§, then, ye slaves, and meet not me
With troops of harlots at your slothful heels.
CONCUBINES. Oh, pity us, my lord, and save our honours!
TAMB. Are ye not gone, ye villains, with your spoils?
[*The Soldiers run away with the Concubines.*
K. OF JER. Oh, merciless, infernal cruelty!
TAMB. Save your honours! 'twere but time indeed,
Lost long before ye knew what honour meant.
THER. It seems they meant to conquer us, my lord,
And make us jesting pageants for their trulls.
TAMB. And now themselves shall make our pageant,
And common soldiers jest‡ with all their trulls.

* *their*] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.

§ *continent*] Old eds. "content."

‡ *jest*] A quibble—which will be understood by those readers who recollect the double sense of *jape* (jest) in our earliest writers.

Let them take pleasure soundly in their spoils,
Till we prepare our march to Babylon,
Whither we next make expedition.
TECH. Let us not be idle, then, my lord,
But presently be prest* to conquer it.
TAMB. We will, Techelles.—Forward, then, ye jades!
Now crouch, ye kings of greatest Asia,
And tremble, when ye hear this scourge will come
That whips down cities and controlleth crowns,
Adding their wealth and treasure to my store.
The Euxine sea, north to Natolia;
The Terrene,† west; the Caspian, north north-east;
And on the south, Sinus Arabicus;
Shall all‡ be loaden with the martial spoils
We will convey with us to Persia.
Then shall my native city Samarcanda,
And crystal waves of fresh Jaertis'§ stream,
The pride and beauty of her princely seat,
Be famous through the furthest‡‡ continents;
For there my palace royal shall be plac'd,
Whose shining turrets shall dismay the heavens,
And cast the fame of Ilion's tower to hell:
Thorough‖ the streets, with troops of conquer'd kings;

* *prest*] i. e. ready.

† *Terrene*] i. e. Mediterranean.

‡ *all*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

§ *Jaertis'*] See note, p. 185. So the 8vo.—The 4to "Laertes."

‡‡ *furthest*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "furthiest."

‖ *Thorough*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Through."

I'll ride in golden armour like the sun;
And in my helm a triple plume shall spring,
Spangled with diamonds dancing in the air,
To note me emperor of the three-fold world;
Like to an almond-tree† y-mounted‡ high

† *Like to an almond-tree*, &c.] This simile is borrowed from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, B. i. C. vii. st. 32;

"Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bounch of heares discolourd diversly,
With sprincled pearle and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for iollity;
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne."

The first three books of *The Faerie Queene* were originally printed in 1590, the year in which the present play was first given to the press: but Spenser's poem, according to the fashion of the times, had doubtless been circulated in manuscript, and had obtained many readers, before its publication. In Abraham Fraunce's *Arcadian Rhetorike*, 1588, some lines of the Second Book of *The Faerie Queene* are accurately cited. And see my Acc. of Peele and his Writings, p. xxxiv, *Works*, ed. 1829.

‡ *y-mounted*] So both the old eds.—The modern editors print "mounted"; and the Editor of 1826 even remarks in a note that the dramatist, "finding in the fifth line of Spenser's stanza the word 'y-mounted,' and, probably considering it to be too obsolete for the stage, dropped the initial letter, leaving only nine syllables and an unrythmical line"!!! In the *First Part* of this play (p. 65) we have,—

"Their limbs more large, and of a bigger size,
Than all the brats *y-sprung* from Typhon's loins:"

but we need not wonder that the Editor just cited did not recollect the passage, for he had printed, like his predecessor, "ere *sprung*."

Upon the lofty and celestial mount
Of ever-green Selinus§, quaintly deck'd
With blooms more white than Erycina's|| brows, *
Whose tender blossoms tremble every one
At every little breath that thorough heaven† is blown.
Then in my coach, like Saturn's royal son
Mounted his shining chariot‡ gilt with fire,
And drawn with princely eagles through the path
Pav'd with bright crystal and enchas'd with stars,
When all the gods stand gazing at his pomp,
So will I ride through Samarcanda-streets,
Until my soul, dissever'd from this flesh,
Shall mount the milk-white way, and meet him there.
To Babylon, my lords, to Babylon! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter the GOVERNOR OF BABYLON, MAXIMUS, *and others, upon the walls.*

Gov. What saith Maximus?

MAX. My lord, the breach the enemy hath made
Gives such assurance of our overthrow,

§ *ever-green Selinus*] Old eds. "euery *greene Selinus*" and "euerie *greene*," &c.—I may notice that one of the modern editors silently alters "*Selinus*" to (Spenser's) "Selinis;" but, in fact, the former is the correct spelling.

|| *Erycina's*] Old eds. "Hericinas."

* *brows*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "bowes."

† *breath that thorough heaven*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*breath* from *heauen*."

‡ *chariot*] Old eds. "chariots."

That little hope is left to save our lives,
Or hold our city from the conqueror's hands.
Then hang out§ flags, my lord, of humble truce,
And satisfy the people's general prayers,
That Tamburlaine's intolerable wrath
May be suppress'd by our submission.

Gov. Villain, respect'st thou‖ more thy slavish life
Than honour of thy country or thy name?
Is not my life and state as dear to me,
The city and my native country's weal,
As any thing of* price with thy conceit?
Have we not hope, for all our batter'd walls,
To live secure and keep his forces out,
When this our famous lake of Limnasphaltis
Makes walls a-fresh with every thing that falls
Into the liquid substance of his stream,
More strong than are the gates of death or hell?
What faintness should dismay our courages,
When we are thus defenc'd against our foe,
And have no terror but his threatening looks?

Enter, above, a CITIZEN, *who kneels to the Governor.*

CIT. My lord, if ever you did deed of ruth,
And now will work a refuge to our lives,
Offer submission, hang up flags of truce,

§ *out*] Old eds. " our."

‖ *respect'st thou*] Old eds. " respects *thou* :" but afterwards, in this scene, the 8vo has, " Why *send'st* thou not," and " thou *sit'st*."

* *of*] So the 8vo.—The 4to " in."

That Tamburlaine may pity our distress,
And use us like a loving conqueror.
Though this be held his last day's dreadful siege,
Wherein he spareth neither man nor child,
Yet are there Christians of Georgia here,
Whose state was† ever pitied and reliev'd,
Will get his pardon, if your grace would send.

Gov. How is my soul environèd‡!
And this eterniz'd§ city Babylon
Fill'd with a pack of faint-heart fugitives
That thus entreat their shame and servitude!

Enter, above, a Second Citizen.

Sec. Cit. My lord, if ever you will win our hearts,
Yield up the town, and‖ save our wives and children;
For I will cast myself from off these walls,
Or die some death of quickest violence,
Before I bide the wrath of Tamburlaine.

Gov. Villains, cowards, traitors to our state!
Fall to the earth, and pierce the pit of hell,
That legions of tormenting spirits may vex
Your slavish bosoms with continual pains!
I care not, nor the town will never yield
As long as any life is in my breast.

Enter Theridamas *and* Techelles, *with* Soldiers.

Ther. Thou desperate governor of Babylon,

† *was*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "he."
‡ *environèd*] Qy. "*environèd* with grief"?
§ *eterniz'd*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "enterniside."
‖ *and*] So the 4to.—Omitted in the 8vo.

To save thy life, and us a little labour,
Yield speedily the city to our hands,
Or else be sure thou shalt be forc'd with pains
More exquisite than ever traitor felt.

Gov. Tyrant, I turn the traitor in thy throat,
And will defend it in despite of thee.—
Call up the soldiers to defend these walls.

Tech. Yield, foolish governor; we offer more
Than ever yet we did to such proud slaves
As durst resist us till our third day's siege.
Thou seest us prest* to give the last assault,
And that shall bide no more regard of parle†.

Gov. Assault and spare not; we will never yield.

[*Alarms: and they scale the walls.*

Enter Tamburlaine, *drawn in his chariot (as before) by the Kings of* Trebizon *and* Soria; Amyras, Celebinus, Usumcasane; Orcanes *king of Natolia, and the King of* Jerusalem, *led by soldiers*‡; *and others.*

Tamb. The stately buildings of fair Babylon,
Whose lofty pillars, higher than the clouds,
Were wont to guide the seaman in the deep,

* *prest*] i. e. ready.

† *parle*] Here the old eds. "parlie": but repeatedly before they have "parle" (which is used more than once by Shakespeare).

‡ *Orcanes king of Natolia, and the King of Jerusalem, led by soldiers*] Old eds. (which have here a very imperfect stage-direction) "the two spare kings",—"*spare*" meaning—not then wanted to draw the chariot of Tamburlaine.

Being carried thither by the cannon's force,
Now fill the mouth of Limnasphaltis' lake,
And make a bridge unto the batter'd walls.
Where Belus, Ninus, and great Alexander
Have rode in triumph, triumphs Tamburlaine,
Whose chariot-wheels have burst§ th' Assyrians' bones,
Drawn with these kings on heaps of carcasses.
Now in the place, where fair Semiramis,
Courted by kings and peers of Asia,
Hath trod the measures‖, do my soldiers march;
And in the streets, where brave Assyrian dames
Have rid in pomp like rich Saturnia,
With furious words and frowning visages
My horsemen brandish their unruly blades.

Re-enter THERIDAMAS *and* TECHELLES, *bringing in the* GOVERNOR *of Babylon.*

Who have ye there, my lords?

THER. The sturdy governor of Babylon,
That made us all the labour for the town,
And us'd such slender reckoning of¶ your majesty.

TAMB. Go, bind the villain; he shall hang in chains
Upon the ruins of this conquer'd town.—
Sirrah, the view of our vermilion tents
(Which threaten'd more than if the region

§ *burst*] i. e. broken, bruised.

‖ *the measures*] i. e. the dance (properly,—solemn, stately dances, with slow and measured steps).

¶ *of*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "for."

Next underneath the element of fire
Were full of comets and of blazing stars,
Whose flaming trains should reach down to the earth)
Could not affright you; no, nor I myself,
The wrathful messenger of mighty Jove,
That with his sword hath quail'd all earthly kings,
Could not persuade you to submission,
But still the ports* were shut: villain, I say,
Should I but touch the rusty gates of hell,
The triple-headed Cerberus would howl,
And wake† black Jove to crouch and kneel to me;
But I have sent volleys of shot to you,
Yet could not enter till the breach was made.

Gov. Nor, if my body could have stopt the breach,
Shouldst thou have enter'd, cruel Tamburlaine.
'Tis not thy bloody tents can make me yield,
Nor yet thyself, the anger of the Highest;
For, though thy cannon shook the city-walls‡,
My heart did never quake, or courage faint.

Tamb. Well, now I'll make it quake.—Go draw him§ up,
Hang him up‖ in chains upon the city-walls,
And let my soldiers shoot the slave to death.

Gov. Vile monster, born of some infernal hag,

* *ports*] i. e. gates.

† *wake*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "make."

‡ *the city-walls*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*the walles.*"

§ *him*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "it."

‖ *up*] Perhaps inserted by mistake,—the transcriber or printer having caught it from the preceding line.

And sent from hell to tyrannize on earth,
Do all thy worst; nor death, nor Tamburlaine,
Torture, or pain, can daunt my dreadless mind.

TAMB. Up with him, then! his body shall be scar'd *.

Gov. But, Tamburlaine, in Limnasphaltis' lake
There lies more gold than Babylon is worth,
Which, when the city was besieg'd, I hid:
Save but my life, and I will give it thee.

TAMB. Then, for all your valour, you would save your life?
Whereabout lies it?

Gov. Under a hollow bank, right opposite
Against the western gate of Babylon.

TAMB. Go thither, some of you, and take his gold:—
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
The rest forward with execution.
Away with him hence, let him speak no more.—
I think I make your courage something quail.—
[*Exeunt Attendants with the Governor of Babylon.*
When this is done, we'll march from Babylon,
And make our greatest haste to Persia.
These jades are broken-winded and half-tir'd;
Unharness them, and let me have fresh horse.
[*Attendants unharness the Kings of Trebizon and Soria.*

* *scar'd*] So the 8vo; and, it would seem, rightly; Tamburlaine making an attempt at a bitter jest, in reply to what the Governor has just said.—The 4to "sear'd."

So; now their best is done to honour me,
Take them and hang them both up presently.

K. of Treb. Vild || tyrant! barbarous bloody Tamburlaine!

Tamb. Take them away, Theridamas; see them despatch'd.

Ther. I will, my lord.

[*Exit with the Kings of Trebizon and Soria.*

Tamb. Come, Asian viceroys; to your tasks a while,
And take such fortune as your fellows felt.

Orc. First let thy Scythian horse tear both our limbs,
Rather than we should draw thy chariot,
And, like base slaves, abject our princely minds
To vile and ignominious servitude.

K. of Jer. Rather lend me thy weapon, Tamburlaine,
That I may sheathe it in this breast of mine.
A thousand deaths could not torment our hearts
More than the thought of this doth vex our souls.

Amy. They will talk still, my lord, if you do not bridle them.

Tamb. Bridle them, and let me to my coach.

[*Attendants bridle* Orcanes *king of Natolia, and the King of Jerusalem, and harness them to the chariot.—The Governor of Babylon appears hung in chains on the walls.—Re-enter* Theridamas.

|| *Vild*] i. e. vile. So the 8vo.—The 4to "Wild."

AMY. See, now, my lord, how brave the captain hangs!

TAMB. 'Tis brave indeed, my boy:—well done!—
Shoot first, my lord, and then the rest shall follow.

THER. Then have at him, to begin withal.

[*Theridamas shoots at the Governor.*

GOV. Yet save my life, and let this wound appease
The mortal fury of great Tamburlaine!

TAMB. No, though Asphaltis' lake were liquid gold,
And offer'd me as ransom for thy life,
Yet shouldst thou die.—Shoot at him all at once.

[*They shoot.*

So, now he hangs like Bagdet's* governor,
Having as many bullets in his flesh
As there be breaches in her batter'd wall.
Go now, and bind the burghers hand and foot,
And cast them headlong in the city's lake.
Tartars and Persians shall inhabit there;
And, to command the city, I will build
A citadel†, that all Africa,
Which hath been subject to the Persian king,
Shall pay me tribute for in Babylon.

TECH. What shall be done with their wives and children, my lord?

TAMB. Techelles, drown them all, man, woman, and child;
Leave not a Babylonian in the town.

* *Bagdet's*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Badgets."

† *A citadel*, &c.] Some words have dropt out from this line.

TECH. I will about it straight.—Come, soldiers.

[*Exit with Soldiers.*

TAMB. Now, Casane, where's the Turkish Alcoran,
And all the heaps of superstitious books
Found in the temples of that Mahomet
Whom I have thought a god? they shall be burnt.

USUM. Here they are, my lord.

TAMB. Well said‡! let there be a fire presently.

[*They light a fire.*

In vain, I see, men worship Mahomet:
My sword hath sent millions of Turks to hell,
Slew all his priests, his kinsmen, and his friends,
And yet I live untouch'd by Mahomet.
There is a God, full of revenging wrath,
From whom the thunder and the lightning breaks,
Whose scourge I am, and him will I§ obey.
So, Casane; fling them in the fire.—

[*They burn the books.*

Now, Mahomet, if thou have any power,
Come down thyself and work a miracle:
Thou art not worthy to be worshippèd
That suffer'st‖ flames of fire to burn the writ
Wherein the sum of thy religion rests:
Why send'st¶ thou not a furious whirlwind down,

‡ *Well said*] Equivalent to—Well done! as appears from innumerable passages of our early writers: see, for instances, my ed. of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, vol. i. 328, vol. ii. 445, vol. viii. 254.

§ *will I*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*I will.*"

‖ *suffer'st*] Old eds. "suffers": but see the two following notes.

¶ *send'st*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "sends."

To blow thy Alcoran up to thy throne,
Where men report thou sit'st* by God himself?
Or vengeance on the head† of Tamburlaine,
That shakes his sword against thy majesty,
And spurns the abstracts of thy foolish laws?—
Well, soldiers, Mahomet remains in hell;
He cannot hear the voice of Tamburlaine:
Seek out another godhead to adore;
The God that sits in heaven, if any god,
For he is God alone, and none but he.

Re-enter TECHELLES.

TECH. I have fulfill'd your highness' will, my lord:
Thousands of men, drown'd in Asphaltis' lake,
Have made the water swell above the banks,
And fishes, fed‡ by human carcasses,
Amaz'd, swim up and down upon§ the waves,
As when they swallow assafœtida,
Which makes them fleet‖ aloft and gape¶ for air.

TAMB. Well, then, my friendly lords, what now remains,
But that we leave sufficient garrison,
And presently depart to Persia,
To triumph after all our victories?

* *sit'st*] So the 8vo.—The 4to " sits."
† *head*] So the 8vo.—The 4to " blood."
‡ *fed*] Old eds. " feede."
§ *upon*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.
‖ *fleet*] i. e. float.
¶ *gape*] So the 8vo.—The 4to " gaspe."

THER. Ay, good my lord, let us in† haste to Persia;
And let this captain be remov'd the walls
To some high hill about the city here.
TAMB. Let it be so;—about it, soldiers;—
But stay; I feel myself distemper'd suddenly.
TECH. What is it dares distemper Tamburlaine?
TAMB. Something, Techelles; but I know not what.—
But, forth, ye vassals‡! whatsoe'er§ it be,
Sickness or death can never conquer me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CALLAPINE, KING OF AMASIA, *and their train, with drums and trumpets.*

CALL. King of Amasia, now our mighty host
Marcheth in Asia Major, where the streams
Of Euphrates and Tigris swiftly run‖;
And here may we* behold great Babylon,
Circled about with Limnasphaltis' lake,
Where Tamburlaine with all his army lies,
Which being faint and weary with the siege,
We may lie ready to encounter him

† *in*] So the 8vo.—Omitted in the 4to.

‡ *forth, ye vassals*] Spoken, of course, to the two kings who draw his chariot.

§ *whatsoe'er*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "whatsoeuer."

‖ *run*] Old eds. "runs."

* *may we*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "*we may*."

Before his host be full from Babylon,
And so revenge our latest grievous loss,
If God or Mahomet send any aid.

K. of Ama. Doubt not, my lord, but we shall conquer him:
The monster that hath drunk a sea of blood,
And yet gapes still for more to quench his thirst,
Our Turkish swords shall headlong send to hell;
And that vile carcase, drawn by warlike kings,
The fowls shall eat; for never sepulchre
Shall grace this† base-born tyrant Tamburlaine.

Call. When I record‡ my parents' slavish life,
Their cruel death, mine own captivity,
My viceroys' bondage under Tamburlaine,
Methinks I could sustain a thousand deaths,
To be reveng'd of all his villany.—
Ah, sacred Mahomet, thou that hast seen
Millions of Turks perish by Tamburlaine,
Kingdoms made waste, brave cities sack'd and burnt,
And but one host is left to honour thee,
Aid§ thy obedient servant Callapine,
And make him, after all these overthrows,
To triumph over cursèd Tamburlaine!

K. of Ama. Fear not, my lord: I see great Mahomet,
Clothèd in purple clouds, and on his head
A chaplet brighter than Apollo's crown,

† *this*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "that" (but in the next page, the same person speaking, it has "*this* Tamburlaine").

‡ *record*] i. e. call to mind.

§ *Aid*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "And."

Marching about the air with armèd men,
To join with you against this Tamburlaine.
Renowmèd* general, mighty Callapine,
Though God himself and holy Mahomet
Should come in person to resist your power,
Yet might your mighty host encounter all,
And pull proud Tamburlaine upon his knees
To sue for mercy at your highness' feet.

CALL. Captain, the force of Tamburlaine is great,
His fortune greater, and the victories
Wherewith he hath so sore dismay'd the world
Are greatest to discourage all our drifts;
Yet, when the pride of Cynthia is at full,
She wanes again; and so shall his, I hope;
For we have here the chief selected men
Of twenty several kingdoms at the least;
Nor ploughman, priest, nor merchant, stays at home;
All Turkey is in arms with Callapine;
And never will we sunder camps and arms
Before himself or his be conquerèd:
This is the time that must eternize me
For conquering the tyrant of the world.
Come, soldiers, let us lie in wait for him,
And, if we find him absent from his camp,
Or that it be rejoin'd again at full,
Assail it, and be sure of victory. [*Exeunt.*

* *Renowmèd*] See note, p. 27. So the 8vo.—The 4to "Renowned."

Scene III.

Enter Theridamas, Techelles, *and* Usumcasane.

Ther. Weep, heavens, and vanish into liquid tears!
Fall, stars, that govern his nativity,
And summon all the shining lamps of heaven
To cast their bootless fires to the earth,
And shed their feeble influence in the air;
Muffle your beauties with eternal clouds;
For Hell and Darkness pitch their pitchy tents,
And Death, with armies of Cimmerian spirits,
Gives battle 'gainst the heart of Tamburlaine!
Now, in defiance of that wonted love
Your sacred virtues pour'd upon his throne,
And made his state an honour to the heavens,
These cowards invisibly† assail his soul,
And threaten conquest on our sovereign;
But, if he die, your glories are disgrac'd,
Earth droops, and says that hell in heaven is plac'd!

Tech. O, then, ye powers that sway eternal seats,
And guide this massy substance of the earth,
If you retain desert of holiness,

† *invisibly*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "inuincible." This passage (among many others) might convince the modern editors of Shakespeare that they only retain an absurd misprint, when they make Falstaff say, "he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were *invincible*." *See Part of King Henry IV*, act iii. sc. 2.

As your supreme estates instruct our thoughts,
Be not inconstant, careless of your fame,
Bear not the burden of your enemies' joys,
Triumphing in his fall whom you advanc'd;
But, as his birth, life, health, and majesty
Were strangely blest and governèd by heaven,
So honour, Heaven, (till heaven dissolvèd be,)
His birth, his life, his health, and majesty!

USUM. Blush, heaven, to lose the honour of thy name,
To see thy footstool set upon thy head;
And let no baseness in thy haughty breast
Sustain a shame of such inexcellence‡,
To see the devils mount in angels' thrones,
And angels dive into the pools of hell!
And, though they think their painful date is out,
And that their power is puissant as Jove's,
Which makes them manage arms against thy state,
Yet make them feel the strength of Tamburlaine
(Thy instrument and note of majesty)
Is greater far than they can thus subdue;
For, if he die, thy glory is disgrac'd,
Earth droops, and says that hell in heaven is plac'd!

Enter TAMBURLAINE§, *drawn in his chariot (as before) by* ORCANES *king of Natolia and the King of Jerusalem;* AMYRAS, CELEBINUS, *and* PHYSICIANS.

TAMB. What daring god torments my body thus,

‡ *inexcellence*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "inexcellencie."

§ *Enter Tamburlaine, &c.*] Here the old eds. have no stage-

And seeks to conquer mighty Tamburlaine?
Shall sickness prove me now to be a man,
That have been term'd the terror of the world?
Techelles and the rest, come, take your swords,
And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul:
Come, let us march against the powers of heaven,
And set black streamers in the firmament,
To signify the slaughter of the gods.
Ah, friends, what shall I do? I cannot stand.
Come, carry me to war against the gods,
That thus envy the health of Tamburlaine.

THER. Ah, good my lord, leave these impatient words,
Which add much danger to your malady!

TAMB. Why, shall I sit and languish in this pain?
No, strike the drums, and, in revenge of this,
Come, let us charge our spears, and pierce his breast
Whose shoulders bear the axis of the world,
That, if I perish, heaven and earth may fade.
Theridamas, haste to the court of Jove;
Will him to send Apollo hither straight,
To cure me, or I'll fetch him down myself.

TECH. Sit still, my gracious lord; this grief will cease‖,
And cannot last, it is so violent.

direction; and perhaps the poet intended that Tamburlaine should enter at the commencement of this scene. That he is drawn in his chariot by the two captive kings, appears from his exclamation at p. 220, "Draw, you slaves!"

‖ *cease*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "case."

TAMB. Not last, Techelles! no, for I shall die.
See, where my slave, the ugly monster Death,
Shaking and quivering, pale and wan for fear,
Stands aiming at me with his murdering dart,
Who flies away at every glance I give,
And, when I look away, comes stealing on!—
Villain, away, and hie thee to the field!
I and mine army come to load thy back
With souls of thousand mangled carcasses.—
Look, where he goes! but, see, he comes again,
Because I stay! Techelles, let us march,
And weary Death with bearing souls to hell.

FIRST PHY. Pleaseth your majesty to drink this potion,
Which will abate the fury of your fit,
And cause some milder spirits govern you.

TAMB. Tell me what think you of my sickness now?

FIRST PHY. I view'd your urine, and the hypostasis*,
Thick and obscure, doth make your danger great:
Your veins are full of accidental heat,
Whereby the moisture of your blood is dried:
The humidum and calor, which some hold
Is not a parcel of the elements,
But of a substance more divine and pure,
Is almost clean extinguished and spent;
Which, being the cause of life, imports your death:

* *hypostasis*] Old eds. "Hipostates."

Besides, my lord, this day is critical,
Dangerous to those whose crisis is as yours:
Your artiers*, which alongst the veins convey
The lively spirits which the heart engenders,
Are parch'd and void of spirit, that the soul,
Wanting those organons by which it moves,
Cannot endure, by argument of art.
Yet, if your majesty may escape this day,
No doubt but you shall soon recover all.

TAMB. Then will I comfort all my vital parts,
And live, in spite of death, above a day.

[*Alarms within.*

Enter a MESSENGER.

MES. My lord, young Callapine, that lately fled from your majesty, hath now gathered a fresh army, and, hearing your absence in the field, offers to set upon† us presently.

TAMB. See, my physicians, now, how Jove hath sent
A present medicine to recure my pain!
My looks shall make them fly; and, might I follow,
There should not one of all the villain's power
Live to give offer of another fight.

USUM. I joy, my lord, your highness is so strong,
That can endure so well your royal presence,
Which only will dismay the enemy.

* *artiers*] See note, p. 49.

† *upon*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "on."

TAMB. I know it will, Casane.—Draw, you slaves!
In spite of death, I will go shew my face.

[*Alarms. Exit Tamburlaine with all the rest (except the Physicians), and re-enter presently.*

TAMB. Thus are the villains, cowards‡, fled for fear,
Like summer's vapours vanish'd by the sun;
And, could I but a while pursue the field,
That Callapine should be my slave again.
But I perceive my martial strength is spent:
In vain I strive and rail against those powers
That mean to invest me in a higher throne,
As much too high for this disdainful earth.
Give me a map; then let me see how much
Is left for me to conquer all the world,
That these, my boys, may finish all my wants.

[*One brings a map.*

Here I began to march towards Persia,
Along Armenia and the Caspian Sea,
And thence unto§ Bithynia, where I took
The Turk and his great empress prisoners.
Then march'd I into Egypt and Arabia;
And here, not far from Alexandria,

‡ *villains, cowards*] Silently altered to "villain *cowards*" by the modern editors; and so, perhaps, the author wrote: but we have already had (p. 203) "*Villains, cowards*, traitors to our state!"

§ *unto*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "to."

Whereas‖ the Terrene¶ and the Red Sea meet,
Being distant less than full a hundred leagues,
I meant to cut a channel to them both,
That men might quickly sail to India.
From thence to Nubia near Borno-lake,
And so along the Æthiopian sea,
Cutting the tropic line of Capricorn,
I conquer'd all as far as Zanzibar.
Then, by the northern part of Africa,
I came at last to Græcia, and from thence
To Asia, where I stay against my will;
Which is from Scythia, where I first began,*
Backward[s] and forwards near five thousand leagues.
Look here, my boys; see, what a world of ground
Lies westward from the midst of Cancer's line
Unto the rising of this† earthly globe,
Whereas the sun, declining from our sight,
Begins the day with our Antipodes!
And shall I die, and this unconquerèd?
Lo, here, my sons, are all the golden mines,
Inestimable drugs and precious stones,
More worth than Asia and the world beside;
And from th' Antarctic Pole eastward behold
As much more land, which never was descried,
Wherein are rocks of pearl that shine as bright
As all the lamps that beautify the sky!

‖ *Whereas*] i. e. Where.
¶ *Terrene*] i. e. Mediterranean.
* *began*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "begun."
† *this*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "the."

And shall I die, and this unconquerèd?
Here, lovely boys; what death forbids my life,
That let your lives command in spite of death.

AMY. Alas, my lord, how should our bleeding hearts,
Wounded and broken with your highness' grief,
Retain a thought of joy or spark of life?
Your soul gives essence to our wretched subjects,
Whose matter is incorporate in your flesh.

CEL. Your pains do pierce our souls; no hope survives,
For by your life we entertain our lives.

TAMB. But, sons, this subject, not of force enough
To hold the fiery spirit it contains,
Must part, imparting his impressions
By equal portions into‡ both your breasts;
My flesh, divided in your precious shapes,
Shall still retain my spirit, though I die,
And live in all your§ seeds immortally.—
Then now remove me, that I may resign
My place and proper title to my son.—
First, take my scourge and my imperial crown,
And mount my royal chariot of estate,
That I may see thee crown'd before I die.—
Help me, my lords, to make my last remove.

[*They assist Tamburlaine to descend from the chariot.*

‡ *into*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "vnto."
§ *your*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "our."

THER. A woful change, my lord, that daunts our thoughts
More than the ruin of our proper souls!
TAMB. Sit up, my son, [and] let me see how well
Thou wilt become thy father's majesty.
AMY. With what a flinty bosom should I joy
The breath of life and burden of my soul,
If not resolv'd into resolvèd pains,
My body's mortified lineaments§
Should exercise the motions of my heart,
Pierc'd with the joy of any dignity!
O father, if the unrelenting ears
Of Death and Hell be shut against my prayers,
And that the spiteful influence of Heaven
Deny my soul fruition of her joy,
How should I step, or stir my hateful feet
Against the inward powers of my heart,
Leading a life that only strives to die,
And plead in vain unpleasing sovereignty?
TAMB. Let not thy love exceed thine honour, son,
Nor bar thy mind that magnanimity
That nobly must admit necessity.
Sit up, my boy, and with these† silken reins
Bridle the steelèd stomachs of these‡ jades.

§ *lineaments*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "laments."—The Editor of 1826 remarks, that this passage "is too obscure for ordinary comprehension:" in fact, it is corrupted.

† *these*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "those."

‡ *these*] So the 4to.—The 8vo "those."

THER. My lord, you must obey his majesty,
Since fate commands and proud necessity.
AMY. Heavens witness me with what a broken heart [*Mounting the chariot.*
And damnèd§ spirit I ascend this seat,
And send my soul, before my father die,
His anguish and his burning agony!
[*They crown Amyras.*
TAMB. Now fetch the hearse of fair Zenocrate;
Let it be plac'd by this my fatal chair,
And serve as parcel of my funeral.
USUM. Then feels your majesty no sovereign ease,
Nor may our hearts, all drown'd in tears of blood,
Joy any hope of your recovery?
TAMB. Casane, no; the monarch of the earth,
And eyeless monster that torments my soul,
Cannot behold the tears ye shed for me,
And therefore still augments his cruelty.
TECH. Then let some god oppose his holy power
Against the wrath and tyranny of Death,
That his tear-thirsty and unquenchèd hate
May be upon himself reverberate!
[*They bring in the hearse of* ZENOCRATE.
TAMB. Now, eyes, enjoy your latest benefit,
And, when my soul hath virtue of your sight,
Pierce through the coffin and the sheet of gold,
And glut your longings with a heaven of joy.

§ *damnèd*] i. e. doomed,—sorrowful.

So, reign, my son; scourge and control those slaves,
Guiding thy chariot with thy father's hand.
As precious is the charge thou undertak'st
As that which Clymene's‖ brain-sick son did guide,
When wandering Phœbe's* ivory cheeks were
scorch'd,
And all the earth, like Ætna, breathing fire:
Be warn'd by him, then; learn with awful eye
To sway a throne as dangerous as his;
For, if thy body thrive not full of thoughts
As pure and fiery as Phyteus'† beams,
The nature of these proud rebelling jades
Will take occasion by the slenderest hair,
And draw thee‡ piecemeal, like Hippolytus,
Through rocks more steep and sharp than Caspian
cliffs§:
The nature of thy chariot will not bear
A guide of baser temper than myself,
More than heaven's coach the pride of Phaeton.
Farewell, my boys! my dearest friends, farewell!

‖ *Clymene's*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Clymeus."

* *Phœbe's*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "Phœbus."

† *Phyteus'*] Meant perhaps for "Pythius'", according to the usage of much earlier poets:

"And of *Phyton* [i. e. Python] that Phebus made thus fine
Came Phetonysses," &c.
Lydgate's *Warres of Troy*, B. ii. Sig. K vj. ed. 1555.

Here the modern editors print "Phœbus'".

‡ *thee*] So the 8vo.—The 4to "me."

§ *cliffs*] Here the old eds. "clifts" and "cliftes": but see p. 27.

My body feels, my soul doth weep to see
Your sweet desires depriv'd my company,
For Tamburlaine, the scourge of God, must die.
[*Die*

AMY. Meet heaven and earth, and here let al things end,
For earth hath spent the pride of all her fruit,
And heaven consum'd his choicest living fire.
Let earth and heaven his timeless death deplore,
For both their worths will equal him no more.

THE

JEW OF MALTA.

The Famous Tragedy of The Rich Iew of Malta. As it was playd before the King and Qveene, in His Majesties Theatre at White-Hall, by her Majesties Servants at the Cock-pit. Written by Christopher Marlo. *London; Printed by I. B. for Nicholas Vavasour, and are to be sold at his Shop in the Inner-Temple, neere the Church.* 1633. 4to.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND,

MASTER THOMAS HAMMON,

OF GRAY'S INN, ETC.

This play, composed by so worthy an author as Master Marlowe, and the part of the Jew presented by so unimitable an actor as Master Alleyn, being in this later age commended to the stage; as I ushered it unto the court, and presented it to the Cock-pit, with these prologues and epilogues here inserted, so now being newly brought to the press, I was loath it should be published without the ornament of an Epistle; making choice of you unto whom to devote it; than whom (of all those gentlemen and acquaintance within the compass of my long knowledge) there is none more able to tax ignorance, or attribute right to merit. Sir, you have been pleased to grace some of mine own works with your courteous patronage: I hope this will not be the worse accepted, because commended by me; over whom none can claim more power or privilege than yourself. I had no better a new-year's gift to present you with; receive it therefore as a continuance of that inviolable obligement, by which he rests still engaged, who, as he ever hath, shall always remain,

Tuissimus,

Tho. Heywood*.

* *Tho. Heywood*] The well-known dramatist.

THE PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT COURT.

Gracious and great, that we so boldly dare
('Mongst other plays that now in fashion are)
To present this, writ many years agone,
And in that age thought second unto none,
We humbly crave your pardon. We pursue
The story of a rich and famous Jew,
Who liv'd in Malta: you shall find him still,
In all his projects, a sound Machiavel;
And that's his character. He that hath past
So many censures* is now come at last
To have your princely ears; grace you him; then
You crown the action, and renown the pen.

EPILOGUE SPOKEN AT COURT.

It is our fear, dread sovereign, we have bin†
Too tedious; neither can't be less than sin
To wrong your princely patience: if we have,
Thus low dejected, we your pardon crave;
And, if aught here offend your ear or sight,
We only act and speak what others write.

* *censures*] i. e. judgments.
† *bin*] i. e. been.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE STAGE,

AT THE COCK-PIT.

We know not how our play may pass this stage,
But by the best of poets* in that age
The Malta-Jew had being and was made;
And he then by the best of actors† play'd:
In *Hero and Leander*‡ one did gain
A lasting memory; in Tamburlaine,
This Jew, with others many, th' other wan
The attribute of peerless, being a man

* *best of poets*] "Marlo." Marg. note in old ed.

† *best of actors*] "Allin." Marg. note in old ed.—Any account of this celebrated actor would be superfluous here.

‡ *In Hero and Leander*, &c.] The meaning is—The one (Marlowe) gained a lasting memory by being the author of *Hero and Leander*; while the other (Alleyn) wan the attribute of peerless by playing the parts of Tamburlaine, the Jew of Malta, &c.—The passage happens to be mispointed in the old ed. thus,

> "In Hero and Leander, one did gaine
> A lasting memorie: in Tamberlaine,
> This Jew, with others many: th' other wan," &c.

and hence Mr. Collier, in his *Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poet.* iii. 14, understood the words,

> "in Tamburlaine,
> This Jew, with others many,"

as applying to Marlowe: he afterwards, however, in his *Memoirs* of *Alleyn*, p. 9, suspected that the punctuation of the old ed. might be wrong,—which it doubtless is.

Whom we may rank with (doing no one wrong)
Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue,
So could he speak, so vary; nor is't hate
To merit in him § who doth personate
Our Jew this day; nor is it his ambition
To exceed or equal, being of condition
More modest: this is all that he intends,
(And that too at the urgence of some friends,)
To prove his best, and, if none here gainsay it,
The part he hath studied, and intends to play it.

EPILOGUE TO THE STAGE,

AT THE COCK-PIT.

In graving with Pygmalion to contend,
Or painting with Apelles, doubtless the end
Must be disgrace: our actor did not so,
He only aim'd to go, but not out-go.

§ *him*] "Perkins." Marg. note in old ed.—"This was Richard Perkins, one of the performers belonging to the Cock-pit theatre in Drury-Lane. His name is printed among those who acted in *Hannibal and Scipio* by Nabbes, *The Wedding* by Shirley, and *The Fair Maid of the West* by Heywood. After the play-houses were shut up on account of the confusion arising from the civil wars, Perkins and Sumner, who belonged to the same house, lived together at Clerkenwell, where they died and were buried. They both died some years before the Restoration. See *The Dialogue on Plays and Players*' [Dodsley's *Old Plays*, l. clii., last ed.]." Reed (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

Nor think that this day any prize was play'd*;
Here were no bets at all, no wagers laid†:
All the ambition that his mind doth swell,
Is but to hear from you (by me) 'twas well.

* *prize was play'd*] This expression (so frequent in our early writers) is properly applied to fencing: see Steevens's note on Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act. i. sc. 1.

† *no wagers laid*] "Wagers as to the comparative merits of rival actors in particular parts were not unfrequent of old," &c. Collier (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*). See my Peele's *Works*, i. x. ed. 1829; and Collier's *Memoirs of Alleyn*, p. 11.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERNEZE, *governor of Malta.*
LODOWICK, *his son.*
SELIM CALYMATH, *son to the Grand Seignior.*
MARTIN DEL BOSCO, *vice-admiral of Spain.*
MATHIAS, *a gentleman.*
JACOMO, } *friars.*
BARNARDINE, }
BARABAS, *a wealthy Jew.*
ITHAMORE, *a slave.*
PILIA-BORZA, *a bully, attendant to Bellamira.*
TWO MERCHANTS.
THREE JEWS.
Knights, Bassoes, Officers, Guard, Slaves, Messenger, and Carpenters.

KATHERINE, *mother to Mathias.*
ABIGAIL, *daughter to Barabas.*
BELLAMIRA, *a courtezan.*
ABBESS.
NUN.

MACHIAVEL *as Prologue-speaker.*

Scene, Malta.

THE

JEW OF MALTA.

Enter MACHIAVEL.

MACH. Albeit the world think Machiavel is dead,
Yet was his soul but flown beyond the Alps;
And, now the Guise* is dead, is come from France,
To view this land, and frolic with his friends.
To some perhaps my name is odious;
But such as love me, guard me from their tongues,
And let them know that I am Machiavel,
And weigh not men, and therefore not men's words.
Admir'd I am of those that hate me most:
Though some speak openly against my books,
Yet will they read me, and thereby attain
To Peter's chair; and, when they cast me off,
Are poison'd by my climbing followers.
I count religion but a childish toy,
And hold there is no sin but ignorance.
Birds of the air will tell of murders past!
I am asham'd to hear such fooleries.
Many will talk of title to a crown:
What right had Cæsar to the empery†?

* *the Guise*] "i. e. the Duke of Guise, who had been the principal contriver and actor in the horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, 1572. He met with his deserved fate, being assassinated, by order of the French king, in 1588." REED (*apud* Dodsley's *O. P.*).

† *empery*] Old ed. "Empire": but compare p. 16. l. 10, p. 21. l. 6, p. 137. l. 2., &c.

Might first made kings, and laws were then most sure
When, like the Draco's †, they were writ in blood.
Hence comes it, that a strong-built citadel
Commands much more than letters can import:
Which maxim had ‡ Phalaris observ'd,
H'ad never bellow'd, in a brazen bull,
Of great ones' envy: o' the poor petty wights
Let me be envied and not pitièd.
But whither am I bound? I come not, I,
To read a lecture here in Britain,
But to present the tragedy of a Jew,
Who smiles to see how full his bags are cramm'd;
Which money was not got without my means.
I crave but this,—grace him as he deserves,
And let him not be entertain'd the worse
Because he favours me. [*Exit.*

ACT I.§

BARABAS *discovered in his counting-house, with heaps of gold before him.*

BARA. So that of thus much that return was made;
And of the third part of the Persian ships

† *the Draco's*] "i. e. the severe lawgiver of Athens; 'whose statutes,' said Demades, 'were not written with ink, but blood.'" STEEVENS (*apud* Dodsley's *O. P.*)—Old ed. "*the* Drancus."

‡ *had*] Qy. "had but"?

§ *Act I.*] The Scenes of this play are not marked in the old ed.; nor in the present edition,—because occasionally (where the audience were to *suppose* a change of place) it was impossible to mark them.

There was the venture summ'd and satisfied.
As for those Samnites*, and the men of Uz,
That bought my Spanish oils and wines of Greece,
Here have I purs'd their paltry silverlings†.
Fie, what a trouble 'tis to count this trash!
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
Whereof a man may easily in a day
Tell‡ that which may maintain him all his life.
The needy groom, that never finger'd groat,
Would make a miracle of thus much coin;
But he whose steel-barr'd coffers are cramm'd full,
And all his life-time hath been tirèd,
Wearying his fingers' ends with telling it,
Would in his age be loath to labour so,
And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mould;
The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
Without control can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones,
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;
Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,

* *Samnites*] Old ed. "Samintes."

† *silverlings*] When Steevens (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*) called this "a diminutive, to express the Jew's contempt of a metal inferior in value to gold," he did not know that the word occurs in Scripture: "a thousand vines at a thousand *silverlings*." *Isaiah*, vii. 23.—Old ed. "siluerbings."

‡ *Tell*] i. e. count.

Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen ‡ costly stones of so great price,
As one of them, indifferently rated,
And of a caract of this quantity,
May serve, in peril of calamity,
To ransom great kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;
And thus methinks should men of judgment frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And, as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little room.
But now how stands the wind?
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill* ?
Ha! to the east? yes: see how stand † the vanes—
East and by south: why, then, I hope my ships
I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles
Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks;
Mine argosy from Alexandria,
Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy-shore

‡ *seld-seen*] i. e. seldom-seen.

* *Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill*] "It was anciently believed that this bird (the king-fisher), if hung up, would vary with the wind, and by that means shew from what quarter it blew. STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*),—who refers to the note on the following passage of Shakespeare's *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 2;

> "Renege, affirm, and turn their *halcyon beaks*
> With every gale and vary of their masters," &c.

† *stand*] Old ed. "stands."

To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.
But who comes here?

Enter a MERCHANT.

How now?

MERCH. Barabas, thy ships are safe,
Riding in Malta-road; and all the merchants
With other merchandise are safe arriv'd,
And have sent me to know whether yourself
Will come and custom them*.

BARA. The ships are safe thou say'st, and richly fraught?

MERCH. They are.

BARA. Why, then, go bid them come ashore,
And bring with them their bills of entry:
I hope our credit in the custom-house
Will serve as well as I were present there.
Go send 'em threescore camels, thirty mules,
And twenty waggons, to bring up the ware.
But art thou master in a ship of mine,
And is thy credit not enough for that?

MERCH. The very custom barely comes to more
Than many merchants of the town are worth,
And therefore far exceeds my credit, sir.

BARA. Go tell 'em the Jew of Malta sent thee, man:
Tush, who amongst 'em knows not Barabas?

MERCH. I go.

* *custom them*] "i. e. enter the goods they contain at the custom-house." STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

BARA. So, then, there's somewhat come,—
Sirrah, which of my ships art thou master of?
MERCH. Of the Speranza, sir.
BARA. And saw'st thou not
Mine argosy at Alexandria?
Thou couldst not come from Egypt, or by Caire,
But at the entry there into the sea,
Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main,
Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.
MERCH. I neither saw them, nor inquir'd of them:
But this we heard some of our seamen say,
They wonder'd how you durst with so much wealth
Trust such a crazèd vessel, and so far.
BARA. Tush, they are wise! I know her and her strength.
But go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy ship,
And bid my factor bring his loading in. [*Exit Merch.*
And yet I wonder at this argosy.

Enter a Second MERCHANT.

SEC. MERCH. Thine argosy from Alexandria,
Know, Barabas, doth ride in Malta-road,
Laden with riches, and exceeding store
Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl.
BARA. How chance you came not with those other ships
That sail'd by Egypt?
SEC. MERCH. Sir, we saw 'em not.
BARA. Belike they coasted round by Candy-shore
About their oils or other businesses.

But 'twas ill done of you to come so far
Without the aid or conduct of their ships.

SEC. MERCH. Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish fleet,
That never left us till within a league,
That had the galleys of the Turk in chase.

BARA. Oh, they were going up to Sicily. Well, go,
And bid the merchants and my men despatch,
And come ashore, and see the fraught* discharg'd.

SEC. MERCH. I go. [*Exit.*

BARA. Thus trowls our fortune in by land and sea,
And thus are we on every side enrich'd:
These are the blessings promis'd to the Jews,
And herein was old Abraham's happiness:
What more may Heaven do for earthly man
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the sea[s] their servants, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts?
Who hateth me but for my happiness?
Or who is honour'd now but for his wealth?
Rather had I, a Jew, be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty;
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,
Which methinks fits not their profession.
Haply some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience lives in beggary.

* *fraught*] i. e. freight.

They say we are a scatter'd nation:
I cannot tell; but we have scambled* up
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith:
There's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy every one;
Ay, wealthier far than any Christian.
I must confess we come not to be kings:
That's not our fault: alas, our number's few!
And crowns come either by succession,
Or urg'd by force; and nothing violent,
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
Give us a peaceful rule; make Christians kings,
That thirst so much for principality.
I have no charge, nor many children,
But one sole daughter, whom I hold as dear
As Agamemnon did his Iphigen;
And all I have is hers. But who comes here?

Enter three JEWS†.

FIRST JEW. Tush, tell not me; 'twas done of policy.

SEC. JEW. Come, therefore let us go to Barabas;
For he can counsel best in these affairs;
And here he comes.

BARA. Why, how now, countrymen?

* *scambled*] i. e. scrambled. (Coles gives in his *Dict.* "To *scamble*, certatim arripere"; and afterwards renders "To scramble" by the very same Latin words.)

† *Enter three Jews*] A change of scene is supposed here,—to a street or to the exchange: see note, p. 236.

Why flock you thus to me in multitudes?
What accident's betided to the Jews?

FIRST JEW. A fleet of warlike galleys, Barabas,
Are come from Turkey, and lie in our road:
And they this day sit in the council-house
To entertain them and their embassy.

BARA. Why, let 'em come, so they come not to war;
Or let 'em war, so we be conquerors.—
Nay, let 'em combat, conquer, and kill all,
So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth.
[*Aside.*

FIRST JEW. Were it for confirmation of a league,
They would not come in warlike manner thus.

SEC. JEW. I fear their coming will afflict us all.

BARA. Fond* men, what dream you of their multitudes?
What need they treat of peace that are in league?
The Turks and those of Malta are in league:
Tut, tut, there is some other matter in't.

FIRST JEW. Why, Barabas, they come for peace or war.

BARA. Haply for neither, but to pass along
Towards Venice, by the Adriatic sea,
With whom they have attempted many times,
But never could effect their stratagem.

THIRD JEW. And very wisely said; it may be so.

SEC. JEW. But there's a meeting in the senate-house,

* *Fond*] i. e. Foolish.

And all the Jews in Malta must be there.

BARA. Hum; all the Jews in Malta must be there!
Ay, like enough: why, then, let every man
Provide him, and be there for fashion-sake.
If any thing shall there concern our state,
Assure yourselves I'll look—unto myself. [*Aside**.

FIRST JEW. I know you will.—Well, brethren, let us go.

SEC. JEW. Let's take our leaves.—Farewell, good Barabas.

BARA. Do so†: farewell, Zaareth; farewell, Temainte. [*Exeunt Jews.*

And, Barabas, now search this secret out;
Summon thy senses, call thy wits together:
These silly men mistake the matter clean.
Long to the Turk did Malta contribute;
Which tribute all in policy, I fear,
The Turk has‡ let increase to such a sum,
As all the wealth of Malta cannot pay;
And now by that advantage thinks, belike,
To seize upon the town; ay, that he seeks.
Howe'er the world go, I'll make sure for one,
And seek in time to intercept the worst,

* *Aside*] Mr. Collier (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*) mistaking the purport of this stage-direction (which, of course, applies only to the words "*unto myself*"), proposed an alteration of the text.

† *Do so*] Is not this a stage-direction which has crept into the text, and which was intended to signify that the Jews *do* "take their leaves" of Barabas? what renders this more probable is that the old ed. has no *Exeunt* here.

‡ *Turk has*] So the Editor of 1826.—Old ed. "Turkes haue": but see what follows.

Warily guarding that which I ha' got:
Ego mihimet sum semper proximus :*
Why, let 'em enter, let 'em take the town. [*Exit* †.

Enter FERNEZE *governor of Malta,* KNIGHTS, *and Officers; met by* CALYMATH, *and* BASSOES *of the* TURK.

FERN. Now, bassoes‡, what demand you at our hands?

FIRST BAS. Know, knights of Malta, that we came from Rhodes,
From Cyprus, Candy, and those other isles
That lie betwixt the Mediterranean seas.

FERN. What's Cyprus, Candy, and those other isles
To us or Malta? what at our hands demand ye?

CAL. The ten years' tribute that remains unpaid.

FERN. Alas, my lord, the sum is over-great!
I hope your highness will consider us.

CAL. I wish, grave governor§, 'twere in my power
To favour you; but 'tis my father's cause,
Wherein I may not, nay, I dare not dally.

FERN. Then give us leave, great Selim Calymath.

* *Ego mihimet sum semper proximus*] The words of Terence are "Proximus sum egomet mihi." *Andria*, iv. 1. 12.

† *Exit*] The scene is now supposed to be changed to the interior of the Council-house.

‡ *bassoes*] i. e. bashaws (as repeatedly in the preceding play).

§ *governor*] Old ed. "Gouernours" here, and several times after, in this scene.

CAL. Stand all aside*, and let the knights determine;
And send to keep our galleys under sail,
For hapily we shall not tarry here.—
Now, governor, how are you resolv'd?

FERN. Thus; since your hard conditions are such
That you will needs have ten years' tribute past,
We may have time to make collection
Amongst the inhabitants of Malta for't.

FIRST BAS. That's more than is in our commission.

CAL. What, Callapine! a little courtesy:
Let's know their time; perhaps it is not long;
And 'tis more kingly to obtain by peace
Than to enforce conditions by constraint.—
What respite ask you, governor?

FERN. But a month.

CAL. We grant a month; but see you keep your promise.
Now launch our galleys back again to sea,
Where we'll attend the respite you have ta'en,
And for the money send our messenger.
Farewell, great governor, and brave knights of Malta.

FERN. And all good fortune wait on Calymath!

[*Exeunt* CALYMATH *and Bassoes.*

Go one and call those Jews of Malta hither:

* Cal. *Stand all aside*, &c.] "The Governor and the Maltese knights here consult apart, while Calymath gives these directions." COLLIER (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

Were they not summon'd to appear to-day?

FIRST OFF. They were, my lord, and here they come.

Enter BARABAS *and three* JEWS.

FIRST KNIGHT. Have you determin'd what to say to them?

FERN. Yes; give me leave:—and, Hebrews, now come near.

From the Emperor of Turkey is arriv'd
Great Selim Calymath, his highness' son,
To levy of us ten years' tribute past:
Now, then, here know that it concerneth us.

BARA. Then, good my lord, to keep your quiet still,
Your lordship shall do well to let them have it.

FERN. Soft, Barabas; there's more 'longs to 't than so.

To what this ten years' tribute will amount,
That we have cast, but cannot compass it
By reason of the wars, that robb'd our store;
And therefore are we to request your aid.

BARA. Alas, my lord, we are no soldiers!
And what's our aid against so great a prince?

FIRST KNIGHT. Tut, Jew, we know thou art no soldier:

Thou art a merchant, and a money'd man,
And 'tis thy money, Barabas, we seek.

BARA. How, my lord! my money!

FERN. Thine and the rest;
For, to be short, amongst you 't must be had.

FIRST JEW. Alas, my lord, the most of us are poor!

FERN. Then let the rich increase your portions.

BARA. Are strangers with your tribute to be tax'd?

SEC. KNIGHT. Have strangers leave with us to get their wealth?

Then let them with us contribute.

BARA. How? equally?

FERN. No, Jew, like infidels;
For through our sufferance of your hateful lives,
Who stand accursèd in the sight of Heaven,
These taxes and afflictions are befallen,
And therefore thus we are determinèd.—
Read there the articles of our decrees.

OFFICER.* [reads] *First, the tribute-money of the Turks shall all be levied amongst the Jews, and each of them to pay one half of his estate.*

BARA. How! half his estate!—I hope you mean not mine. [*Aside.*

FERN. Read on.

OFFICER. [reads] *Secondly, he that denies† to pay, shall straight become a Christian.*

BARA. How! a Christian!—Hum, what's here to do? [*Aside.*

OFFICER. [reads] *Lastly, he that denies this, shall absolutely lose all he has.*

THREE JEWS. Oh, my lord, we will give half!

* *Officer*] Old ed. "Reader."

† *denies*] i. e. refuses.

BARA. Oh, earth-mettled villains, and no Hebrews born!
And will you basely thus submit yourselves
To leave your goods to their arbitrement?

FERN. Why, Barabas, wilt thou be christenèd?

BARA. No, governor, I will be no convertite*.

FERN. Then pay thy half.

BARA. Why, know you what you did by this device?
Half of my substance is a city's wealth.
Governor, it was not got so easily;
Nor will I part so slightly therewithal.

FERN. Sir, half is the penalty of our decree;
Either pay that, or we will seize on all.

BARA. *Corpo di Dio!* stay: you shall have half;
Let me be us'd but as my brethren are.

FERN. No, Jew, thou hast denied the articles,
And now it cannot be recall'd.

[*Exeunt Officers, on a sign from* FERNEZE.

BARA. Will you, then, steal my goods?
Is theft the ground of your religion?

FERN. No, Jew; we take particularly thine,
To save the ruin of a multitude:
And better one want for a common good,
Than many perish for a private man:
Yet, Barabas, we will not banish thee,
But here in Malta, where thou gott'st thy wealth,
Live still; and, if thou canst, get more.

* *convertite*] "i. e. convert, as in Shakespeare's *King John*, act v. sc. 1." STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

BARA. Christians, what or how can I multiply?
Of nought is nothing made.
FIRST KNIGHT. From nought at first thou 'cam'st to little wealth,
From little unto more, from more to most:
If your first curse fall heavy on thy head,
And make thee poor and scorn'd of all the world,
'Tis not our fault, but thy inherent sin.
BARA. What! bring you Scripture to confirm your wrongs?
Preach me not out of my possessions.
Some Jews are wicked, as all Christians are:
But say the tribe that I descended of
Were all in general cast away for sin,
Shall I be tried by their transgression?
The man that dealeth righteously shall live;
And which of you can charge me otherwise?
FERN. Out, wretched Barabas!
Sham'st thou not thus to justify thyself,
As if we knew not thy profession?
If thou rely upon thy righteousness,
Be patient, and thy riches will increase.
Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness;
And covetousness, oh, 'tis a monstrous sin!
BARA. Ay, but theft is worse: tush! take not from me, then,
For that is theft; and, if you rob me thus,
I must be forc'd to steal, and compass more.
FIRST KNIGHT. Grave governor, list not to his exclaims:

Convert his mansion to a nunnery;
His house will harbour many holy nuns.

FERN. It shall be so.

Re-enter OFFICERS.

Now, officers, have you done?

FIRST OFF. Ay, my lord, we have seiz'd upon the goods
And wares of Barabas, which, being valu'd,
Amount to more than all the wealth in Malta:
And of the other we have seizèd half.

FERN. Then we'll take* order for the residue.

BARA. Well, then, my lord, say, are you satisfied?
You have my goods, my money, and my wealth,
My ships, my store, and all that I enjoy'd;
And, having all, you can request no more,
Unless your unrelenting flinty hearts
Suppress all pity in your stony breasts,
And now shall move you to bereave my life.

FERN. No, Barabas; to stain our hands with blood
Is far from us and our profession.

BARA. Why, I esteem the injury far less,
To take the lives of miserable men
Than be the causers of their misery.
You have my wealth, the labour of my life,
The comfort of mine age, my children's hope;
And therefore ne'er distinguish of the wrong.

* *Then we'll take*, &c.] In the old ed. this line forms a portion of the preceding speech.

FERN. Content thee, Barabas; thou hast nought but right.

BARA. Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong:
But take it to you, i' the devil's name!

FERN. Come, let us in, and gather of these goods
The money for this tribute of the Turk.

FIRST KNIGHT. 'Tis necessary that be look'd unto;
For, if we break our day, we break the league,
And that will prove but simple policy.

[*Exeunt all except* BARA. *and the three Jews.*

BARA. Ay, policy! that's their profession,
And not simplicity, as they suggest.—
The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of Heaven,
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred,
Inflict upon them, thou great *Primus Motor!*
And here upon my knees, striking the earth,
I ban their souls to everlasting pains,
And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
That thus have dealt with me in my distress!

FIRST JEW. Oh, yet be patient, gentle Barabas!

BARA. Oh, silly brethren, born to see this day,
Why stand you thus unmov'd with my laments?
Why weep you not to think upon my wrongs?
Why pine not I, and die in this distress?

FIRST JEW. Why, Barabas, as hardly can we brook
The cruel handling of ourselves in this:
Thou seest they have taken half our goods.

BARA. Why did you yield to their extortion?
You were a multitude, and I but one;

And of me only have they taken all.

FIRST JEW. Yet, brother Barabas, remember Job.

BARA. What tell you me of Job? I wot his wealth
Was written thus; he had seven thousand sheep,
Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke
Of labouring oxen, and five hundred
She-asses: but for every one of those,
Had they been valu'd at indifferent rate,
I had at home, and in mine argosy,
And other ships that came from Egypt last,
As much as would have bought his beasts and him,
And yet have kept enough to live upon;
So that not he, but I, may curse the day,
Thy fatal birth-day, forlorn Barabas;
And henceforth wish for an eternal night,
That clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes;
For only I have toil'd to inherit here
The months of vanity, and loss of time,
And painful nights, have been appointed me.

SEC. JEW. Good Barabas, be patient.

BARA. Ay, I pray, leave me in my patience.
You, that were ne'er possess'd of wealth, are pleas'd
with want;
But give him liberty at least to mourn,
That, in a field amidst his enemies,
Doth see his soldiers slain, himself disarm'd,
And knows no means of his recovery:
Ay, let me sorrow for this sudden chance;
'Tis in the trouble of my spirit I speak:

Great injuries are not so soon forgot.

FIRST JEW. Come, let us leave him; in his ireful mood
Our words will but increase his ecstasy*.

SEC. JEW. On, then: but, trust me, 'tis a misery
To see a man in such affliction.—
Farewell, Barabas.

BARA. Ay, fare you well. [*Exeunt three Jews* †.
See the simplicity of these base slaves,
Who, for the villains have no wit themselves,
Think me to be a senseless lump of clay,
That will with every water wash to dirt!
No, Barabas is born to better chance,
And fram'd of finer mould than common men,
That measure nought but by the present time.
A reaching thought will search his deepest wits,
And cast with cunning for the time to come;
For evils are apt to happen every day.

Enter ABIGAIL.

But whither wends my beauteous Abigail?
Oh, what has made my lovely daughter sad?
What, woman! moan not for a little loss;
Thy father has enough in store for thee.

ABIG. Not for myself, but aged Barabas,
Father, for thee lamenteth Abigail:

* *ecstasy*] Equivalent here to—violent emotion. "The word was anciently used to signify some degree of alienation of mind." COLLIER (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

† *Exeunt three Jews*] On their departure, the scene is supposed to be changed to a street near the house of Barabas: see note, p. 236.

But I will learn to leave these fruitless tears;
And, urg'd thereto with my afflictions,
With fierce exclaims run to the senate-house,
And in the senate reprehend them all,
And rent their hearts with tearing of my hair,
Till they reduce the wrongs done to my father.

BARA. No, Abigail; things past recovery
Are hardly cur'd with exclamations:
Be silent, daughter; sufferance breeds ease,
And time may yield us an occasion,
Which on the sudden cannot serve the turn.
Besides, my girl, think me not all so fond*
As negligently to forego so much
Without provision for thyself and me:
Ten thousand portagues†, besides great pearls,
Rich costly jewels, and stones infinite,
Fearing the worst of this before it fell,
I closely hid.

ABIG. Where, father?

BARA. In my house, my girl.

ABIG. Then shall they ne'er be seen of Barabas;
For they have seiz'd upon thy house and wares.

BARA. But they will give me leave once more, I trow,
To go into my house.

ABIG. That may they not;
For there I left the governor placing nuns,
Displacing me; and of thy house they mean

* *fond*] "i. e. foolish." REED (apud Dodsley's O. P.).
† *portagues*] Portuguese gold coins, so called.

To make a nunnery, where none but their own sect*
Must enter in; men generally barr'd.
BARA. My gold, my gold, and all my wealth is gone!—
You partial Heavens, have I deserv'd this plague?
What, will you thus oppose me, luckless stars,
To make me desperate in my poverty?
And, knowing me impatient in distress,
Think me so mad as I will hang myself,
That I may vanish o'er the earth in air,
And leave no memory that e'er I was?
No, I will live; nor loathe I this my life:
And, since you leave me in the ocean thus
To sink or swim, and put me to my shifts,
I'll rouse my senses, and awake myself.—
Daughter, I have it: thou perceiv'st the plight
Wherein these Christians have oppressèd me:
Be rul'd by me, for in extremity
We ought to make bar of no policy.
ABIG. Father, whate'er it be, to injure them
That have so manifestly wrongèd us,
What will not Abigail attempt?
BARA. Why, so.
Then thus: thou told'st me they have turn'd my house
Into a nunnery, and some nuns are there?
ABIG. I did.
BARA. Then, Abigail, there must my girl

* *sect*] "i. e. sex. *Sect* and *sex* were, in our ancient dramatic writers, used synonymously." REED (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

Entreat the abbess to be entertain'd.

ABIG. How, as a nun?

BARA. Ay, daughter; for religion
Hides many mischiefs from suspicion.

ABIG. Ay, but, father, they will suspect me there.

BARA. Let 'em suspect; but be thou so precise
As they may think it done of holiness:
Entreat 'em fair, and give them friendly speech,
And seem to them as if thy sins were great,
Till thou hast gotten to be entertain'd.

ABIG. Thus, father, shall I much dissemble.

BARA. Tush!
As good dissemble that thou never mean'st,
As first mean truth and then dissemble it:
A counterfeit profession is better
Than unseen hypocrisy.

ABIG. Well, father, say I be entertain'd,
What then shall follow?

BARA. This shall follow then.
There have I hid, close underneath the plank
That runs along the upper-chamber floor,
The gold and jewels which I kept for thee:—
But here they come: be cunning, Abigail.

ABIG. Then, father, go with me.

BARA. No, Abigail, in this
It is not necessary I be seen;
For I will seem offended with thee for't:
Be close, my girl, for this must fetch my gold.

[*They retire.*

Enter FRIAR JACOMO*, FRIAR BARNARDINE, *Abbess, and a Nun.*

FRIAR JAC. Sisters,
We now are almost at the new-made nunnery.
ABB†. The better; for we love not to be seen:
'Tis thirty winters long since some of us
Did stray so far amongst the multitude.
FRIAR JAC. But, madam, this house
And waters of this new-made nunnery
Will much delight you.
ABB. It may be so. But who comes here?
[*Abigail comes forward.*
ABIG. Grave abbess, and you, happy virgins' guide,
Pity the state of a distressèd maid!
ABB. What art thou, daughter?
ABIG. The hopeless daughter of a hapless Jew,
The Jew of Malta, wretched Barabas,
Sometimes‡ the owner of a goodly house,
Which they have now turn'd to a nunnery.
ABB. Well, daughter, say, what is thy suit with us?
ABIG. Fearing the afflictions which my father feels
Proceed from sin or want of faith in us,

* *Enter Friar Jacomo*, &c.] Old ed. "Enter three Fryars and two Nuns:" but assuredly only *two* Friars figure in this play.

† *Abb.*] In the old ed. the prefix to this speech is "1 Nun," and to the next speech but one "Nun." That both speeches belong to the Abbess is quite evident.

‡ *Sometimes*] Equivalent here (as frequently in our early writers) to—Sometime.

I'd pass away my life in penitence,
And be a novice in your nunnery,
To make atonement for my labouring soul.

FRIAR JAC. No doubt, brother, but this proceedeth of the spirit.

FRIAR BARN. Ay, and of a moving spirit too, brother: but come,
Let us entreat she may be entertain'd.

ABB. Well, daughter, we admit you for a nun.

ABIG. First let me as a novice learn to frame
My solitary life to your strait laws,
And let me lodge where I was wont to lie:
I do not doubt, by your divine precèpts
And mine own industry, but to profit much.

BARA. As much, I hope, as all I hid is worth. [*Aside.*

ABB. Come, daughter, follow us.

BARA. [*coming forward*] Why, how now, Abigail!
What mak'st thou amongst these hateful Christians?

FRIAR JAC. Hinder her not, thou man of little faith,
For she has mortified herself.

BARA. How! mortified!

FRIAR JAC. And is admitted to the sisterhood.

BARA. Child of perdition, and thy father's shame!
What wilt thou do among these hateful fiends?
I charge thee on my blessing that thou leave
These devils and their damnèd heresy!

ABIG. Father, forgive me—*

* *forgive me*—] Old ed. " giue *me*—"

BARA. Nay, back, Abigail,
And think upon the jewels and the gold;
The board is markèd thus that covers it.—
[*Aside to Abigail in a whisper.*
Away, accursèd, from thy father's sight!
FRIAR JAC. Barabas, although thou art in misbelief,
And wilt not see thine own afflictions,
Yet let thy daughter be no longer blind.
BARA. Blind friar, I reck not thy persuasions,—
The board is markèd thus* that covers it—
[*Aside to Abigail in a whisper.*
For I had rather die than see her thus.—
Wilt thou forsake me too in my distress,
Seducèd daughter?—Go, forget not.—
[*Aside to her in a whisper.*
Becomes it Jews to be so credulous?—
To-morrow early I'll be at the door.—
[*Aside to her in a whisper.*
No, come not at me; if thou wilt be damn'd,
Forget me, see me not; and so, begone!—
Farewell; remember to-morrow morning.—
[*Aside to her in a whisper.*
Out, out, thou wretch!
[*Exit, on one side,* BARABAS. *Exeunt, on the other side, Friars, Abbess, and Nun: and, as they are going out,*

* *thus*] After this word the old ed. has " † ",—to signify, perhaps, the motion which Barabas was to make here with his hand.

Enter MATHIAS.

MATH. Who's this? fair Abigail, the rich Jew's daughter,
Become a nun! her father's sudden fall
Has humbled her, and brought her down to this:
Tut, she were fitter for a tale of love,
Than to be tirèd out with orisons;
And better would she fat become a bed,
Embracèd in a friendly lover's arms,
Than rise at midnight to a solemn mass.

Enter LODOWICK.

LOD. Why, how now, Don Mathias? in a dump?
MATH. Believe me, noble Lodowick, I have seen
The strangest sight, in my opinion,
That ever I beheld.
LOD. What was't, I prithee?
MATH. A fair young maid, scarce fourteen years of age,
The sweetest flower in Cytheræa's field,
Cropt from the pleasures of the fruitful earth,
And strangely metamorphos'd [to a] nun.
LOD. But say, what was she?
MATH. Why, the rich Jew's daughter.
LOD. What, Barabas, whose goods were lately seiz'd?
Is she so fair?
MATH. And matchless beautiful,
As, had you seen her, 'twould have mov'd your heart,

Though countermin'd with walls of brass, to love,
Or, at the least, to pity.

LOD. And if she be so fair as you report,
'Twere time well spent to go and visit her:
How say you? shall we?

MATH. I must and will, sir; there's no remedy.

LOD. And so will I too, or it shall go hard.
Farewell, Mathias.

MATH. Farewell, Lodowick. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II.

Enter BARABAS, *with a light**.

BARA. Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak†,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings,

* *Enter Barabas, with a light*] The scene is now before the house of Barabas, which has been turned into a nunnery.

† *Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that tolls*
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak] Mr. Collier (*Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poet.* iii. 136) remarks that these lines are cited (with some variation, and from memory, as the present play was not printed till 1633) in an epigram on T. Deloney, in the anonymous collection of epigrams and satires, entitled *Skialetheia or the Shadowe of Truth*, 1598,—

> "*Like to the fatall ominous Raven, which tolls*
> *The sick man's dirge, within his hollow beake,*
> So every paper-clothed post in Poules
> To thee, Deloney, mourningly doth speake," &c.

Vex'd and tormented runs poor Barabas
With fatal curses towards these Christians.
The incertain pleasures of swift-footed time
Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair;
And of my former riches rests no more
But bare remembrance; like a soldier's scar,
That has no further comfort for his maim.—
O Thou, that with a fiery pillar led'st
The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,
Light Abraham's offspring; and direct the hand
Of Abigail this night! or let the day
Turn to eternal darkness after this!—
No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,
Nor quiet enter my distemper'd thoughts,
Till I have answer of my Abigail.

Enter ABIGAIL *above.*

ABIG. Now have I happily espied a time
To search the plank my father did appoint;
And here, behold, unseen, where I have found
The gold, the pearls, and jewels, which he hid.

BARA. Now I remember those old women's words,
Who in my wealth would tell me winter's tales,
And speak of spirits and ghosts that glide by night
About the place where treasure hath been hid:
And now methinks that I am one of those;
For, whilst I live, here lives my soul's sole hope,
And, when I die, here shall my spirit walk.

ABIG. Now that my father's fortune were so good
As but to be about this happy place!

'Tis not so happy: yet, when we parted last,
He said he would attend me in the morn.
Then, gentle Sleep, where'er his body rests,
Give charge to Morpheus that he may dream
A golden dream, and of * the sudden wake †,
Come and receive the treasure I have found.

BARA. *Bueno para todos mi ganado no era* ‡:
As good go on, as sit so sadly thus.
But stay: what star shines yonder in the east §?
The loadstar of my life, if Abigail.—
Who's there?

ABIG. Who's that?

BARA. Peace, Abigail! 'tis I.

ABIG. Then, father, here receive thy happiness.

BARA. Hast thou't?

ABIG. Here. [*throws down bags*] Hast thou't? There's more, and more, and more.

BARA. Oh, my girl,
My gold, my fortune, my felicity,
Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy;
Welcome the first beginner of my bliss!

* *of*] i. e. on.

† *wake*] Old ed. "walke."

‡ *Bueno para todos mi ganado no era*] Old ed. "Birn para todos, my ganada no er."

§ *But stay: what star shines yonder in the east*, &c.] Shakespeare, it would seem, recollected this passage, when he wrote,—

"But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!"

Romeo and Juliet, act ii. sc. 2.

Oh, Abigail, Abigail, that I had thee here too!
Then my desires were fully satisfied:
But I will practice thy enlargement thence:
Oh, girl, oh, gold, oh, beauty, oh, my bliss!
[*Hugs the bags.*

ABIG. Father, it draweth towards midnight now,
And 'bout this time the nuns begin to wake;
To shun suspicion, therefore, let us part.

BARA. Farewell, my joy, and by my fingers take
A kiss from him that sends it from his soul.
[*Exit Abigail above.*
Now, Phœbus, ope the eye-lids of the day,
And, for the raven, wake the morning lark,
That I may hover with her in the air,
Singing o'er these, as she does o'er her young.
*Hermoso placer de los dineros**. [*Exit.*

Enter FERNEZE†, MARTIN DEL BOSCO, KNIGHTS, *and Officers.*

FERN. Now, captain, tell us whither thou art bound?
Whence is thy ship that anchors in our road?
And why thou cam'st ashore without our leave?

Bosco. Governor of Malta, hither am I bound;
My ship, the Flying Dragon, is of Spain,
And so am I; Del Bosco is my name,
Vice-admiral unto the Catholic King.

* *Hermoso placer de los dineros*] Old ed. "Hormoso Piarer, de les Denirch."

† *Enter Ferneze*, &c.] The scene is the interior of the Council-house.

First Knight. 'Tis true, my lord; therefore entreat * him well.

Bosco. Our fraught is Grecians, Turks, and Afric Moors;

For late upon the coast of Corsica,
Because we vail'd not † to the Turkish ‡ fleet,
Their creeping galleys had us in the chase:
But suddenly the wind began to rise,
And then we luff'd and tack'd§, and fought at ease:
Some have we fir'd, and many have we sunk;
But one amongst the rest became our prize:
The captain's slain, the rest remain our slaves,
Of whom we would make sale in Malta here.

Fern. Martin Del Bosco, I have heard of thee:
Welcome to Malta, and to all of us!
But to admit a sale of these thy Turks,
We may not, nay, we dare not give consent,
By reason of a tributary league.

First Knight. Del Bosco, as thou lov'st and honour'st us,
Persuade our governor against the Turk:
This truce we have is but in hope of gold,
And with that sum he craves might we wage war.

Bosco. Will knights of Malta be in league with Turks,
And buy it basely too for sums of gold?

* *entreat*] i. e. treat.

† *vail'd not*] "i. e. did not strike or lower our flags." Steevens (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

‡ *Turkish*] Old ed. "Spanish."

§ *luff'd and tack'd*] Old ed. "left *and* tooke."

My lord, remember that, to Europe's shame,
The Christian Isle of Rhodes, from whence you came,
Was lately lost, and you were stated* here
To be at deadly enmity with Turks.

FERN. Captain, we know it; but our force is small.

Bosco. What is the sum that Calymath requires?

FERN. A hundred thousand crowns.

Bosco. My lord and king hath title to this isle,
And he means quickly to expel you hence;
Therefore be rul'd by me, and keep the gold:
I'll write unto his majesty for aid,
And not depart until I see you free.

FERN. On this condition shall thy Turks be sold.—
Go, officers, and set them straight in shew.—

[*Exeunt Officers.*

Bosco, thou shalt be Malta's general;
We and our warlike knights will follow thee
Against these barbarous misbelieving Turks.

Bosco. So shall you imitate those you succeed;
For, when their hideous force environ'd Rhodes,
Small though the number was that kept the town,
They fought it out, and not a man surviv'd
To bring the hapless news to Christendom.

FERN. So will we fight it out: come, let's away.
Proud daring Calymath, instead of gold,
We'll send thee bullets wrapt in smoke and fire:
Claim tribute where thou wilt, we are resolv'd;
Honour is bought with blood, and not with gold.

[*Exeunt.*

* *stated*] i. e. estated, established, stationed.

Enter OFFICERS *, *with* ITHAMORE *and other Slaves.*

FIRST OFF. This is the market-place; here let 'em stand:
Fear not their sale, for they'll be quickly bought.
SEC. OFF. Every one's price is written on his back,
And so much must they yield, or not be sold.
FIRST OFF. Here comes the Jew: had not his goods been seiz'd,
He'd give us present money for them all.

Enter BARABAS.

BARA. In spite of these swine-eating Christians,
(Unchosen nation, never circumcis'd,
Poor villains, such as were† ne'er thought upon
Till Titus and Vespasian conquer'd us,)
Am I become as wealthy as I was.
They hop'd my daughter would ha' been a nun;
But she's at home, and I have bought a house
As great and fair as is the governor's:
And there, in spite of Malta, will I dwell,
Having Ferneze's hand; whose heart I'll have,
Ay, and his son's too, or it shall go hard.
I am not of the tribe of Levi, I,
That can so soon forget an injury.
We Jews can fawn like spaniels when we please;

* *Enter Officers,* &c.] The scene being the market-place.

† *Poor villains, such as were*] Old ed. "Such as *poore villaines were*", &c.

And when we grin we bite; yet are our looks
As innocent and harmless as a lamb's.
I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,
And duck as low as any bare-foot friar;
Hoping to see them starve upon a stall,
Or else be gather'd for in our synagogue,
That, when the offering-basin comes to me,
Even for charity I may spit into't.
Here comes Don Lodowick, the governor's son,
One that I love for his good father's sake.

Enter LODOWICK.

LOD. I hear the wealthy Jew walkèd this way:
I'll seek him out, and so insinuate,
That I may have a sight of Abigail,
For Don Mathias tells me she is fair.

BARA. Now will I shew myself to have more of the serpent than the dove; that is, more knave than fool. [*Aside.*

LOD. Yond' walks the Jew: now for fair Abigail.

BARA. Ay, ay, no doubt but she's at your command. [*Aside.*

LOD. Barabas, thou know'st I am the governor's son.

BARA. I would you were his father too, sir! that's all the harm I wish you.—The slave looks like a hog's cheek new-singed. [*Aside.*

LOD. Whither walk'st thou, Barabas?

BARA. No further: 'tis a custom held with us,

That when we speak with Gentiles like to you,
We turn unto* the air to purge ourselves;
For unto us the promise doth belong.

LOD. Well, Barabas, canst help me to a diamond?

BARA. Oh, sir, your father had my diamonds:
Yet I have one left that will serve your turn.—
I mean my daughter; but, ere he shall have her,
I'll sacrifice her on a pile of wood:
I ha' the poison of the city† for him,
And the white leprosy. [*Aside.*

LOD. What sparkle does it give without a foil?

BARA. The diamond that I talk of ne'er was foil'd:—
But, when he touches it, it will be foil'd.— [*Aside.*
Lord Lodowick, it sparkles bright and fair.

LOD. Is it square or pointed? pray, let me know.

BARA. Pointed it is, good sir,—but not for you. [*Aside.*

LOD. I like it much the better.

BARA. So do I too.

LOD. How shews it by night?

BARA. Outshines Cynthia's rays:—
You'll like it better far a-nights than days. [*Aside.*

LOD. And what's the price?

BARA. Your life, and if you have it [*Aside*].—Oh, my lord,

* *unto*] Old ed. "into."

† *city*] The preceding editors have not questioned the word: but is it right?

We will not jar about the price: come to my house,
And I will give't your honour—with a vengeance.
[*Aside.*

LOD. No, Barabas, I will deserve it first.

BARA. Good sir,
Your father has deserv'd it at my hands,
Who, of mere charity and Christian ruth,
To bring me to religious purity,
And, as it were, in catechising sort,
To make me mindful of my mortal sins,
Against my will, and whether I would or no,
Seiz'd all I had, and thrust me out a-doors,
And made my house a place for nuns most chaste.

LOD. No doubt your soul shall reap the fruit of it.

BARA. Ay, but, my lord, the harvest is far off:
And yet I know the prayers of those nuns
And holy friars, having money for their pains,
Are wondrous;—and indeed do no man good;—
[*Aside.*
And, seeing they are not idle, but still doing,
'Tis likely they in time may reap some fruit,
I mean, in fulness of perfection.

LOD. Good Barabas, glance not at our holy nuns.

BARA. No, but I do it through a burning zeal,—
Hoping ere long to set the house a-fire;
For, though they do a while increase and multiply,
I'll have a saying to that nunnery.*—
[*Aside.*

* *I'll have a saying to that nunnery*] Compare Barnaby

As for the diamond, sir, I told you of,
Come home, and there's no price shall make us part,
Even for your honourable father's sake,—
It shall go hard but I will see your death.— [*Aside.*
But now I must be gone to buy a slave.

LOD. And, Barabas, I'll bear thee company.

BARA. Come, then; here's the market-place.—
What's the price of this slave? two hundred crowns!
do the Turks weigh so much?

FIRST OFF. Sir, that's his price.

BARA. What, can he steal, that you demand so much?
Belike he has some new trick for a purse;
And if he has, he is worth three hundred plates,*
So that, being bought, the town-seal might be got
To keep him for his life-time from the gallows:
The sessions-day is critical to thieves,
And few or none scape but by being purg'd.

Barnes's *Divils Charter*, 1607;

> " Before I do this seruice, lie there, peece;
> For I must *haue a saying* to those bottels. *He drinketh.*
> True stingo; stingo, by mine honour. * * *
> * * * * * * * * * *

I must *haue a saying* to you, sir, I must, though you be prouided for his Holines owne mouth; I will be bould to be the Popes taster by his leaue." Sig. K 3.

* *plates*] " i. e. pieces of silver money." STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).—Old ed. " plats."

Lod. Rat'st thou this Moor but at two hundred plates?

First Off. No more, my lord.

Bara. Why should this Turk be dearer than that Moor?

First Off. Because he is young, and has more qualities.

Bara. What, hast the philosopher's stone? an thou hast, break my head with it, I'll forgive thee.

Slave*. No, sir; I can cut and shave.

Bara. Let me see, sirrah; are you not an old shaver?

Slave. Alas, sir, I am a very youth!

Bara. A youth! I'll buy you, and marry you to Lady Vanity†, if you do well.

Slave. I will serve you, sir.

Bara. Some wicked trick or other: it may be, under colour of shaving, thou'lt cut my throat for my goods. Tell me, hast thou thy health well?

Slave. Ay, passing well.

Bara. So much the worse: I must have one that's sickly, an't be but for sparing victuals: 'tis not a stone of beef a-day will maintain you in these chops. —Let me see one that's somewhat leaner.

First Off. Here's a leaner; how like you him?

Bara. Where was thou born?

* *Slave*] To the speeches of this Slave, the old ed. prefixes "Itha." and "Ith.", confounding him with Ithamore.

† *Lady Vanity*] An allusion to the character so named in some of the early Moralities or Moral-Plays.

ITHA. In Thrace; brought up in Arabia.

BARA. So much the better; thou art for my turn.
An hundred crowns? I'll have him; there's the coin.
[*Gives money.*

FIRST OFF. Then mark him, sir, and take him hence.

BARA. Ay, mark him, you were best; for this is he
That by my help shall do much villany.— [*Aside.*
My lord, farewell.—Come, sirrah; you are mine.—
As for the diamond, it shall be yours:
I pray, sir, be no stranger at my house;
All that I have shall be at your command.

Enter MATHIAS *and* KATHERINE*.

MATH. What makes the Jew and Lodowick so private?
I fear me 'tis about fair Abigail. [*Aside.*

BARA. Yonder comes Don Mathias; let us stay†:
He loves my daughter, and she holds him dear;
But I have sworn to frustrate both their hopes,
And be reveng'd upon the—governor. [*Aside.*
[*Exit Lodowick.*

KATH. This Moor is comeliest, is he not? speak, son.

MATH. No, this is the better, mother, view this well.

* *Katherine*] Old ed. "*Mater.*"—The name of Mathias's mother was, as we afterwards learn, Katherine.

† *stay*] i. e. forbear, break off our conversation.

BARA. Seem not to know me here before your mother,
Lest she mistrust the match that is in hand:
When you have brought her home, come to my house;
Think of me as thy father: son, farewell.

MATH. But wherefore talk'd Don Lodowick with you?

BARA. Tush, man! we talk'd of diamonds, not of Abigail.

KATH. Tell me, Mathias, is not that the Jew?

BARA. As for the comment on the Maccabees,
I have it, sir, and 'tis at your command.

MATH. Yes, madam, and my talk with him was*
About the borrowing of a book or two.

KATH. Converse not with him; he is cast off from Heaven.—
Thou hast thy crowns, fellow.—Come, let's away.

MATH. Sirrah Jew, remember the book.

BARA. Marry, will I, sir.

[*Exeunt Katherine and Mathias.*

FIRST OFF. Come, I have made a reasonable market; let's away. [*Exeunt Officers with Slaves.*

BARA. Now let me know thy name, and therewithal
Thy birth, condition, and profession.

ITHA. Faith, sir, my birth is but mean; my name's Ithamore; my profession what you please.

BARA. Hast thou no trade? then listen to my words,
And I will teach [thee] that shall stick by thee:

* *was*] Qy. "*was* but"?

First, be thou void of these affections,
Compassion, love, vain hope, and heartless fear;
Be mov'd at nothing, see thou pity none,
But to thyself smile when the Christians moan.

ITHA. Oh, brave, master*! I worship your nose† for this.

BARA. As for myself, I walk abroad a-nights,
And kill sick people groaning under walls:
Sometimes I go about and poison wells;
And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,
I am content to lose some of my crowns,
That I may, walking in my gallery,
See 'em go pinion'd along by my door.
Being young, I studied physic, and began
To practice first upon the Italian;
There I enrich'd the priests with burials,
And always kept the sexton's arms in ure‡
With digging graves and ringing dead men's knells:
And, after that, was I an engineer,
And in the wars 'twixt France and Germany,
Under pretence of helping Charles the Fifth,
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems:
Then, after that, was I an usurer,

* *Oh, brave, master*] The modern editors strike out the comma after "*brave*", understanding that word as an epithet to "*master*": but compare what Ithamore says to Barabas in act iv; "That's *brave, master*." p. 304.

† *your nose*] An allusion to the large artificial nose, with which Barabas was represented on the stage. See the passage cited from W. Rowley's *Search for Money*, 1609, in the *Account of Marlowe and his Writings*.

‡ *ure*] i. e. use, practice.

And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging unto brokery,
I fill'd the jails with bankrouts * in a year,
And with young orphans planted hospitals;
And every moon made some or other mad,
And now and then one hang himself for grief,
Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll
How I with interest tormented him.
But mark how I am blest for plaguing them;—
I have as much coin as will buy the town.
But tell me now, how hast thou spent thy time?

ITHA. Faith, master, in setting Christian villages on fire,
Chaining of eunuchs, binding galley-slaves.
One time I was an hostler in an inn,
And in the night-time secretly would I steal
To travellers' chambers, and there cut their throats:
Once at Jerusalem, where the pilgrims kneel'd,
I strowèd powder on the marble stones,
And therewithal their knees would rankle so,
That I have laugh'd a-good † to see the cripples
Go limping home to Christendom on stilts.

BARA. Why, this is something: make account of me
As of thy fellow; we are villains both;
Both circumcisèd; we hate Christians both:
Be true and secret; thou shalt want no gold.
But stand aside; here comes Don Lodowick.

* *bankrouts*] i. e. bankrupts.

† *a-good*] "i. e. in good earnest. *Tout de bon.*" REED (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*)

Enter LODOWICK*.

LOD. Oh, Barabas, well met;
Where is the diamond you told me of?
BARA. I have it for you, sir: please you walk in with me.—
What, ho, Abigail! open the door, I say!

Enter ABIGAIL, *with letters*.

ABIG. In good time, father; here are letters come
From Ormus, and the post stays here within.
BARA. Give me the letters.—Daughter, do you hear?
Entertain Lodowick, the governor's son,
With all the courtesy you can afford,
Provided that you keep your maidenhead:
Use him as if he were a Philistine;
Dissemble, swear, protest, vow to love him†:
He is not of the seed of Abraham.— [*Aside to her.*
I am a little busy, sir; pray, pardon me.—
Abigail, bid him welcome for my sake.
ABIG. For your sake and his own he's welcome hither.
BARA. Daughter, a word more: kiss him, speak him fair,
And like a cunning Jew so cast about,

* *Enter Lodowick*] A change of scene supposed here,—to the outside of Barabas's house.

† *vow to love him*] Qy. "*vow love to him*"? compare "she vows love to him" in the next page.

That ye be both made sure* ere you come out.
[*Aside to her.*
ABIG. Oh, father, Don Mathias is my love!
BARA. I know it: yet, I say, make love to him;
Do, it is requisite it should be so.— [*Aside to her.*
Nay, on my life, it is my factor's hand;
But go you in, I'll think upon the account.
[*Exeunt Abigail and Lodowick into the house.*
The account is made, for Lodovico† dies.
My factor sends me word a merchant's fled
That owes me for a hundred tun of wine:
I weigh it thus much [*snapping his fingers*]! I have wealth enough;
For now by this has he kiss'd Abigail,
And she vows love to him, and he to her.
As sure as Heaven rain'd manna for the Jews,
So sure shall he and Don Mathias die:
His father was my chiefest enemy.

Enter MATHIAS.

Whither goes Don Mathias? stay a while.
MATH. Whither, but to my fair love Abigail?
BARA. Thou know'st, and Heaven can witness it is true,
That I intend my daughter shall be thine.

* *made sure*] i. e. affianced.

† *Lodovico*] Old ed. "Lodowicke."—In act iii. we have,

"I fear she knows ('tis so) of my device
In Don Mathias' and *Lodovico's* deaths," p. 294.

MATH. Ay, Barabas, or else thou wrong'st me much.

BARA. Oh, Heaven forbid I should have such a thought!

Pardon me though I weep: the governor's son
Will, whether I will or no, have Abigail;
He sends her letters, bracelets, jewels, rings.

MATH. Does she receive them?

BARA. She! no, Mathias, no, but sends them back;

And, when he comes, she locks herself up fast;
Yet through the key-hole will he talk to her,
While she runs to the window, looking out
When you should come and hale him from the door.

MATH. Oh, treacherous Lodowick!

BARA. Even now as I came home, he slipt me in,
And I am sure he is with Abigail.

MATH. I'll rouse him thence.

BARA. Not for all Malta; therefore sheathe your sword;

If you love me, no quarrels in my house;
But steal you in, and seem to see him not:
I'll give him such a warning ere he goes,
As he shall have small hopes of Abigail.
Away, for here they come.

Re-enter LODOWICK *and* ABIGAIL.

MATH. What, hand in hand! I cannot suffer this.

BARA. Mathias, as thou lov'st me, not a word.

MATH. Well, let it pass; another time shall serve.
[*Exit into the house.*

LOD. Barabas, is not that the widow's son?

BARA. Ay, and take heed, for he hath sworn your death.

LOD. My death! what, is the base-born peasant mad?

BARA. No, no; but hapily he stands in fear
Of that which you, I think, ne'er dream upon,—
My daughter here, a paltry silly girl.

LOD. Why, loves she Don Mathias?

BARA. Doth she not with her smiling answer you?

ABIG. He has my heart; I smile against my will.
[*Aside.*

LOD. Barabas, thou know'st I have lov'd thy daughter long.

BARA. And so has she done you, even from a child.

LOD. And now I can no longer hold my mind.

BARA. Nor I the affection that I bear to you.

LOD. This is thy diamond; tell me, shall I have it?

BARA. Win it, and wear it; it is yet unsoil'd*.

* *unsoil'd*] "Perhaps we ought to read 'unfoil'd', consistently with what Barabas said of her before under the figure of a jewel—

'The diamond that I talk of *ne'er was foil'd*'."

COLLIER (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*) But in that passage (see p. 270) Barabas seems to use "*foil'd*," with a quibble,—*fil'd*, defiled.

Oh, but I know your lordship would disdain
To marry with the daughter of a Jew:
And yet I'll give her many a golden cross*
With Christian posies round about the ring.

LOD. 'Tis not thy wealth, but her that I esteem;
Yet crave I thy consent.

BARA. And mine you have; yet let me talk to her.—
This offspring of Cain, this Jebusite,
That never tasted of the Passover,
Nor e'er shall see the land of Canaan,
Nor our Messias that is yet to come;
This gentle maggot, Lodowick, I mean,
Must be deluded: let him have thy hand,
But keep thy heart till Don Mathias comes.
[*Aside to her.*

ABIG. What, shall I be betroth'd to Lodowick?

BARA. It's no sin to deceive a Christian;
For they themselves hold it a principle,
Faith is not to be held with heretics:
But all are heretics that are not Jews;
This follows well, and therefore, daughter, fear not.— [*Aside to her.*
I have entreated her, and she will grant.

LOD. Then, gentle Abigail, plight thy faith to me.

ABIG. I cannot choose, seeing my father bids:
Nothing but death shall part my love and me.

* *cross*] i. e. piece of money (many coins being marked with a cross on one side).

LOD. Now have I that for which my soul hath long'd.

BARA. So have not I; but yet I hope I shall. [*Aside.*

ABIG. Oh, wretched Abigail, what hast thou* done? [*Aside.*

LOD. Why on the sudden is your colour chang'd?

ABIG. I know not: but farewell; I must be gone.

BARA. Stay her, but let her not speak one word more.

LOD. Mute o' the sudden! here's a sudden change.

BARA. Oh, muse not at it; 'tis the Hebrew's guise,
That maidens new-betroth'd should weep a while:
Trouble her not; sweet Lodowick, depart:
She is thy wife, and thou shalt be mine heir.

LOD. Oh, is't the custom? then I am resolv'd†:
But rather let the brightsome heavens be dim,
And nature's beauty choke with stifling clouds,
Than my fair Abigail should frown on me.
There comes the villain; now I'll be reveng'd.

Re-enter MATHIAS.

BARA. Be quiet, Lodowick; it is enough
That I have made thee sure to Abigail.

LOD. Well, let him go. [*Exit.*

BARA. Well, but for me, as you went in at doors
You had been stabb'd: but not a word on't now;

* *thou*] Old ed. "thee."

† *resolv'd*] "i. e. satisfied." GILCHRIST (apud Dodsley's O. P.)

Here must no speeches pass, nor swords be drawn.
MATH. Suffer me, Barabas, but to follow him.
BARA. No; so shall I, if any hurt be done,
Be made an accessary of your deeds;
Revenge it on him when you meet him next.
MATH. For this I'll have his heart.
BARA. Do so. Lo, here I give thee Abigail!
MATH. What greater gift can poor Mathias have?
Shall Lodowick rob me of so fair a love?
My life is not so dear as Abigail.
BARA. My heart misgives me, that, to cross your love,
He's with your mother; therefore after him.
MATH. What, is he gone unto my mother?
BARA. Nay, if you will, stay till she comes herself.
MATH. I cannot stay; for, if my mother come,
She'll die with grief. [*Exit.*
ABIG. I cannot take my leave of him for tears.
Father, why have you thus incens'd them both?
BARA. What's that to thee?
ABIG. I'll make 'em friends again.
BARA. You'll make 'em friends! are there not Jews enow in Malta,
But thou must dote upon a Christian?
ABIG. I will have Don Mathias; he is my love.
BARA. Yes, you shall have him.—Go, put her in.
ITHA. Ay, I'll put her in. [*Puts in Abigail.*
BARA. Now tell me, Ithamore, how lik'st thou this?
ITHA. Faith, master, I think by this
You purchase both their lives: is it not so?

BARA. True; and it shall be cunningly perform'd.
ITHA. Oh, master, that I might have a hand in this!
BARA. Ay, so thou shalt; 'tis thou must do the deed:
Take this, and bear it to Mathias straight,
[*Giving a letter.*
And tell him that it comes from Lodowick.
ITHA. 'Tis poison'd, is it not?
BARA. No, no; and yet it might be done that way:
It is a challenge feign'd from Lodowick.
ITHA. Fear not; I will so set his heart a-fire,
That he shall verily think it comes from him.
BARA. I cannot choose but like thy readiness:
Yet be not rash, but do it cunningly.
ITHA. As I behave myself in this, employ me hereafter.
BARA. Away, then! [*Exit Ithamore.*
So; now will I go unto* Lodowick,
And, like a cunning spirit, feign some lie,
Till I have set 'em both at enmity. [*Exit.*

* *unto*] Old ed. "in to."

ACT III.

Enter BELLAMIRA †.

BELL. Since this town was besieg'd, my gain grows cold:
The time has been, that but for one bare night
A hundred ducats have been freely given;
But now against my will I must be chaste:
And yet I know my beauty doth not fail.
From Venice merchants, and from Padua
Were wont to come rare-witted gentlemen,
Scholars I mean, learnèd and liberal;
And now, save Pilia-Borza, comes there none,
And he is very seldom from my house;
And here he comes.

Enter PILIA-BORZA.

PILIA. Hold thee, wench, there's something for thee to spend. [*Shewing a bag of silver.*

BELL. 'Tis silver; I disdain it.

PILIA. Ay, but the Jew has gold,
And I will have it, or it shall go hard.

BELL. Tell me, how cam'st thou by this?

PILIA. Faith, walking the back-lanes, through the gardens, I chanced to cast mine eye up to the

† *Enter Bellamira*] She appears, we may suppose, in a veranda or open portico of her house (that the scene is not the interior of the house, is proved by what follows).

Jew's counting-house, where I saw some bags of money, and in the night I clambered up with my hooks; and, as I was taking my choice, I heard a rumbling in the house; so I took only this, and run my way. But here's the Jew's man.

BELL. Hide the bag.

Enter ITHAMORE.

PILIA. Look not towards him, let's away. Zoons, what a looking thou keepest! thou'lt betray's anon.

[*Exeunt Bellamira and Pilia-Borza.*

ITHA. Oh, the sweetest face that ever I beheld! I know she is a courtezan by her attire: now would I give a hundred of the Jew's crowns that I had such a concubine.

Well, I have deliver'd the challenge in such sort,
As meet they will, and fighting die,—brave sport!

[*Exit.*

Enter MATHIAS.

MATH. This is the place*: now Abigail shall see
Whether Mathias holds her dear or no.

Enter LODOWICK.

What, dares the villain write in such base terms?

[*Looking at a letter.*

LOD. I did it; and revenge it, if thou dar'st!

[*They fight.*

* Enter Mathias.

Math. *This is the place*, &c.] The scene is some part of the

Enter BARABAS *above.*

BARA. Oh, bravely fought! and yet they thrust not home.
Now, Lodovico*! now, Mathias!—So; [*Both fall.*
So, now they have shew'd themselves to be tall† fellows.

town, as Barabas appears "*above*,"—in the balcony of a house. (He stood, of course, on what was termed the upper-stage.)
Old ed. thus;

"*Enter Mathias.*

Math. This is the place, now Abigall shall see
Whether Mathias holds her deare or no.

Enter Lodow. reading.

Math. What, dares the villain write in such base terms?
Lod. I did it, and reuenge it if thou dar'st."

Mr. Collier (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*) remarks; "The challenge was from Lodowick to Mathias; Mathias ought therefore to enter *reading*, and the line,

'What, dares the villain write in such base terms?'

is consistent with this regulation". At p. 285, indeed, Barabas delivers to Ithamore a letter for Mathias—"a challenge feign'd from Lodowick": but, according to Ithamore's account in the next scene, p. 291, it appears that he carried a challenge to both parties; "Why, the devil invented a challenge, my master writ it, and I carried it, first to Lodowick, and *imprimis* to Mathias."—I have deviated from the old copy only in giving the stage-direction "*reading*" ["*Looking at a letter*"] to Mathias.

* *Lodovico*] Old ed. "Lodowicke."—See note, p. 279.

† *tall*] i. e. bold, brave.

[CRIES WITHIN] Part 'em, part 'em!

BARA. Ay, part 'em now they are dead. Farewell, farewell! [*Exit above.*

Enter FERNEZE, KATHERINE, *and Attendants.*

FERN. What sight is this? my Lodovico* slain!
These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre†.

KATH. Who is this? my son Mathias slain!

FERN. Oh, Lodowick, hadst thou perish'd by the Turk,
Wretched Ferneze might have 'veng'd thy death!

KATH. Thy son slew mine, and I'll revenge his death.

FERN. Look, Katherine, look! thy son gave mine these wounds.

KATH. Oh, leave to grieve me! I am griev'd enough.

FERN. Oh, that my sighs could turn to lively breath,
And these my tears to blood, that he might live!

KATH. Who made them enemies?

FERN. I know not; and that grieves me most of all.

* *Lodovico*] Old ed. "Lodowicke".—See note, p. 279.

† *These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre*] So in Shakespeare's *Third Part of King Henry VI.*, act ii. sc. 5, the Father says to the dead son whom he had killed in battle,

"*These arms of mine* shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, *shall be thy sepulchre*,"—

lines, be it observed, which are not found in *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke.*

KATH. My son lov'd thine.
FERN. And so did Lodowick him.
KATH. Lend me that weapon that did kill my son,
And it shall murder me.
FERN. Nay, madam, stay; that weapon was my son's,
And on that rather should Ferneze die.
KATH. Hold; let's inquire the causers of their deaths,
That we may 'venge their blood upon their heads.
FERN. Then take them up, and let them be interr'd
Within one sacred monument of stone;
Upon which altar I will offer up
My daily sacrifice of sighs and tears,
And with my prayers pierce impartial Heavens,
Till they [reveal] the causers of our smarts,
Which forc'd their hands divide united hearts.
Come, Katherine*; our losses equal are;
Then of true grief let us take equal share.
[*Exeunt with the bodies.*

Enter ITHAMORE†.

ITHA. Why, was there ever seen such villany,
So neatly plotted, and so well perform'd?
Both held in hand‡, and flatly both beguil'd?

* *Katherine*] Old ed. "Katherina."

† *Enter Ithamore*] The scene a room in the house of Barabas.

‡ *held in hand*] i. e. kept in expectation, having their hopes flattered.

Enter ABIGAIL.

ABIG. Why, how now, Ithamore? why laugh'st thou so?

ITHA. Oh, mistress! ha, ha, ha!

ABIG. Why, what ail'st thou?

ITHA. Oh, my master!

ABIG. Ha!

ITHA. Oh, mistress, I have the bravest, gravest, secret, subtle, bottle-nosed* knave to my master, that ever gentleman had!

ABIG. Say, knave, why rail'st upon my father thus?

ITHA. Oh, my master has the bravest policy!

ABIG. Wherein?

ITHA. Why, know you not?

ABIG. Why, no.

ITHA. Know you not of Mathia[s'] and Don Lodowick['s] disaster?

ABIG. No: what was it?

ITHA. Why, the devil invented a challenge, my master writ it, and I carried it, first to Lodowick, and *imprimis* to Mathia[s];
And then they met, [and], as the story says,
In doleful wise they ended both their days.

ABIG. And was my father furtherer of their deaths?

ITHA. Am I Ithamore?

* *bottle-nosed*] See note, p. 276.

ABIG. Yes.

ITHA. So sure did your father write, and I carry the challenge.

ABIG. Well, Ithamore, let me request thee this;
Go to the new-made nunnery, and inquire
For any of the friars of St. Jaques*,
And say, I pray them come and speak with me.

ITHA. I pray, mistress, will you answer me to one question?

ABIG. Well, sirrah, what is't?

ITHA. A very feeling one: have not the nuns fine sport with the friars now and then?

ABIG. Go to, sirrah Sauce! is this your question? get you gone.

ITHA. I will, forsooth, mistress. [*Exit.*

ABIG. Hard-hearted father, unkind Barabas!
Was this the pursuit of thy policy,
To make me shew them favour severally,
That by my favour they should both be slain?
Admit thou lov'd'st not Lodowick for his sire†,
Yet Don Mathias ne'er offended thee:
But thou wert set upon extreme revenge,
Because the prior dispossess'd thee once,
And couldst not 'venge it, but upon his son;
Nor on his son, but by Mathias' means;

* *Jaques*] Old ed. "Iaynes."

† *sire*] Old ed. "sinne" (which, modernised to "sin", the editors retain, among many other equally obvious errors of the old copy).

Nor on Mathias, but by murdering me:
But I perceive there is no love on earth,
Pity in Jews, nor piety in Turks.
But here comes cursèd Ithamore with the friar.

Re-enter ITHAMORE *with* FRIAR JACOMO.

FRIAR JAC. *Virgo, salve.*

ITHA. When duck you?

ABIG. Welcome, grave friar.—Ithamore, begone.
[*Exit Ithamore.*
Know, holy sir, I am bold to solicit thee.

FRIAR JAC. Wherein?

ABIG. To get me be admitted for a nun.

FRIAR JAC. Why, Abigail, it is not yet long since
That I did labour thy admission,
And then thou didst not like that holy life.

ABIG. Then were my thoughts so frail and unconfirm'd,
And I was chain'd to follies of the world:
But now experience, purchasèd with grief,
Has made me see the difference of things.
My sinful soul, alas, hath pac'd too long
The fatal labyrinth of misbelief,
Far from the Son that gives eternal life!

FRIAR JAC. Who taught thee this?

ABIG. The abbess of the house,
Whose zealous admonition I embrace:
Oh, therefore, Jacomo*, let me be one,

* *Jacomo*] Old ed. "Iacomi."

Although unworthy, of that sisterhood!

FRIAR JAC. Abigail, I will: but see thou change no more,
For that will be most heavy to thy soul.

ABIG. That was my father's fault.

FRIAR JAC. Thy father's! how?

ABIG. Nay, you shall pardon me.—Oh, Barabas,
Though thou deservest hardly at my hands,
Yet never shall these lips bewray thy life. [*Aside.*

FRIAR JAC. Come, shall we go?

ABIG. My duty waits on you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BARABAS*, *reading a letter.*

BARA. What, Abigail become a nun again!
False and unkind! what, hast thou lost thy father?
And, all unknown and unconstrain'd of me,
Art thou again got to the nunnery?
Now here she writes, and wills me to repent:
Repentance! *Spurca!* what pretendeth† this?
I fear she knows ('tis so) of my device
In Don Mathias' and Lodovico's deaths:
If so, 'tis time that it be seen into;
For she that varies from me in belief,
Gives great presumption that she loves me not,
Or, loving, doth dislike of something done.
But who comes here?

* *Enter Barabas*] The scene is still within the house of Barabas; but some time is supposed to have elapsed since the preceding conference between Abigail and Friar Jacomo.

† *pretendeth*] i. e. intendeth, designeth.

Enter ITHAMORE.

Oh, Ithamore, come near;
Come near, my love; come near, thy master's life,
My trusty servant, nay, my second life*;
For I have now no hope but even in thee,
And on that hope my happiness is built.
When saw'st thou Abigail?

ITHA. To-day.

BARA. With whom?

ITHA. A friar.

BARA. A friar! false villain, he hath done the deed.

ITHA. How, sir?

BARA. Why, made mine Abigail a nun.

ITHA. That's no lie; for she sent me for him.

BARA. Oh, unhappy day!
False, credulous, inconstant Abigail!
But let 'em go: and, Ithamore, from hence
Ne'er shall she grieve me more with her disgrace;
Ne'er shall she live to inherit aught of mine,
Be blest of me, nor come within my gates,
But perish underneath my bitter curse,
Like Cain by Adam for his brother's death.

ITHA. Oh, master—

BARA. Ithamore, entreat not for her; I am mov'd,
And she is hateful to my soul and me:
And, 'less† thou yield to this that I entreat,

* *life*] Qy. "self" (the compositor's eye having caught "life" in the preceding line)?

† *'less*] Old ed. "least."

I cannot think but that thou hat'st my life.

ITHA. Who, I, master? why, I'll run to some rock,
And throw myself headlong into the sea;
Why, I'll do any thing for your sweet sake.

BARA. Oh, trusty Ithamore! no servant, but my friend!
I here adopt thee for mine only heir:
All that I have is thine when I am dead;
And, whilst I live, use half; spend as myself;
Here take my keys,—I'll give 'em thee anon;
Go buy thee garments; but thou shalt not want:
Only know this, that thus thou art to do—
But first go fetch me in the pot of rice
That for our supper stands upon the fire.

ITHA. I hold my head, my master's hungry [*Aside*].—I go, sir. [*Exit.*

BARA. Thus every villain ambles after wealth,
Although he ne'er be richer than in hope:—
But hush't!

Re-enter ITHAMORE *with the pot.*

ITHA. Here 'tis, master.

BARA. Well said*, Ithamore! What, hast thou brought
The ladle with thee too?

ITHA. Yes, sir; the proverb says†, he that eats

* *Well said*] See note, p. 210.

† *the proverb says*, &c.] A proverb as old as Chaucer's time: see the *Squieres Tale*, v. 10916, ed. Tyrwhitt.

with the devil had need of a long spoon; I have brought you a ladle.

BARA. Very well, Ithamore; then now be secret;
And, for thy sake, whom I so dearly love,
Now shalt thou see the death of Abigail,
That thou mayst freely live to be my heir.

ITHA. Why, master, will you poison her with a mess of rice-porridge? that will preserve life, make her round and plump, and batten* more than you are aware.

BARA. Ay, but, Ithamore, seest thou this?
It is a precious powder that I bought
Of an Italian, in Ancona, once,
Whose operation is to bind, infect,
And poison deeply, yet not appear
In forty hours after it is ta'en.

ITHA. How, master?

BARA. Thus, Ithamore:
This even they use in Malta here,—'tis call'd
Saint Jaques' Even,—and then, I say, they use
To send their alms unto the nunneries:
Among the rest, bear this, and set it there:
There's a dark entry where they take it in,
Where they must neither see the messenger,
Nor make inquiry who hath sent it them.

ITHA. How so?

BARA. Belike there is some ceremony in't.
There, Ithamore, must thou go place this pot†:

* *batten*] i. e. fatten. † *pot*] Old ed. "plot."

Stay; let me spice it first.

ITHA. Pray, do, and let me help you, master. Pray, let me taste first.

BARA. Prithee, do. [*Ithamore tastes.*] What say'st thou now?

ITHA. Troth, master, I'm loath such a pot of pottage should be spoiled.

BARA. Peace, Ithamore! 'tis better so than spar'd.

[*Puts the powder into the pot.*

Assure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye†:
My purse, my coffer, and myself is thine.

ITHA. Well, master, I go.

BARA. Stay; first let me stir it, Ithamore.
As fatal be it to her as the draught
Of which great Alexander drunk, and died;
And with her let it work like Borgia's wine,
Whereof his sire the pope was poisonèd!
In few‡, the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,
The juice of hebon*, and Cocytus' breath,

† *thou shalt have broth by the eye*] "Perhaps he means—thou shalt *see* how the broth that is designed for thee is made, that no mischievous ingredients enter its composition. The passage is, however, obscure." STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*)—"*By the eye*" seems to be equivalent to—in abundance. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act ii. sc. 2; "here's money and gold *by th' eye*, my boy." In Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*, act iii. sc. 1, is a similar expression; "Come, English beer, hostess, English beer *by the belly!*"

‡ *in few*] i. e. in a few words, in short.

* *hebon*] i. e. ebony, which was formerly supposed to be a deadly poison.

And all the poisons of the Stygian pool,
Break from the fiery kingdom, and in this
Vomit your venom, and envenom her
That, like a fiend, hath left her father thus!

ITHA. What a blessing has he giv'n't! was ever pot of rice-porridge so sauced? [*Aside*].—What shall I do with it?

BARA. Oh, my sweet Ithamore, go set it down;
And come again so soon as thou hast done,
For I have other business for thee.

ITHA. Here's a drench to poison a whole stable of Flanders mares: I'll carry't to the nuns with a powder.

BARA. And the horse-pestilence to boot; away!

ITHA. I am gone:
Pay me my wages, for my work is done.

[*Exit with the pot.*

BARA. I'll pay thee with a vengeance, Ithamore!

[*Exit.*

Enter FERNEZE†, MARTIN DEL BOSCO, KNIGHTS, *and* BASSO.

FERN. Welcome, great basso‡: how fares Calymath?

† *Enter Ferneze*, &c.] The scene is the interior of the Council-house.

‡ *basso*] Old ed. "Bashaws" (the printer having added an *s* by mistake), and in the preceding stage-direction, and in the fifth speech of this scene, "Bashaw": but in an earlier scene (see, p. 245) we have "bassoes", and in the preceding play, "basso" and "bassoes" repeatedly.

What wind drives you thus into Malta-road?

BAS. The wind that bloweth all the world besides,
Desire of gold.

FERN. Desire of gold, great sir!
That's to be gotten in the Western Inde:
In Malta are no golden minerals.

BAS. To you of Malta thus saith Calymath:
The time you took for respite is at hand
For the performance of your promise past;
And for the tribute-money I am sent.

FERN. Basso, in brief, shalt have no tribute here,
Nor shall the heathens live upon our spoil:
First will we raze the city-walls ourselves,
Lay waste the island, hew the temples down,
And, shipping off our goods to Sicily,
Open an entrance for the wasteful sea,
Whose billows, beating the resistless banks*,
Shall overflow it with their refluence.

BAS. Well, governor, since thou hast broke the league
By flat denial of the promis'd tribute,
Talk not of razing down your city-walls;
You shall not need trouble yourselves so far,
For Selim Calymath shall come himself,
And with brass bullets batter down your towers,
And turn proud Malta to a wilderness,
For these intolerable wrongs of yours:
And so, farewell.

FERN. Farewell. [*Exit Basso.*

* *the resistless banks*] i. e. the banks not able to resist.

And now, you men of Malta, look about,
And let's provide to welcome Calymath:
Close your port-cullis, charge your basilisks*,
And, as you profitably take up arms,
So now courageously encounter them,
For by this answer broken is the league,
And nought is to be look'd for now but wars,
And nought to us more welcome is than wars.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter FRIAR JACOMO† *and* FRIAR BARNARDINE.

FRIAR JAC. Oh, brother, brother, all the nuns are sick,
And physic will not help them! they must die.

FRIAR BARN. The abbess sent for me to be confess'd:
Oh, what a sad confession will there be!

FRIAR JAC. And so did fair Maria send for me:
I'll to her lodging; hereabouts she lies. [*Exit.*

Enter ABIGAIL.

FRIAR BARN. What, all dead, save only Abigail!

ABIG. And I shall die too, for I feel death coming.
Where is the friar that convers'd with me‡?

FRIAR BARN. Oh, he is gone to see the other nuns.

ABIG. I sent for him; but, seeing you are come,

* *basilisks*] See note, p. 72.

† *Enter Friar Jacomo,* &c.] Scene, the interior of the Nunnery.

‡ *convers'd with me*] She alludes to her conversation with Jacomo, p. 293.

Be you my ghostly father: and first know,
That in this house I liv'd religiously,
Chaste, and devout, much sorrowing for my sins;
But, ere I came—

FRIAR BARN. What then?

ABIG. I did offend high Heaven so grievously,
As I am almost desperate for my sins;
And one offence torments me more than all.
You knew Mathias and Don Lodowick?

FRIAR BARN. Yes; what of them?

ABIG. My father did contract me to 'em both;
First to Don Lodowick: him I never lov'd;
Mathias was the man that I held dear,
And for his sake did I become a nun.

FRIAR BARN. So: say how was their end?

ABIG. Both, jealous of my love, envied* each other;
And by my father's practice†, which is there
[*Gives writing.*
Set down at large, the gallants were both slain.

FRIAR BARN. Oh, monstrous villany!

ABIG. To work my peace, this I confess to thee:
Reveal it not; for then my father dies.

FRIAR BARN. Know that confession must not be reveal'd;
The canon-law forbids it, and the priest
That makes it known, being degraded first,
Shall be condemn'd, and then sent to the fire.

* *envied*] i. e. hated.

† *practice*] i. e. artful contrivance, stratagem.

ABIG. So I have heard; pray, therefore, keep it close.
Death seizeth on my heart: ah, gentle friar,
Convert my father that he may be sav'd,
And witness that I die a Christian! [*Dies.*

FRIAR BARN. Ay, and a virgin too; that grieves me most.
But I must to the Jew, and exclaim on him,
And make him stand in fear of me.

Re-enter FRIAR JACOMO.

FRIAR JAC. Oh, brother, all the nuns are dead! let's bury them.

FRIAR BARN. First help to bury this; then go with me,
And help me to exclaim against the Jew.

FRIAR JAC. Why, what has he done?

FRIAR BARN. A thing that makes me tremble to unfold.

FRIAR JAC. What, has he crucified a child*?

FRIAR BARN. No, but a worse thing: 'twas told me in shrift;
Thou know'st 'tis death, an if it be reveal'd.
Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

* *crucified a child*] A crime with which the Jews were often charged. "Tovey, in his *Anglia Judaica*, has given the several instances which are upon record, of these charges against the Jews; which he observes they were never accused of, but at such times as the king was manifestly in great want of money." REED (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

ACT IV.

Enter BARABAS* *and* ITHAMORE. *Bells within.*

BARA. There is no music to† a Christian's knell:
How sweet the bells ring, now the nuns are dead,
That sound at other times like tinkers' pans!
I was afraid the poison had not wrought,
Or, though it wrought, it would have done no good,
For every year they swell, and yet they live:
Now all are dead, not one remains alive.

ITHA. That's brave, master: but think you it will not be known?

BARA. How can it, if we two be secret?

ITHA. For my part, fear you not.

BARA. I'd cut thy throat, if I did.

ITHA. And reason too:
But here's a royal monastery hard by;
Good master, let me poison all the monks.

BARA. Thou shalt not need; for, now the nuns are dead,
They'll die with grief.

ITHA. Do you not sorrow for your daughter's death?

BARA. No, but I grieve because she liv'd so long,

* *Enter Barabas*, &c.] Scene a street.

† *to*] Which the Editor of 1826 deliberately altered to "like," means—compared to, in comparison of.

An Hebrew born, and would become a Christian.
Cazzo, diabolo!*

Enter FRIAR JACOMO *and* FRIAR BARNARDINE.

ITHA. Look, look, master; here come two religious caterpillars.

BARA. I smelt 'em ere they came.

ITHA. God-a-mercy, nose†! Come, let's begone.

FRIAR BARN. Stay, wicked Jew; repent, I say, and stay.

FRIAR JAC. Thou hast offended, therefore must be damn'd.

BARA. I fear they know we sent the poison'd broth.

ITHA. And so do I, master; therefore speak 'em fair.

FRIAR BARN. Barabas, thou hast——

FRIAR JAC. Ay, that thou hast——

BARA. True, I have money; what though I have?

FRIAR BARN. Thou art a——

FRIAR JAC. Ay, that thou art, a——

BARA. What needs all this? I know I am a Jew.

FRIAR BARN. Thy daughter——

FRIAR JAC. Ay, thy daughter——

BARA. Oh, speak not of her! then I die with grief.

FRIAR BARN. Remember that——

* *Cazzo*] Old ed. "Catho."—See Florio's *Worlde of Wordes* (Ital. and Engl. Dict.), ed. 1598, in v.—"A petty oath, a cant exclamation, generally expressive, among the Italian populace, who have it constantly in their mouth, of defiance or contempt." Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, ii. 48.

† *nose*] See note, p. 276.

FRIAR JAC. Ay, remember that——

BARA. I must needs say that I have been a great usurer.

FRIAR BARN. Thou hast committed——

BARA. Fornication: but that was in another country;
And besides, the wench is dead.

FRIAR BARN. Ay, but, Barabas,
Remember Mathias and Don Lodowick.

BARA. Why, what of them?

FRIAR BARN. I will not say that by a forged challenge they met.

BARA. She has confess'd, and we are both undone,
My bosom inmate*! but I must dissemble.—
[*Aside to Ithamore.*
Oh, holy friars, the burden of my sins
Lie heavy† on my soul! then, pray you, tell me,
Is't not too late now to turn Christian?
I have been zealous in the Jewish faith,
Hard-hearted to the poor, a covetous wretch,
That would for lucre's sake have sold my soul:
A hundred for a hundred I have ta'en;
And now for store of wealth may I compare
With all the Jews in Malta: but what is wealth?
I am a Jew, and therefore am I lost.

* *inmate*] Old ed. "inmates."

† *the burden of my sins*
Lie heavy, &c.] One of the modern editors altered "*Lie*" to "Lies": but examples of similar phraseology are common in our early writers; see notes on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, vol. v. 7, 94, vol. ix. 185, ed. Dyce.

Would penance serve [to atone] for this my sin,
I could afford to whip myself to death—
ITHA. And so could I; but penance will not serve.
BARA. To fast, to pray, and wear a shirt of hair,
And on my knees creep to Jerusalem.
Cellars of wine, and sollers * full of wheat,
Warehouses stuft with spices and with drugs,
Whole chests of gold, in bullion and in coin,
Besides, I know not how much weight in pearl,
Orient and round, have I within my house;
At Alexandria, merchandize untold †;
But yesterday two ships went from this town,
Their voyage will be worth ten thousand crowns;
In Florence, Venice, Antwerp, London, Seville,
Frankfort, Lubeck, Moscow, and where not,
Have I debts owing; and, in most of these,
Great sums of money lying in the banco;
All this I'll give to some religious house,
So I may be baptiz'd, and live therein.
FRIAR JAC. Oh, good Barabas, come to our house!
FRIAR BARN. Oh, no, good Barabas, come to our house!
And, Barabas, you know—
BARA. I know that I have highly sinn'd:
You shall convert me, you shall have all my wealth.
FRIAR JAC. Oh, Barabas, their laws are strict!
BARA. I know they are; and I will be with you.

* *sollers*] Or *sollars*—"i.e. lofts, garrets." STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

† *untold*] i.e. uncounted.—Old ed. "vnsold."

FRIAR BARN. They wear no shirts, and they go bare-foot too.

BARA. Then 'tis not for me; and I am resolv'd
You shall confess me, and have all my goods.

FRIAR JAC. Good Barabas, come to me.

BARA. You see I answer him, and yet he stays;
Rid him away, and go you home with me.

FRIAR JAC. I'll be with you to-night.

BARA. Come to my house at one o'clock this night.

FRIAR JAC. You hear your answer, and you may be gone.

FRIAR BARN. Why, go, get you away.

FRIAR JAC. I will not go for thee.

FRIAR BARN. Not! then, I'll make thee go.

FRIAR JAC. How! dost call me rogue?

[*They fight.*

ITHA. Part 'em, master, part 'em.

BARA. This is mere frailty: brethren, be content.—
Friar Barnardine, go you with Ithamore:
You know my mind; let me alone with him.

FRIAR JAC. Why does he go to thy house? let him begone*.

* Bara. *This is mere frailty: brethren, be content.—*
Friar Barnardine, go you with Ithamore:
You know my mind; let me alone with him.
Friar Jac. *Why does he go to thy house? let him begone*] Old ed. thus;

"*Bar.* This is meere frailty, brethren, be content.
Fryar Barnardine goe you with Ithimore.
Ith. You know my mind, let me alone with him;
Why does he goe to thy house, let him begone."

BARA. I'll give him something, and so stop his mouth.

[*Exit Ithamore with Friar Barnardine.*

I never heard of any man but he
Malign'd the order of the Jacobines:
But do you think that I believe his words?
Why, brother, you converted Abigail;
And I am bound in charity to requite it;
And so I will. Oh, Jacomo, fail not, but come.

FRIAR JAC. But, Barabas, who shall be your godfathers?

For presently you shall be shriv'd.

BARA. Marry, the Turk* shall be one of my godfathers,
But not a word to any of your covent†.

FRIAR JAC. I warrant thee, Barabas. [*Exit.*

BARA. So, now the fear is past, and I am safe;
For he that shriv'd her is within my house:
What, if I murder'd him ere Jacomo comes?
Now I have such a plot for both their lives,
As never Jew nor Christian knew the like:
One turn'd my daughter, therefore he shall die;
The other knows enough to have my life,
Therefore 'tis not requisite he should live‡.

* *the Turk*] "Meaning Ithamore." COLLIER (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*). Compare the last line but one of Barabas's next speech.

† *covent*] i. e. convent.

‡ *Therefore 'tis not requisite he should live*] Lest the reader should suspect that the author wrote,

"Therefore 'tis requisite he should not live,"

But are not both these wise men, to suppose
That I will leave my house, my goods, and all,
To fast and be well whipt? I'll none of that.
Now, Friar Barnardine, I come to you:
I'll feast you, lodge you, give you fair words,
And, after that, I and my trusty Turk—
No more, but so: it must and shall be done*.

Enter ITHAMORE.

Ithamore, tell me, is the friar asleep?

ITHA. Yes; and I know not what the reason is,
Do what I can, he will not strip himself,
Nor go to bed, but sleeps in his own clothes:
I fear me he mistrusts what we intend.

BARA. No; 'tis an order which the friars use:
Yet, if he knew our meanings, could he scape?

ITHA. No, none can hear him, cry he ne'er so loud.

BARA. Why, true; therefore did I place him there:
The other chambers open towards the street.

ITHA. You loiter, master; wherefore stay we thus?
Oh, how I long to see him shake his heels!

BARA. Come on, sirrah:

I may observe that we have had before (p. 257) a similar form of expression,—

"It is not necessary I be seen."

* *shall be done*] Here a change of scene is supposed, to the interior of Barabas's house.

Off with your girdle; make a handsome noose.—

[*Ithamore takes off his girdle, and ties a noose on it.*

Friar, awake*!

[*They put the noose round the Friar's neck.*

FRIAR BARN. What, do you mean to strangle me?

ITHA. Yes, 'cause you use to confess.

BARA. Blame not us, but the proverb,—Confess and be hanged.—Pull hard.

FRIAR BARN. What, will you have† my life?

BARA. Pull hard, I say.—You would have had my goods.

ITHA. Ay, and our lives too:—therefore pull amain.

[*They strangle the Friar.*

'Tis neatly done, sir; here's no print at all.

BARA. Then is it as it should be. Take him up.

ITHA. Nay, master, be ruled by me a little. [*Takes the body, sets it upright against the wall, and puts a staff in its hand.*] So, let him lean upon his staff; excellent! he stands as if he were begging of bacon.

BARA. Who would not think but that this friar liv'd?

What time o' night is't now, sweet Ithamore?

ITHA. Towards one.

BARA. Then will not Jacomo be long from hence.

[*Exeunt.*

* *Friar, awake*] Here, most probably, Barabas drew a curtain, and discovered the sleeping Friar.

† *have*] Old ed. "saue."

Enter FRIAR JACOMO*.

FRIAR JAC. This is the hour wherein I shall proceed†;
Oh, happy hour, wherein I shall convert
An infidel, and bring his gold into our treasury!
But soft; is not this Barnardine? it is;
And, understanding I should come this way,
Stands here a' purpose, meaning me some wrong,
And intercept my going to the Jew.—
Barnardine!
Wilt thou not speak? thou think'st I see thee not;
Away, I'd wish thee, and let me go by:
No, wilt thou not? nay, then, I'll force my way;
And, see, a staff stands ready for the purpose.
As thou lik'st that, stop me another time!
[*Takes the staff, and strikes down the body.*

Enter BARABAS *and* ITHAMORE.

BARA. Why, how now, Jacomo! what hast thou done?

FRIAR JAC. Why, stricken him that would have stroke‡ at me.

* *Enter Friar Jacomo*] The scene is now before Barabas's house,—the audience having had to *suppose* that the body of Barnardine, which Ithamore had set upright, was standing outside the door.

† *proceed*] Seems to be used here as equivalent to—succeed.

‡ *stroke*] i. e. struck.

BARA. Who is it? Barnardine! now, out, alas, he is slain!

ITHA. Ay, master, he's slain; look how his brains drop out on's* nose.

FRIAR JAC. Good sirs, I have done't: but nobody knows it but you two; I may escape.

BARA. So might my man and I hang with you for company.

ITHA. No; let us bear him to the magistrates.

FRIAR JAC. Good Barabas, let me go.

BARA. No, pardon me; the law must have his course:

I must be forc'd to give in evidence,
That, being importun'd by this Barnardine
To be a Christian, I shut him out,
And there he sate: now I, to keep my word,
And give my goods and substance to your house,
Was up thus early, with intent to go
Unto your friary, because you stay'd.

ITHA. Fie upon 'em! master, will you turn Christian, when holy friars turn devils, and murder one another?

BARA. No; for this example I'll remain a Jew:
Heaven bless me! what, a friar a murderer!
When shall you see a Jew commit the like?

ITHA. Why, a Turk could ha' done no more.

BARA. To-morrow is the sessions; you shall to it.—

* *on's*] i. e. of his.

Come, Ithamore, let's help to take him hence.

FRIAR JAC. Villains, I am a sacred person; touch me not.

BARA. The law shall touch you; we'll but lead you, we:

'Las, I could weep at your calamity!—
Take in the staff too, for that must be shown:
Law wills that each particular be known. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BELLAMIRA* *and* PILIA-BORZA.

BELL. Pilia-Borza, didst thou meet with Ithamore?

PILIA. I did.

BELL. And didst thou deliver my letter?

PILIA. I did.

BELL. And what think'st thou? will he come?

PILIA. I think so: and yet I cannot tell; for, at the reading of the letter, he looked like a man of another world.

BELL. Why so?

PILIA. That such a base slave as he should be saluted by such a tall† man as I am, from such a beautiful dame as you.

BELL. And what said he?

PILIA. Not a wise word; only gave me a nod, as who should say, is it even so? and so I left him,

* *Enter Bellamira*, &c.] The scene, as at p. 286, a veranda or open portico of Bellamira's house.

† *tall*] Which our early dramatists generally use in the sense of—bold, brave (see note, p. 288), is here perhaps equivalent to—handsome. ("*Tall* or semely." *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499.)

being driven to a non-plus at the critical aspect of my terrible countenance.

BELL. And where didst meet him?

PILIA. Upon mine own free-hold, within forty foot of the gallows, conning his neck-verse*, I take it, looking of† a friar's execution, whom I saluted with an old hempen proverb, *Hodie tibi, cras mihi*, and so I left him to the mercy of the hangman: but, the exercise‡ being done, see where he comes.

Enter ITHAMORE.

ITHA. I never knew a man take his death so patiently as this friar; he was ready to leap off ere the halter was about his neck; and, when the hangman had put on his hempen tippet, he made such haste to his prayers, as if he had had another cure to serve. Well, go whither he will, I'll be none of his followers in haste: and, now I think on't, going to the execution, a fellow met me with a muschatoes§

* *neck-verse*] i.e. the verse (generally the beginning of the 51st Psalm, *Miserere mei*, &c.) read by a criminal to entitle him to benefit of clergy.

† *of*] i.e. on.

‡ *exercise*] i.e. sermon, preaching.

§ *with a muschatoes*] i.e. with a pair of mustachios. The modern editors print "*with* mustachios," and "*with a* mustachios": but compare,

"My Tuskes more stiffe than are a Cats *muschatoes*."
S. Rowley's *Noble Spanish Soldier*, 1634, sig. C.

"His crow-black *muchatoes*."
The Black Book,—Middleton's *Works*, v. 516, ed. Dyce.

like a raven's wing, and a dagger with a hilt like a warming-pan; and he gave me a letter from one Madam Bellamira, saluting me in such sort as if he had meant to make clean my boots with his lips; the effect was, that I should come to her house: I wonder what the reason is; it may be she sees more in me than I can find in myself; for she writes further, that she loves me ever since she saw me; and who would not requite such love? Here's her house; and here she comes; and now would I were gone! I am not worthy to look upon her.

PILIA. This is the gentleman you writ to.

ITHA. Gentleman! he flouts me: what gentry can be in a poor Turk of tenpence*? I'll be gone.

[*Aside.*

BELL. Is't not a sweet-faced youth, Pilia?

ITHA. Again sweet youth! [*Aside.*]—Did not you, sir, bring the sweet youth a letter?

PILIA. I did, sir, and from this gentlewoman, who, as myself and the rest of the family, stand or fall at your service.

BELL. Though woman's modesty should hale me back,
I can withhold no longer: welcome, sweet love.

* *Turk of tenpence*] An expression not unfrequently used by our early writers. So Taylor in some verses on Coriat;

"That if he had *a Turke of tenpence* bin," &c.
Workes, p. 82. ed. 1630.

And see note on Middleton's *Works*, iii. 489, ed. Dyce.

ITHA. Now am I clean, or rather foully, out of the way. [*Aside.*

BELL. Whither so soon?

ITHA. I'll go steal some money from my master to make me handsome [*Aside*].—Pray, pardon me; I must go see a ship discharged.

BELL. Canst thou be so unkind to leave me thus?

PILIA. An you did but know how she loves you, sir!

ITHA. Nay, I care not how much she loves me.—Sweet Bellamira, would I had my master's wealth for thy sake!

PILIA. And you can have it, sir, an if you please.

ITHA. If 'twere above ground, I could, and would have it; but he hides and buries it up, as partridges do their eggs, under the earth.

PILIA. And is't not possible to find it out?

ITHA. By no means possible.

BELL. What shall we do with this base villain, then? [*Aside to Pilia-Borza.*

PILIA. Let me alone; do but you speak him fair.— [*Aside to her.*

But you know* some secrets of the Jew,
Which, if they were reveal'd, would do him harm.

ITHA. Ay, and such as—go to, no more! I'll make him† send me half he has, and glad he scapes

* *you know*] Qy. "*you know*, sir,"?

† *I'll make him*, &c.] Old ed. thus;

"*I'le make him send me half he has, & glad he scapes so too.*

so too: I'll write unto him; we'll have money straight.

PILIA. Send for a hundred crowns at least.

ITHA. Ten hundred thousand crowns.—[*Writing*] *Master Barabas—*

PILIA. Write not so submissively, but threatening him.

ITHA. [*Writing*] *Sirrah Barabas, send me a hundred crowns.*

PILIA. Put in two hundred at least.

ITHA. [*Writing*] *I charge thee send me three hundred by this bearer, and this shall be your warrant: if you do not—no more, but so.*

PILIA. Tell him you will confess.

ITHA. [*Writing*] *Otherwise I'll confess all.*—Vanish, and return in a twinkle.

PILIA. Let me alone; I'll use him in his kind.

ITHA. Hang him, Jew!

[*Exit Pilia-Borza with the letter.*

BELL. Now, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.—Where are my maids*? provide a running banquet; Send to the merchant, bid him bring me silks; Shall Ithamore, my love, go in such rags?

Pen and Inke:
I'le write vnto him, we'le haue mony strait."

There can be no doubt that the words "Pen and inke" were a direction to the property-man to have those articles on the stage.

* *Where are my maids*, &c.] It is evident that the Maids do not enter: they are supposed to hear their mistress' orders *within*.

ITHA. And bid the jeweller come hither too.

BELL. I have no husband; sweet, I'll marry thee.

ITHA. Content: but we will leave this paltry land,
And sail from hence to Greece, to lovely Greece;—
I'll be thy Jason, thou my golden fleece;—
Where painted carpets o'er the meads are hurl'd,
And Bacchus' vineyards overspread the world;
Where woods and forests go in goodly green;—
I'll be Adonis, thou shalt be Love's Queen;—
The meads, the orchards, and the primrose-lanes,
Instead of sedge and reed, bear sugar-canes:
Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
Shalt live with me, and be my love*.

BELL. Whither will I not go with gentle Ithamore?

Re-enter PILIA-BORZA.

ITHA. How now? hast thou the gold?

PILIA. Yes.

ITHA. But came it freely? did the cow give down her milk freely?

PILIA. At reading of the letter, he stared and stamped, and turned aside: I took him by the beard†, and looked upon him thus; told him he were best to send it: then he hugged and embraced me.

ITHA. Rather for fear than love.

* *Shalt live with me, and be my love*] A line, slightly varied, of Marlowe's well-known song. In the preceding line, the absurdity of "by Dis *above*" is, of course, intentional.

† *beard*] Old ed. "sterd."

PILIA. Then, like a Jew, he laughed and jeered, and told me he loved me for your sake, and said what a faithful servant you had been.

ITHA. The more villain he to keep me thus: here's goodly 'parel, is there not?

PILIA. To conclude, he gave me ten crowns.

[*Delivers the money to Ithamore.*

ITHA. But ten? I'll not leave him worth a grey groat. Give me a ream of paper: we'll have a kingdom of gold for't*.

PILIA. Write for five hundred crowns.

ITHA. [*Writing*] *Sirrah Jew, as you love your life, send me five hundred crowns, and give the bearer a hundred.*—Tell him I must have't.

* *Give me a ream of paper: we'll have a kingdom of gold for't*] A quibble. *Realm* was frequently written *ream;* and frequently (as the following passages shew), even when the former spelling was given, the *l* was not sounded;

"Vpon the siluer bosome of the *streame*
First gan faire Themis shake her amber locks,
Whom all the Nimphs that waight on Neptunes *realme*
Attended from the hollowe of the rocks."
Lodge's *Scillaes Metamorphosis*, &c. 1589, Sig. A 2.

"How he may surest stablish his new conquerd *realme*,
How of his glorie fardest to deriue the *streame*."
A Herings Tayle, &c. 1598, Sig. D 3.

"Learchus slew his brother for the crowne;
So did Cambyses fearing much the *dreame;*
Antiochus of infamous renowne
His brother slew, to rule alone the *realme*."
Mirour for Magistrates, p. 78, ed. 1610.

PILIA. I warrant, your worship shall have't.

ITHA. And, if he ask why I demand so much, tell him, I scorn to write a line under a hundred crowns.

PILIA. You'd make a rich poet, sir. I am gone.
[*Exit with the letter.*

ITHA. Take thou the money; spend it for my sake.

BELL. 'Tis not thy money, but thyself I weigh:
Thus Bellamira esteems of gold; [*Throws it aside.*
But thus of thee. [*Kisses him.*

ITHA. That kiss again!—she runs division* of my lips. What an eye she casts on me! it twinkles like a star. [*Aside.*

BELL. Come, my dear love, let's in and sleep together.

ITHA. Oh, that ten thousand nights were put in one, that we might sleep seven years together afore we wake!

BELL. Come, amorous wag, first banquet, and then sleep. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BARABAS†, *reading a letter.*

BARA. *Barabas, send me three hundred crowns;*—
Plain Barabas! oh, that wicked courtezan!
He was not wont to call me Barabas;—

* *runs division*] "A musical term [of very common occurrence]." STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

† *Enter Barabas*] The scene certainly seems to be now the interior of Barabas's house, notwithstanding what he presently says to Pilia-Borza (p. 324), "Pray, when, sir, shall I see you at my house?"

Or else I will confess;—ay, there it goes:
But, if I get him, *coupe de gorge* for that.
He sent a shaggy, totter'd †, staring slave,
That, when he speaks, draws out his grisly beard,
And winds it twice or thrice about his ear;
Whose face has been a grind-stone for men's swords;
His hands are hack'd, some fingers cut quite off;
Who, when he speaks, grunts like a hog, and looks
Like one that is employ'd in catzerie ‡
And cross-biting §; such a rogue
As is the husband to a hundred whores;
And I by him must send three hundred crowns.
Well, my hope is, he will not stay there still;
And, when he comes—Oh, that he were but here!

Enter PILIA-BORZA.

PILIA. Jew, I must ha' more gold.

BARA. Why, want'st thou any of thy tale *?

PILIA. No; but three hundred will not serve his turn.

BARA. Not serve his turn, sir!

PILIA. No, sir; and therefore I must have five hundred more.

† *totter'd*] "i. e. tattered." REED (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

‡ *catzerie*] i. e. cheating, roguery. It is formed from *catso* (*cazzo*, see note, p. 305), which our early writers used, not only as an exclamation, but as an opprobrious term.

§ *cross-biting*] i. e. swindling (a cant term).—Something has dropt out here.

* *tale*] i. e. reckoning.

BARA. I'll rather——

PILIA. Oh, good words, sir, and send it you were best! see, there's his letter. [*Gives letter.*

BARA. Might he not as well come as send? pray, bid him come and fetch it: what he writes for you†, you shall have straight.

PILIA. Ay, and the rest too, or else——

BARA. I must make this villain away [*Aside*].—Please you dine with me, sir—and you shall be most heartily poisoned. [*Aside.*

PILIA. No, God-a-mercy. Shall I have these crowns?

BARA. I cannot do it; I have lost my keys.

PILIA. Oh, if that be all, I can pick ope your locks.

BARA. Or climb up to my counting-house window: you know my meaning.

PILIA. I know enough, and therefore talk not to me of your counting-house. The gold! or know, Jew, it is in my power to hang thee.

BARA. I am betray'd.— [*Aside.*

'Tis not five hundred crowns that I esteem;
I am not mov'd at that: this angers me,
That he, who knows I love him as myself,
Should write in this imperious vein. Why, sir,
You know I have no child, and unto whom
Should I leave all, but unto Ithamore?

† *what he writes for you*] i. e. the hundred crowns to be given to the bearer: see p. 320.

PILIA. Here's many words, but no crowns: the crowns!

BARA. Commend me to him, sir, most humbly,
And unto your good mistress, as unknown.

PILIA. Speak, shall I have 'em, sir?

BARA. Sir, here they are.— [*Gives money.*
Oh, that I should part* with so much gold!—[*Aside.*
Here, take 'em, fellow, with as good a will——
As I would see thee hang'd [*Aside*].—Oh, love stops my breath!
Never lov'd man servant as I do Ithamore.

PILIA. I know it, sir.

BARA. Pray, when, sir, shall I see you at my house?

PILIA. Soon enough to your cost, sir. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

BARA. Nay, to thine own cost, villain, if thou com'st!
Was ever Jew tormented as I am?
To have a shag-rag knave to come [and force from me]
Three hundred crowns, and then five hundred crowns!
Well; I must seek a means to rid† 'em all,
And presently; for in his villany
He will tell all he knows, and I shall die for't.
I have it:
I will in some disguise go see the slave,
And how the villain revels with my gold. [*Exit.*

* *I should part*] Qy. "*I e'er should part*"?
† *rid*] i. e. despatch, destroy.

Enter BELLAMIRA †, ITHAMORE, *and* PILIA-BORZA.

BELL. I'll pledge thee, love, and therefore drink it off.

ITHA. Say'st thou me so? have at it! and, do you hear? [*Whispers to her.*

BELL. Go to, it shall be so.

ITHA. Of that condition I will drink it up: Here's to thee.

BELL *. Nay, I'll have all or none.

ITHA. There, if thou lov'st me, do not leave a drop.

BELL. Love thee! fill me three glasses.

ITHA. Three and fifty dozen: I'll pledge thee.

PILIA. Knavely spoke, and like a knight at arms.

ITHA. Hey, *Rivo Castiliano* ‡! a man's a man.

† *Enter Bellamira*, &c.] They are supposed to be sitting in a veranda or open portico of Bellamira's house: see notes, p. 286, 314.

* *Bell.*] Old ed. "Pil."

‡ *Rivo Castiliano*] The origin of this Bacchanalian exclamation has not been discovered. *Rivo* generally is used alone; but, among passages parallel to that of our text, is the following one (which has been often cited),—

"And *Ryuo* will he cry and *Castile* too."
Looke about You, 1600, sig. L 4.

A writer in *The Westminster Review*, vol. xliii. 53, thinks that it "is a misprint for *Rico-castellano*, meaning a Spaniard belonging to the class of *ricos-hombres*, and the phrase therefore is—

'Hey, *noble Castilian*, a man's a man!'

'I can pledge like a man and drink like a man, *my worthy Trojan*; as some of our farce-writers would say." But the frequent occurrence of *Rivo* in various authors proves that it is *not* a misprint

BELL. Now to the Jew.

ITHA. Ha! to the Jew; and send me money you were best.

PILIA. What wouldst thou do, if he should send thee none?

ITHA. Do nothing: but I know what I know; he's a murderer.

BELL. I had not thought he had been so brave a man.

ITHA. You knew Mathias and the governor's son; he and I killed 'em both, and yet never touched 'em.

PILIA. Oh, bravely done!

ITHA. I carried the broth that poisoned the nuns; and he and I, snicle hand too fast, strangled a friar*.

BELL. You two alone?

ITHA. We two; and 'twas never known, nor never shall be for me.

PILIA. This shall with me unto the governor.

[*Aside to Bellamira.*

* *and he and I, snicle hand too fast, strangled a friar*] There is surely some corruption here. Steevens (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*) proposes to read "*hand* to fist". Gilchrist (*ibid.*) observes, "a snicle is a north-country word for a noose, and when a person is hanged, they say he is snicled." See too, in *v. Snickle*, Forby's *Voc. of East Anglia*, and the *Craven Dialect*. — The Rev. J. Mitford proposes the following (very violent) alteration of this passage;

"*Itha.* I carried the broth that poisoned the nuns; and he and I—

Pilia. Two hands snickle-fast—

Itha. Strangled a friar."

BELL. And fit it should: but first let's ha' more gold.— [*Aside to Pilia-Borza.*

Come, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.

ITHA. Love me little, love me long: let music rumble,

Whilst I in thy incony* lap do tumble.

Enter BARABAS, *disguised as a French musician, with a lute, and a nosegay in his hat.*

BELL. A French musician!—Come, let's hear your skill.

BARA. Must tuna my lute for sound, twang, twang, first.

ITHA. Wilt drink, Frenchman? here's to thee with a——Pox on this drunken hiccup!

BARA. Gramercy, monsieur.

BELL. Prithee, Pilia-Borza, bid the fiddler give me the posy in his hat there.

PILIA. Sirrah, you must give my mistress your posy.

BARA. *A votre commandement, madame.* [*Giving nosegay.*

BELL. How sweet, my Ithamore, the flowers smell!

ITHA. Like thy breath, sweetheart; no violet like 'em.

PILIA. Foh! methinks they stink like a hollyhock†.

* *incony*] i. e. fine, pretty, delicate.—Old ed. "incoomy."

† *they stink like a hollyhock*] "This flower, however, has no offensive smell." STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*). It's odour resembles that of the poppy.

BARA. So, now I am reveng'd upon 'em all: The scent thereof was death; I poison'd it. [*Aside.*

ITHA. Play, fiddler, or I'll cut your cat's guts into chitterlings.

BARA. *Pardonnez moi*, be no in tune yet: so, now, now all be in.

ITHA. Give him a crown, and fill me out more wine.

PILIA. There's two crowns for thee: play.

[*Giving money.*

BARA. How liberally the villain gives me mine own gold! [*Aside, and then plays.*

PILIA. Methinks he fingers very well.

BARA. So did you when you stole my gold. [*Aside.*

PILIA. How swift he runs!

BARA. You run swifter when you threw my gold out of my window. [*Aside.*

BELL. Musician, hast been in Malta long?

BARA. Two, three, four month, madam.

ITHA. Dost not know a Jew, one Barabas?

BARA. Very mush: monsieur, you no be his man?

PILIA. His man!

ITHA. I scorn the peasant: tell him so.

BARA. He knows it already. [*Aside.*

ITHA. 'Tis a strange thing of that Jew, he lives upon pickled grasshoppers and sauced mushrooms.

BARA. What a slave's this! the governor feeds not as I do. [*Aside.*

ITHA. He never put on clean shirt since he was circumcised.

BARA. Oh, rascal! I change myself twice a-day. [*Aside.*

ITHA. The hat he wears, Judas left under the elder when he hanged himself*.

BARA. 'Twas sent me for a present from the Great Cham. [*Aside.*

PILIA. A nasty† slave he is.—Whither now, fiddler?

BARA. *Pardonnez moi, monsieur;* me‡ be no well.

PILIA. Farewell, fiddler [*Exit Barabas*]. One letter more to the Jew.

BELL. Prithee, sweet love, one more, and write it sharp.

ITHA. No, I'll send by word of mouth now.—Bid him deliver thee a thousand crowns, by the same token, that the nuns loved rice, that Friar Barnardine slept in his own clothes; any of 'em will do it.

PILIA. Let me alone to urge it, now I know the meaning.

ITHA. The meaning has a meaning. Come, let's in: To undo a Jew is charity, and not sin. [*Exeunt.*

* *under the elder when he hanged himself*] That Judas hanged himself on an elder-tree, was a popular legend. Nay, the very tree was exhibited to the curious in Sir John Mandeville's days: "And faste by, is zit the Tree of Eldre, that Judas henge him self upon, for despeyt that he hadde, whan he solde and betrayed oure Lord." *Voiage and Travaile*, &c. p. 112. ed. 1725.

† *nasty*] Old ed. "masty."

‡ *me*] Old ed. "we."

ACT V.

Enter FERNEZE*, KNIGHTS, MARTIN DEL BOSCO. *and Officers.*

FERN. Now, gentlemen, betake you to your arms,
And see that Malta be well fortified;
And it behoves you to be resolute;
For Calymath, having hover'd here so long,
Will win the town, or die before the walls.

FIRST KNIGHT. And die he shall; for we will never yield.

Enter BELLAMIRA *and* PILIA-BORZA.

BELL. Oh, bring us to the governor!

FERN. Away with her! she is a courtezan.

BELL. Whate'er I am, yet, governor, hear me speak:
I bring thee news by whom thy son was slain:
Mathias did it not; it was the Jew.

PILIA. Who, besides the slaughter of these gentlemen,
Poisonèd his own daughter and the nuns,
Strangled a friar, and I know not what
Mischief beside.

FERN. Had we but proof of this——

* *Enter Ferneze,* &c.] Scene, the interior of the Council-house.

BELL. Strong proof, my lord: his man's now at my lodging,
That was his agent; he'll confess it all.

FERN. Go fetch him straight [*Exeunt Officers*]. I always fear'd that Jew.

Re-enter Officers with BARABAS *and* ITHAMORE.

BARA. I'll go alone; dogs, do not hale me thus.

ITHA. Nor me neither; I cannot out-run you, constable.—Oh, my belly!

BARA. One dram of powder more had made all sure:
What a damn'd slave was I! [*Aside.*

FERN. Make fires, heat irons, let the rack be fetch'd.

FIRST KNIGHT. Nay, stay, my lord; 't may be he will confess.

BARA. Confess! what mean you, lords? who should confess?

FERN. Thou and thy Turk; 'twas you that slew my son.

ITHA. Guilty, my lord, I confess. Your son and Mathias were both contracted unto Abigail: [he] forged a counterfeit challenge.

BARA. Who carried that challenge?

ITHA. I carried it, I confess; but who writ it? marry, even he that strangled Barnardine, poisoned the nuns and his own daughter.

FERN. Away with him! his sight is death to me.

BARA. For what, you men of Malta? hear me speak.
She is a courtezan, and he a thief,
And he my bondman: let me have law;
For none of this can prejudice my life.

FERN. Once more, away with him!—You shall have law.

BARA. Devils, do your worst!—I['ll] live in spite of you.— [*Aside.*
As these have spoke, so be it to their souls!—
I hope the poison'd flowers will work anon. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt Officers with Barabas; Ithamore, Bellamira, and Pilia-Borza.*

Enter KATHERINE.

KATH. Was my Mathias murder'd by the Jew?
Ferneze, 'twas thy son that murder'd him.

FERN. Be patient, gentle madam: it was he;
He forg'd the daring challenge made them fight.

KATH. Where is the Jew? where is that murderer?

FERN. In prison, till the law has pass'd on him.

Re-enter FIRST OFFICER.

FIRST OFF. My lord, the courtezan and her man are dead;
So is the Turk and Barabas the Jew.

FERN. Dead!

FIRST OFF. Dead, my lord, and here they bring his body.

Bosco. This sudden death of his is very strange.

Re-enter OFFICERS *carrying* BARABAS *as dead.*

FERN. Wonder not at it, sir; the Heavens are just;
Their deaths were like their lives; then think not of 'em.—
Since they are dead, let them be buried:
For the Jew's body, throw that o'er the walls,
To be a prey for vultures and wild beasts.—
So, now away and fortify the town.

[*Exeunt all, leaving Barabas on the floor**.

BARA. [*rising*] What, all alone! well fare, sleepy drink!
I'll be reveng'd on this accursèd town;
For by my means Calymath shall enter in:
I'll help to slay their children and their wives,
To fire the churches, pull their houses down,
Take my goods too, and seize upon my lands.
I hope to see the governor a slave,
And, rowing in a galley, whipt to death.

Enter CALYMATH, BASSOES†, *and* TURKS.

CALY. Whom have we there? a spy?

BARA. Yes, my good lord, one that can spy a place
Where you may enter, and surprize the town:

* *Exeunt all, leaving Barabas on the floor*] Here the audience were to suppose that Barabas had been thrown over the walls, and that the stage now represented the outside of the city.

† *Bassoes*] Here old ed. "Bashawes". See note, p. 299.

My name is Barabas; I am a Jew.

CALY. Art thou that Jew whose goods we heard were sold
For tribute-money?

BARA. The very same, my lord:
And since that time they have hir'd a slave, my man,
To accuse me of a thousand villanies:
I was imprisoned, but scap'd their hands.

CALY. Didst break prison?

BARA. No, no:
I drank of poppy and cold mandrake juice;
And being asleep, belike they thought me dead,
And threw me o'er the walls: so, or how else,
The Jew is here, and rests at your command.

CALY. 'Twas bravely done: but tell me, Barabas,
Canst thou, as thou report'st, make Malta ours?

BARA. Fear not, my lord; for here, against the trench *,
The rock is hollow, and of purpose digg'd,
To make a passage for the running streams
And common channels of the city,
Now, whilst you give assault unto the walls,
I'll lead five hundred soldiers through the vault,
And rise with them i' the middle of the town,
Open the gates for you to enter in;
And by this means the city is your own.

* *trench*] Old ed. "Truce."—"Query 'sluice'? 'truce' seems unintelligible." COLLIER (*apud* Dodsley's *O. P.*).—The Rev. J. Mitford proposes "turret" or "tower."

CALY. If this be true, I'll make thee governor.
BARA. And, if it be not true, then let me die.
CALY. Thou'st doom'd thyself.—Assault it presently. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums within. *Enter* CALYMATH*, BASSOES, TURKS, *and* BARABAS; *with* FERNEZE *and* KNIGHTS *prisoners.*

CALY. Now vail † your pride, you captive Christians,
And kneel for mercy to your conquering foe:
Now where's the hope you had of haughty Spain?
Ferneze, speak; had it not been much better
To kept ‡ thy promise than be thus surpris'd?
FERN. What should I say? we are captives, and must yield.
CALY. Ay, villains, you must yield, and under Turkish yokes
Shall groaning bear the burden of our ire:—
And Barabas, as erst we promis'd thee,
For thy desert we make thee governor;
Use them at thy discretion.
BARA. Thanks, my lord.
FERN. Oh, fatal day, to fall into the hands
Of such a traitor and unhallow'd Jew!
What greater misery could Heaven inflict?

* *Enter Calymath*, &c.] Scene, an open place in the city.
† *vail*] i. e. lower, stoop: see note, p. 266.
‡ *To kept*] i. e. To have kept.

CALY. 'Tis our command:—and, Barabas, we give
To guard thy person, these our janizaries:
Entreat § them well, as we have usèd thee.—
And now, brave bassoes ||, come; we'll walk about
The ruin'd town, and see the wrack we made.—
Farewell, brave Jew, farewell, great Barabas!

BARA. May all good fortune follow Calymath!

[*Exeunt Calymath and Bassoes.*

And now, as entrance to our safety,
To prison with the governor and these
Captains, his consorts and confederates.

FERN. Oh, villain! Heaven will be reveng'd on thee.

BARA. Away! no more; let him not trouble me.

[*Exeunt Turks with Ferneze and Knights.*

Thus hast thou gotten *, by thy policy,
No simple place, no small authority:
I now am governor of Malta; true:
But Malta hates me, and, in hating me,
My life's in danger, and what boots it thee,
Poor Barabas, to be the governor,
When as † thy life shall be at their command?
No, Barabas, this must be look'd into;
And, since by wrong thou gott'st authority,
Maintain it bravely by firm policy;

§ *Entreat*] i. e. Treat.

|| *bassoes*] Here old ed. "Bashawes." See note, p. 299.

* *Thus hast thou gotten*, &c.] A change of scene is supposed here—to the Citadel, the residence of Barabas as governor.

† *When as*] i. e. When.

At least, unprofitably lose it not;
For he that liveth in authority,
And neither gets him friends nor fills his bags,
Lives like the ass that Æsop speaketh of,
That labours with a load of bread and wine,
And leaves it off to snap on thistle-tops:
But Barabas will be more circumspect.
Begin betimes; Occasion's bald behind:
Slip not thine opportunity, for fear too late
Thou seek'st for much, but canst not compass it.—
Within here* !

Enter FERNEZE, *with a guard.*

FERN. My lord?

BARA. Ay, *lord;* thus slaves will learn.
Now, governor,—stand by there, wait within,—
[*Exeunt Guard.*
This is the reason that I sent for thee;
Thou seest thy life and Malta's happiness
Are at my arbitrement; and Barabas
At his discretion may dispose of both:
Now tell me, governor, and plainly too,
What think'st thou shall become of it and thee?

FERN. This, Barabas; since things are in thy power,
I see no reason but of Malta's wrack,
Nor hope of thee but extreme cruelty:
Nor fear I death, nor will I flatter thee.

* *Within here*] The usual exclamation is "*Within* there!" but compare *The Hogge hath lost his Pearle* (by R. Tailor), 1614; "What, ho! within *here!*" Sig. E 2.

BARA. Governor, good words; be not so furious;
'Tis not thy life which can avail me aught;
Yet you do live, and live for me you shall:
And as for Malta's ruin, think you not
'Twere slender policy for Barabas
To dispossess himself of such a place?
For sith ‡, as once you said, within this isle,
In Malta here, that I have got my goods,
And in this city still have had success,
And now at length am grown your governor,
Yourselves shall see it shall not be forgot;
For, as a friend not known but in distress,
I'll rear up Malta, now remediless.

FERN. Will Barabas recover Malta's loss?
Will Barabas be good to Christians?

BARA. What wilt thou give me, governor, to procure
A dissolution of the slavish bands
Wherein the Turk hath yok'd your land and you?
What will you give me if I render you
The life of Calymath, surprise his men,
And in an out-house of the city shut
His soldiers, till I have consum'd 'em all with fire?
What will you give him that procureth this?

FERN. Do but bring this to pass which thou pretendest,
Deal truly with us as thou intimatest,
And I will send amongst the citizens,
And by my letters privately procure

‡ *sith*] i. e. since.

Great sums of money for thy recompense:
Nay, more, do this, and live thou governor still.

BARA. Nay, do thou this, Ferneze, and be free:
Governor, I enlarge thee; live with me;
Go walk about the city, see thy friends:
Tush, send not letters to 'em; go thyself,
And let me see what money thou canst make:
Here is my hand that I'll set Malta free;
And thus we cast‖ it: to a solemn feast
I will invite young Selim Calymath,
Where be thou present, only to perform
One stratagem that I'll impart to thee,
Wherein no danger shall betide thy life,
And I will warrant Malta free for ever.

FERN. Here is my hand; believe me, Barabas,
I will be there, and do as thou desirest.
When is the time?

BARA. Governor, presently;
For Calymath, when he hath view'd the town,
Will take his leave, and sail toward Ottoman.

FERN. Then will I, Barabas, about this coin,
And bring it with me to thee in the evening.

BARA. Do so; but fail not: now farewell, Ferneze:— [*Exit Ferneze.*
And thus far roundly goes the business:
Thus, loving neither, will I live with both,
Making a profit of my policy;
And he from whom my most advantage comes,

‖ *cast*] i. e. plot, contrive.

Shall be my friend.
This is the life we Jews are us'd to lead;
And reason too, for Christians do the like.
Well, now about effecting this device;
First, to surprise great Selim's soldiers,
And then to make provision for the feast,
That at one instant all things may be done;
My policy detests prevention.
To what event my secret purpose drives,
I know; and they shall witness with their lives. [*Exit.*

Enter CALYMATH *and* BASSOES *.

CALY. Thus have we view'd the city, seen the sack,
And caus'd the ruins to be new-repair'd,
Which with our bombards' shot and basilisk[s] ‡
We rent in sunder at our entry:
And, now I see the situation,
And how secure this conquer'd island stands,
Environ'd with the Mediterranean sea,
Strong-countermin'd with other petty isles,
And, toward Calabria §, back'd by Sicily

* *Bassoes*] Here and afterwards old ed. "Bashawes." note, p. 299.—Scene, outside the walls of the city.

‡ *basilisks*] See note, p. 72.

§ *And, toward Calabria,* &c.] So the Editor of 1826.—Old ed. thus;

> "And toward Calabria back'd by Sicily,
> Two lofty Turrets that command the Towne.
> *When* Siracusian Dionisius reign'd;
> I wonder how it could be conquer'd thus?"

(Where Syracusian Dionysius reign'd),
Two lofty turrets that command the town,
I wonder how it could be conquer'd thus.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESS. From Barabas, Malta's governor, I bring
A message unto mighty Calymath:
Hearing his sovereign was bound for sea,
To sail to Turkey, to great Ottoman,
He humbly would entreat your majesty
To come and see his homely citadel,
And banquet with him ere thou leav'st the isle.

CALY. To banquet with him in his citadel!
I fear me, messenger, to feast my train
Within a town of war so lately pillag'd,
Will be too costly and too troublesome:
Yet would I gladly visit Barabas,
For well has Barabas deserv'd of us.

MESS. Selim, for that, thus saith the governor,—
That he hath in store a pearl so big,
So precious, and withal so orient,
As, be it valu'd but indifferently,
The price thereof will serve to entertain
Selim and all his soldiers for a month;
Therefore he humbly would entreat your highness
Not to depart till he has feasted you.

CALY. I cannot feast my men in Malta-walls,
Except he place his tables in the streets.

MESS. Know, Selim, that there is a monastery
Which standeth as an out-house to the town;

There will he banquet them; but thee at home,
With all thy bassoes and brave followers.

CALY. Well, tell the governor we grant his suit;
We'll in this summer-evening feast with him.

MESS. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

CALY. And now, bold bassoes, let us to our tents,
And meditate how we may grace us best,
To solemnize our governor's great feast. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FERNEZE*, KNIGHTS, *and* MARTIN DEL Bosco.

FERN. In this, my countrymen, be rul'd by me:
Have special care that no man sally forth
Till you shall hear a culverin discharg'd
By him that bears the linstock†, kindled thus;
Then issue out and come to rescue me,
For hapily I shall be in distress,
Or you releasèd of this servitude.

FIRST KNIGHT. Rather than thus to live as Turkish thralls,
What will we not adventure?

FERN. On, then; begone.

KNIGHTS. Farewell, grave governor.

[*Exeunt, on one side, Knights and Martin Del Bosco; on the other, Ferneze.*

* *Enter Ferneze*, &c.] Scene, a street.

† *linstock*] "i. e. the long match with which cannon are fired." STEEVENS (apud Dodsley's *O. P.*).

Enter, above ‡, BARABAS, *with a hammer, very busy; and Carpenters.*

BARA. How stand the cords? how hang these hinges? fast?
Are all the cranes and pulleys sure?

FIRST CARP *. All fast.

BARA. Leave nothing loose, all levell'd to my mind.
Why, now I see that you have art, indeed:
There, carpenters, divide that gold amongst you;
[*Giving money.*
Go, swill in bowls of sack and muscadine;
Down to the cellar, taste of all my wines.

FIRST CARP. We shall, my lord, and thank you.
[*Exeunt Carpenters.*

BARA. And, if you like them, drink your fill and die;
For, so I live, perish may all the world!
Now, Selim Calymath, return me word
That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied.

Enter MESSENGER.

Now, sirrah; what, will he come?

MESS. He will; and has commanded all his men
To come ashore, and march through Malta-streets,
That thou mayst feast them in thy citadel.

‡ *Enter, above,* &c.] Scene, a hall in the Citadel, with a gallery.

* *First Carp.*] Old ed. here "Serv."; but it gives "*Carp.*" as the prefix to the second speech after this.

BARA. Then now are all things as my wish would have 'em;
There wanteth nothing but the governor's pelf;
And see, he brings it.

Enter FERNEZE.

Now, governor, the sum?

FERN. With free consent, a hundred thousand pounds.

BARA. Pounds say'st thou, governor? well, since it is no more,
I'll satisfy myself with that; nay, keep it still,
For, if I keep not promise, trust not me:
And, governor, now partake my policy.
First, for his army, they are sent before,
Enter'd the monastery, and underneath
In several places are field-pieces pitch'd,
Bombards, whole barrels full of gunpowder,
That on the sudden shall dissever it,
And batter all the stones about their ears,
Whence none can possibly escape alive:
Now, as for Calymath and his consorts,
Here have I made a dainty gallery,
The floor whereof, this cable being cut,
Doth fall asunder, so that it doth sink
Into a deep pit past recovery.
Here, hold that knife; and, when thou seest he comes, [*Throws down a knife.*
And with his bassoes shall be blithely set,

A warning-piece shall be shot off‡ from the tower,
To give thee knowledge when to cut the cord,
And fire the house. Say, will not this be brave?

FERN. Oh, excellent! here, hold thee, Barabas;
I trust thy word; take what I promis'd thee.

BARA. No, governor; I'll satisfy thee first;
Thou shalt not live in doubt of any thing.
Stand close, for here they come. [*Ferneze retires.*
Why, is not this
A kingly kind of trade, to purchase towns
By treachery, and sell 'em by deceit?
Now tell me, worldlings, underneath the sun*
If greater falsehood ever has been done?

Enter CALYMATH *and* BASSOES.

CALY. Come, my companion-bassoes: see, I pray,
How busy Barabas is there above
To entertain us in his gallery:
Let us salute him.—Save thee, Barabas!

BARA. Welcome, great Calymath!

FERN. How the slave jeers at him! [*Aside.*

BARA. Will't please thee, mighty Selim Calymath,
To ascend our homely stairs?

CALY. Ay, Barabas.—Come, bassoes, ascend†.

FERN. [*coming forward*] Stay, Calymath;
For I will shew thee greater courtesy.

‡ *off*] An interpolation perhaps.
* *sun*] Old ed. "summe."
† *ascend*] Old ed. "attend."

Than Barabas would have afforded thee.

KNIGHT. [*within*] Sound a charge there!

[*A charge sounded within:* FERNEZE *cuts the cord; the floor of the gallery gives way, and Barabas falls into a caldron placed in a pit.*

Enter KNIGHTS *and* MARTIN DEL BOSCO‡.

CALY. How now! what means this?

BARA. Help, help me, Christians, help!

FERN. See, Calymath! this was devis'd for thee.

CALY. Treason, treason! bassoes, fly!

FERN. No, Selim, do not fly:
See his end first, and fly then if thou canst.

BARA. Oh, help me, Selim! help me, Christians!
Governor, why stand you all so pitiless?

FERN. Should I in pity of thy plaints or thee,
Accursèd Barabas, base Jew, relent?
No, thus I'll see thy treachery repaid,
But wish thou hadst behav'd thee otherwise.

BARA. You will not help me, then?

FERN. No, villain, no.

BARA. And, villains, know you cannot help me now.—
Then, Barabas, breathe forth thy latest fate,

‡ *A charge sounded within:* FERNEZE *cuts the cord; the floor of the gallery gives way, and Barabas falls into a caldron placed in a pit.*

Enter KNIGHTS *and* MARTIN DEL BOSCO] Old ed. has merely "*A charge, the cable cut, A Caldron discouered.*"

And in the fury of thy torments strive
To end thy life with resolution.—
Know, governor, 'twas I that slew thy son,—
I fram'd the challenge that did make them meet:
Know, Calymath, I aim'd thy overthrow:
And, had I but escap'd this stratagem,
I would have brought confusion on you all,
Damn'd Christian ‡ dogs, and Turkish infidels!
But now begins the extremity of heat
To pinch me with intolerable pangs:
Die, life! fly, soul! tongue, curse thy fill, and die!
[*Dies.*

CALY. Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?

FERN. This train * he laid to have entrapp'd thy life;
Now, Selim, note the unhallow'd deeds of Jews;
Thus he determin'd to have handled thee,
But I have rather chose to save thy life.

CALY. Was this the banquet he prepar'd for us?
Let's hence, lest further mischief be pretended †.

FERN. Nay, Selim, stay; for, since we have thee here,
We will not let thee part so suddenly:
Besides, if we should let thee go, all's one,

‡ *Christian*] Old ed. "Christians."
* *train*] i. e. stratagem.
† *pretended*] i. e. intended.

For with thy galleys couldst thou not get hence,
Without fresh men to rig and furnish them.
CALY. Tush, governor, take thou no care for that;
My men are all aboard,
And do attend my coming there by this.
FERN. Why, heard'st thou not the trumpet sound a charge?
CALY. Yes, what of that?
FERN. Why, then the house was fir'd,
Blown up, and all thy soldiers massacred.
CALY. Oh, monstrous treason!
FERN. A Jew's courtesy;
For he that did by treason work our fall,
By treason hath deliver'd thee to us:
Know, therefore, till thy father hath made good
The ruins done to Malta and to us,
Thou canst not part; for Malta shall be freed,
Or Selim ne'er return to Ottoman.
CALY. Nay, rather, Christians, let me go to Turkey,
In person there to mediate * your peace:
To keep me here will nought advantage you.
FERN. Content thee, Calymath, here thou must stay,
And live in Malta prisoner; for, come all † the world

* *mediate*] Old ed. "meditate."
† *all*] Old ed. "call."

To rescue thee, so will we guard us now,
As sooner shall they drink the ocean dry,
Than conquer Malta, or endanger us.
So, march away; and let due praise be given
Neither to Fate nor Fortune, but to Heaven.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF VOL. I.

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